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THE *Atlantic*



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3 years \$12.00

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Of Topmost Choice

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Bottled in Bond
—100 Proof

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DISTILLERS
PRODUCTS
CORPORATION,
NEW YORK



The traditions of **OLD TAYLOR** are those of Old Kentucky—a time when no way was too long, no trouble too great to instill in a noble whiskey the last ounce of mellowness, bouquet and flavor. Try **OLD TAYLOR** today and one of life's pleasantest moments will be yours—a moment that shows why this great bourbon stands among those of *topmost choice* wherever good taste in whiskey prevails.

*Signed,
Sealed,
and Delicious*



RCA's new television camera has a super-sensitive "eye" that sees even in the dimmest light—indoors or outdoors.

A television camera "with the eyes of a cat"

As a result of RCA research, television broadcasts will no longer be confined to brilliantly illuminated special studios—nor will outdoor events fade as the afternoon sun goes down.

For RCA Laboratories has perfected a new television camera tube, known as Image Orthicon. This tube, a hundred times more sensitive than other electronic "eyes," can pick up scenes lit by candlelight, or by the light of a single match!

This super-sensitive camera opens new fields for television. Operas, plays, ballets will be televised from their original performances in the darkened theater. Out-

door events will remain sharp and clear on your television set—until the very end! Television now can go places it could never go before.

From such research come the latest advances in radio, television, recording—all branches of electronics. RCA Laboratories is your assurance that when you buy any RCA product you become the owner of one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has achieved.

Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20. *Listen to The RCA Show, Sundays, 4:30 P. M., Eastern Time, over NBC.*

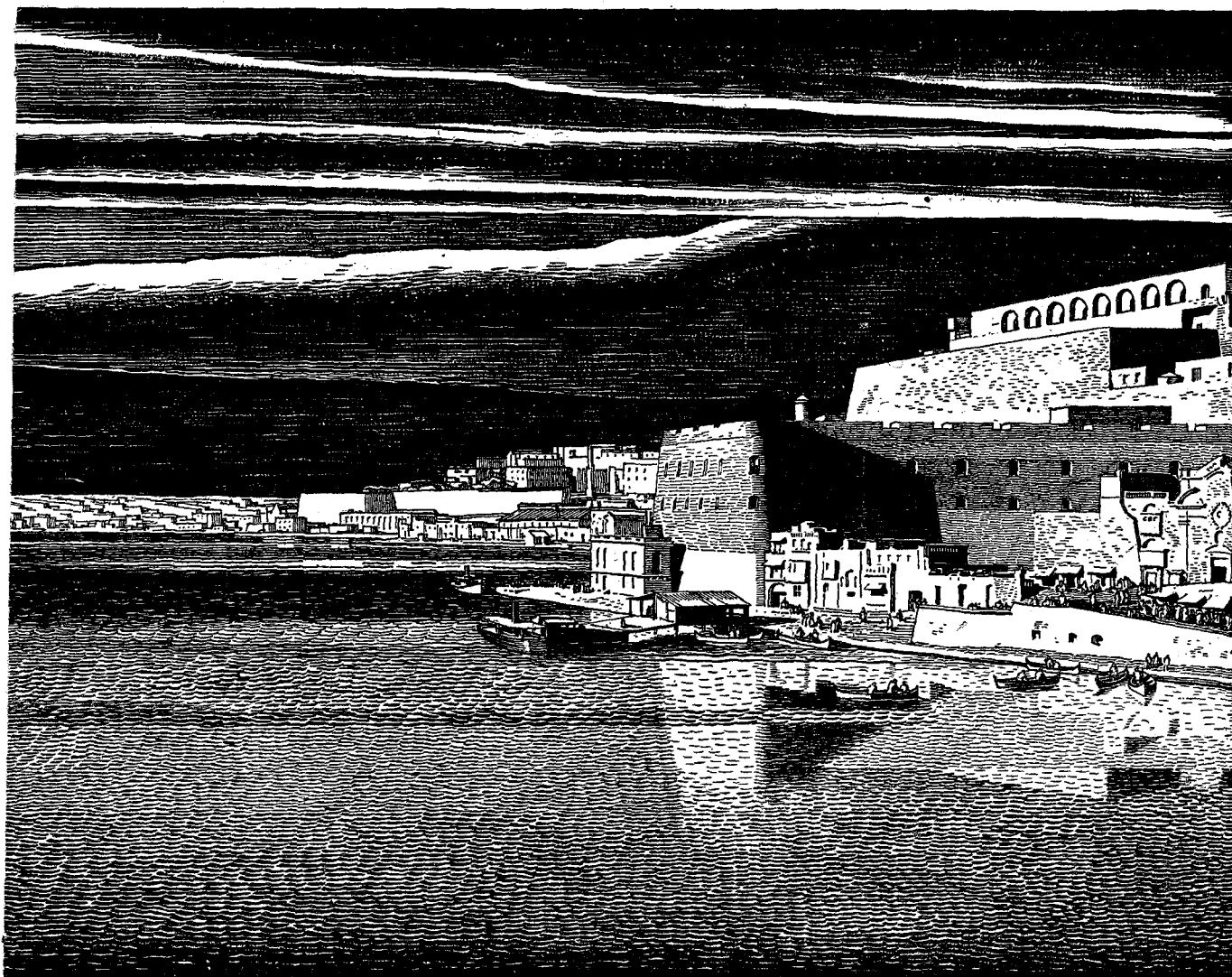


RCA Victor television receivers with clear, bright screens will reproduce every detail picked up by the RCA super-sensitive television camera. Lots of treats are in store for you. Even today, hundreds of people around New York enjoy regular weekly boxing bouts and other events over NBC's television station WNBC.



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

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STRATEGIC MALTA, BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

STRENGTH FROM THE SEA

One of the most bombed spots on earth, the strategic Mediterranean island of Malta held out for the Allies because its strength could be renewed from the sea.

Through enemy mines and torpedo attacks, war-painted merchant ships with daring crews slipped in to unload food and supplies—even during bombing raids! Malta and other vital bases were held *because we had the ships to supply them.*

Now we know that even our own country depends on its merchant fleets

for strength in both war and peace. They are the power behind the fist of our Army and Navy—and the seven-league boots that can carry our essential foreign trade.

The great Merchant Marine Act of 1936*—and the needs of world-wide war—have given impetus to our privately owned merchant marine, support to the citizens who build and man it. Let's be sure to maintain this priceless national asset!

The fine, fast ships of American Export Lines will soon again take

U. S. commerce—and U. S. ideas and friendship—to lands on the Mediterranean, the Black Sea and the Indian Ocean. *What you want to buy or sell abroad will determine their cargoes and ports of call.*

*FROM THE MERCHANT MARINE ACT OF 1936: "Necessary for the national defense and (our) foreign and domestic commerce," is a merchant fleet "constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens."

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPS!

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Middle East

American business has suddenly become acutely conscious of the Middle East. In the eyes of the One-World-minded executive who hits Payne Field, Cairo, there is a glint of unsuppressed excitement. He and his colleagues are a new generation of pioneers, heading not west but east. The call of the desert is strong within them, and the Orient has a potent spell, a newly found romance.

It is the call of a desert in which have been discovered fabulous deposits of oil. It is the spell of a subcontinent that is potentially a vast aircraft carrier; where today the few railroads are almost as primitive as the camel caravan and not much faster. It is the romance of a market left intact in a war-ravaged world, a market hungry for American goods.

As they sip ersatz "American whiskey" in Shepheard's Hotel, they toy with daring slogans and dream of the untold possibilities of the Arab market: A fountain pen in every cloak. Air conditioning in every tent. Short-wave radios and refrigerators for the pashas and the beys; and for the modest household of the plain effendi, at least a vacuum cleaner and an electric iron. The war, which brought to the Middle East unparalleled prosperity and to its moneyed classes extravagant profits, has multiplied the pre-war demand for American goods.

Mesmerized by the spectacle of so many customers rarin' to buy, American exporters are failing to ask a relevant question: "How am I going to get paid?" For in the Middle East, as in the rest of the world, there is a distressing dearth of the Yankee dollar.

Transport is one of the most pressing requirements. Locomotives are in such bad shape that the 500-mile journey from Beirut to Cairo takes twenty-five hours. Buses and taxis in the principal cities are in a shocking condition. Since 1938, private automobiles have

undergone normal usage — there has been no gasoline rationing — without replacement. Wherever he goes, an American businessman is asked, "When are you going to sell us cars?"

Tractors, agricultural machinery, and fertilizers are naturally in heavy demand in an area that lives by its agriculture. The climate makes refrigeration a necessity and air-conditioning — at present virtually nonexistent — a near-necessity in hospitals, movie theaters, offices, and hotels. The Egyptian airline wants planes, and Palestinian industry is desperately in need of machinery.

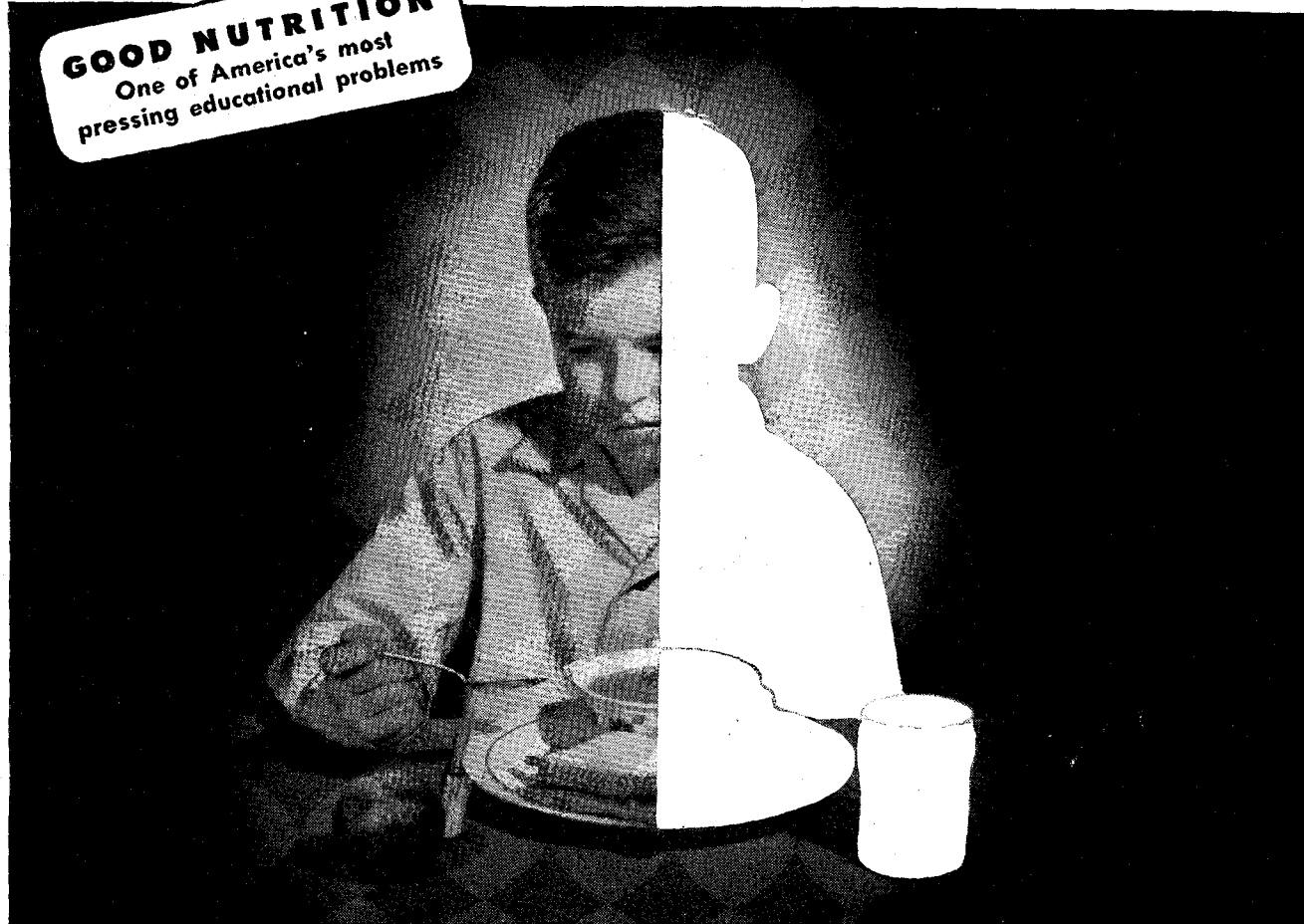
For all these things and a hundred and one lesser items — especially radios, household electrical appliances, office equipment, paint, fountain pens, lighters, lipsticks, and insecticides — the Middle East is looking to America, since Britain cannot promise early delivery. The door to the Middle Eastern market is wide open. But access to this American exporter's dreamworld is obstructed by two disagreeable realities: (1) a short-term barrier, the sterling bloc restrictions; (2) a long-term impediment, the inability of the countries in the Middle East to earn sufficient dollar exchange.

Shall the sterling bloc continue?

Iran and Saudi Arabia are the only Middle Eastern countries free from exchange controls. Syria and Lebanon, whose common currency is backed by the franc, have to obtain their dollars from the French pool. Palestine and Trans-Jordan, being British mandates, automatically became part of the sterling area in 1939, while Egypt, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and Iraq, whose currencies had sterling backing, joined out of necessity.

During the war all dollar exchange originating in the sterling area was thrown into one pool, administered

GOOD NUTRITION
One of America's most
pressing educational problems



THE "HALF-THERE" LUNCH

Survey of noon meals reveals that children need "full exposure" to importance of sound eating habits.

Eating lunch on the fly . . . stuffing themselves on the wrong foods . . . skipping lunch entirely—careless eating habits such as these are what make the well-balanced lunch a comparative rarity among school children.

Of 4,165 lunches downed by high and grade school pupils in 9 typical communities, a high proportion were well below par nutritionally, according to a recent study.

Of the high school students' lunches,

82.8% ranged from poor to fair
17.2% were considered adequate.

Of the grade school pupils' lunches,

67.8% ranged from poor to fair
32.2% were considered adequate.

While the study was limited to a week-long test in a Midwest area, it is safe to assume that the situation has many a counterpart elsewhere.

The lesson is plain—American school children need to be exposed to a sound program of education in the fundamentals of nutrition.

General Mills is preparing helpful materials to aid in teaching the essentials of good nutrition. These materials, based on the latest authoritative information and perfected with the help of a committee of educators, will soon be available.

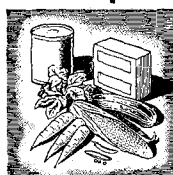
A booklet, "Aids to a Health and Nutrition Program for School and Community," describes in detail the teaching tools General Mills is preparing. A copy will be sent free on request.

General Mills, Inc.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Enriched Flours • Restored Cereals • Vitamin Products
© 1945—GENERAL MILLS, INC.

EVERY DAY'S DIET SHOULD INCLUDE THESE FOODS



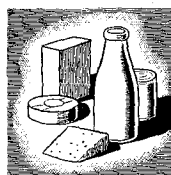
GREEN AND YELLOW VEGETABLES . . . some raw, some cooked, frozen or canned. At least one serving a day.



ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT . . . or raw cabbage or salad greens. At least one serving a day.



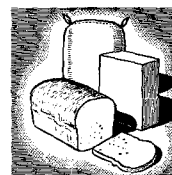
POTATOES AND OTHER VEGETABLE AND FRUITS . . . raw, dried, cooked, frozen or canned. Two or more servings a day.



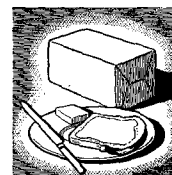
MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS . . . fluid, evaporated or dried milk. One quart (or its equivalent) a day for children and expectant or nursing mothers; one pint a day for all others.



MEAT, POULTRY, FISH OR EGGS . . . or dried beans, peas, nuts or peanut butter. One serving of meat, poultry or fish a day, occasionally peas or beans each week.



BREAD, FLOUR, CEREALS . . . natural whole-grain or enriched or restored. Three or more servings a day.



BUTTER AND FORTIFIED MARGARINE . . . use for spreads and for seasoning as you like and as supplies permit.

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For children and expectant or nursing mothers, should be enriched with 400 units a day of Vitamin D in the form of Vitamin D milk (fresh or evaporated), fish liver oil or Vitamin D concentrate

by the British Treasury, which allotted to each country a quota of dollars required for the purchase of goods that were both essential and not immediately procurable from within the sterling area. This arrangement maintained the *total* purchases of American goods by the sterling area as a whole, and applying its dollar resources to vital war requirements lessened the drain on Lend-Lease and our Treasury.

The prolongation of the sterling bloc regulations into peacetime has now become the chief source of Anglo-American disharmony in the Middle East. The British argument is that continuation of the sterling bloc is essential to Britain's economic recovery and hence to world economic stability.

A small number of American officials in the Middle East, while averse to restrictive trade practices, concede the general validity of the British thesis and point out that (1) the economic recovery of America's No. 1 customer is more important to United States economy than the acquisition of new customers whose capacity of pay is dubious; (2) under the sterling bloc arrangements the Middle Eastern countries received in 1945 more dollars than they themselves earned, so that United States trade with the area actually increased.

American business complains

The great majority of Americans in the Middle East, however, are extremely bitter about the sterling bloc restrictions. Britain is trying, they complain, to exclude American exporters permanently from a market in which she could not hold her own on a competitive basis. British officialdom, they charge, working hand in hand with British business, is exploiting its political hold over the Middle East to discourage commercial dealings with America.

The question of Britain's economic stability, American businessmen insist, should be kept distinct from the question of the Middle Eastern market, which accounts for only a small proportion of Britain's export trade; and any United States credit to Britain should depend on the restoration of free competition in the sterling area.

Abolition of the sterling bloc, though it would throw open the Middle Eastern market to the manufacturers of products hitherto excluded, would actually leave the Middle Eastern countries with less dollar exchange than they are at present receiving from London. American exporters and their eager Middle Eastern customers naturally suggest the granting of credit to facilitate an immediate expansion of United States trade in the Middle East.

This is a muddleheaded line of thinking which sidesteps the crucial issue: the necessity for the Middle Eastern countries to increase their dollar earnings if

they are to increase their purchases from America. It is not the Henry Wallaces, but some of the hard-boiled businessmen, who may make of Uncle Sam a global Santa Claus by maneuvering the government into granting credits which can never be repaid.

The exporter will of course get paid — that is what the credit is for — but out of the pocket of the American taxpayer. The American businessman in the Middle East, if he keeps his mind fixed exclusively on selling, is more likely to outsmart his own countrymen than his British competitor.

Sensible businessmen see the danger. Westinghouse, for example, has created an import department to balance its exports. And in Cairo the Middle East Company, an Ohio corporation under the chairmanship of James M. Landis, and one of several American concerns seeking to expand trade with the Middle East, is operating both as importer and as exporter, and is surveying local production in order to find out what items could be marketed more extensively in America.

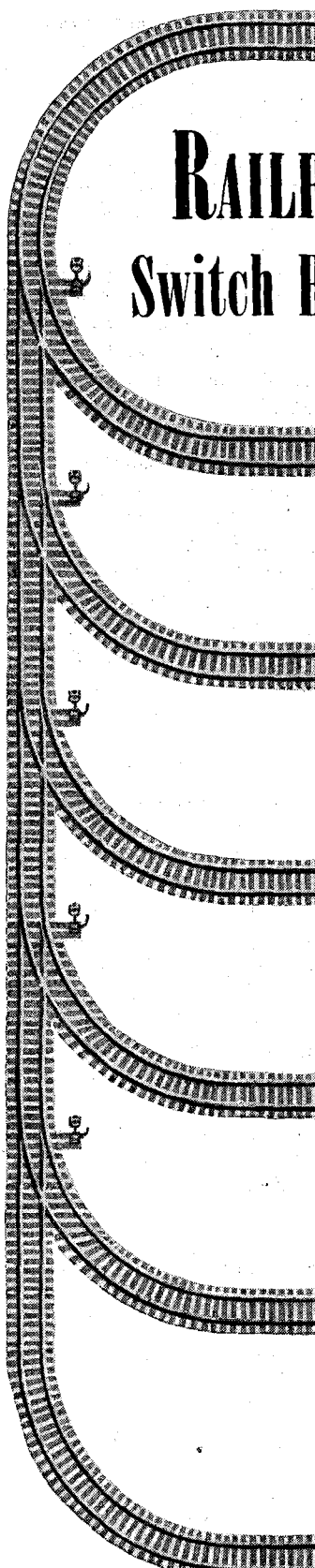
Earning the Yankee dollar

There is no possibility that United States imports from the Middle East can be increased enough to balance United States exports *even on their present scale*. In order to do so, imports would have to be more than trebled. In what remaining ways, then, can the Middle Eastern countries earn the dollar exchange required to pay for American automobiles, radios, and refrigerators?

Their best prospect of earning dollars on a substantial scale lies in increased American expenditures in the Middle East. Such expenditures, in the balance of trade, are the equivalent of imports. In the next ten years oil and aviation can provide at least a partial answer to the Middle East's shortage of the Yankee dollar.

American oil holdings in the Middle East are virtually all in the development stage. Large sums will be expended on further drilling, prospecting, construction work, and pipeline building. In Iraq, Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum own nearly a quarter of the Iraq Petroleum Company. An American company, Gulf, shares with Anglo-Iranian a half interest in the oil fields of the principality of Kuwait on the Persian Gulf.

The oil concession in the independent Sheikdom of Bahrein, also on the Persian Gulf, is all American: 50 per cent Texas Company and 50 per cent Standard Oil of California. The same two companies have formed the American Arabian Oil Company (Aramco), which owns the sole right to exploit the enormous oil resources of Saudi Arabia, and has its headquarters at Dhahran in the Damman oil field.



RAILROAD DOLLARS

Switch Back to All of Us

In their essential service to the nation, the American railroads during 1945 again hauled an enormous tonnage of freight for an average charge of less than one cent per ton per mile, and carried millions of service and civilian passengers for fares averaging less than before the *First* World War. For this job the railroads received less than 9 billion dollars. And here's where the money went:

41% FOR WAGES

This money, paid to 1,400,000 railroad employees, buys homes and furniture, food and clothing, education, insurance—helps make local business prosper.

32% FOR MATERIALS, ETC.

More than two-thirds of this was paid to a broad cross section of industry which furnishes railroad supplies. This money helps to make better business and more jobs in every state and almost every county in the country.

16% FOR TAXES

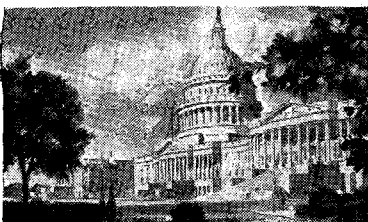
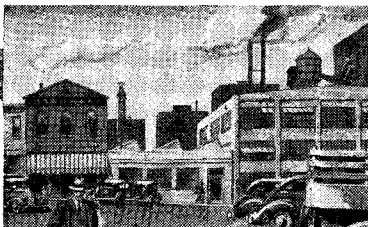
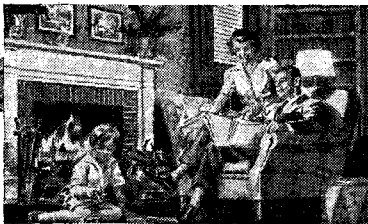
Railroad taxes are spent for the support and services of government—national defense, public safety, schools, hospitals. None of this money is used to provide tracks for trains—although some of it is spent by government to help provide and maintain the highways, waterways, and airways used by other forms of commercial transportation.

6% FOR INTEREST, RENTS, ETC.

The greater part of this was paid to those who have loaned money to the railroads and receive interest in return—including the millions of men and women who have an investment in railroads through their life insurance policies, savings bank deposits and the like.

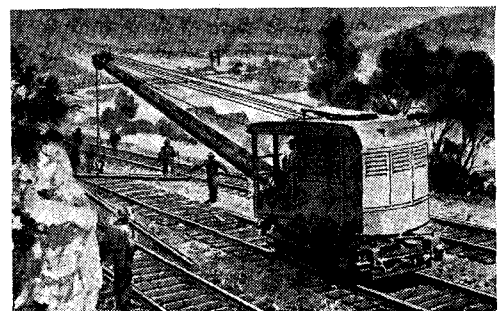
3% FOR DIVIDENDS

This three cents out of each dollar was paid to about a million individual citizens who have invested their savings in railroad stocks—helping to provide the “tools” with which railroad employees do their work.



2% TO WORK FOR THE FUTURE

That last 2 cents of the railroad dollar is for investment in the better railroads which continuing research is making possible—better equipment—better service—more jobs—to help provide, *for us all*, in better and better fashion, the rail transportation upon which this nation depends.



AMERICAN RAILROADS

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Proposed American refineries in Tripoli will involve an investment of \$20,000,000, a portion of which will be spent on local labor and materials; after the original outlay American expenditure will continue in the form of wages to Lebanese workers. At Ras Tanura, a tiny settlement on the Persian Gulf, Aramco's refinery project alone required a labor force of 7000 natives, and as many more were employed in the construction of port facilities, roads, living quarters, and other buildings.

Perhaps the most important source of dollar earnings stemming from oil is the royalties paid to Ibn Saud — roughly \$1.00 per barrel. If Aramco's production reaches the expected 50,000 barrels daily, Ibn Saud will receive \$17,500,000 a year — a larger sum than the Middle East is earning at present by all of its exports to the United States.

Airlines

The establishment of American international airlines passing through the Middle East is another potential source of dollar exchange for the area, in the form of expenditures on construction work, wages to local labor, and, most important, expanded tourist trade.

The U.S. Air Transport Command, in the fulfillment of its wartime duties, has largely completed the pioneer work required to open up the Middle East to commercial aviation. The ATC has built airfields (among them Payne Field, Cairo, the finest service base east of New York) and emergency landing grounds from Casablanca to Ankara and the Persian Gulf, set up weather and radio stations, surveyed flight routes, and built up a large pool of experienced personnel, thoroughly familiar with flying conditions in the Middle East.

The Civil Aeronautics Board has granted certificates to two commercial companies to operate trunk lines through the Middle East. TWA will operate one line from Washington to the Far East via Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Newfoundland, Lisbon, Madrid, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Bengasi, Cairo, Jerusalem, Basra, and Dhahran; and another from the United States to Cairo via Foynes, Paris, Berne, Rome, and Athens. Pan American Airways, operating through Central Europe and the Middle East to India, will touch at Istanbul, Ankara, Beirut, Bagdad, and Teheran.

Negotiations have progressed to the point where United States aviation officials count on obtaining permission to operate trunk lines through the area. But so far, all the Middle Eastern countries are holding out against the right to pick up and land intermediate traffic — passengers from Cairo to Jerusalem, for example. TWA would be able to sell through tickets from New York to Bombay, but passengers for Jerusalem would be dropped off in Cairo and left

to make the last lap via the Egyptian airline, the Misr Airways Company. The Middle Eastern countries are afraid that the international airlines will stifle domestic aviation.

American airlines officials contend, with justice, that the international airlines will leave plenty of room for the development of local aviation in an area like the Middle East, where geography makes flying the most practical means of transport.

This area also offers the local airlines unique possibilities for developing a profitable freight traffic. Cargo planes with refrigerator compartments could open up new markets to a variety of perishable foodstuffs — the fine fruit of Lebanon, for example, or the fish of the Persian Gulf. Even hides and skins, at present marketed largely by camel caravan, could be economically distributed by air.

The British are encouraging Egypt and the other Middle Eastern countries to hold out, since they are naturally reluctant to see TWA and Pan American operating through the Middle East until their own airlines are more securely entrenched. If the point has not been settled by the spring of 1946, TWA will probably start its Middle Eastern service under interim agreements.

TWA is proposing to charge \$425 for the New York to Cairo flight, which will take some thirty hours in a four-engined "Skymaster" or an ultra-luxurious "Constellation." This will open up the Middle East to American winter visitors who, in the past, were able to afford a first-class liner ticket but could not spare the eighteen days spent at sea. To the Middle East, especially to Egypt, the United States airlines will bring an expansion of their pre-war tourist trade and a substantial source of dollar exchange.

American banks

American trade with the Middle East can also be stimulated indirectly by provision of American banking facilities on the spot, by the formation of American distributing agencies for United States products, and by investment in local industry. American banks have so far been reluctant to open branches overseas and have made arrangements with British banks to handle their Middle Eastern business, a system which does not encourage commercial dealings with America. American export firms have likewise tended to leave retail distribution to local concerns.

Finally, investment of idle American capital in sound Middle Eastern concerns would make it possible for such concerns to buy equipment in America and would develop a continuing market for certain types of American goods. This, in fact, was the way Britain built up a substantial part of her foreign trade in the last half of the nineteenth century.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

THE most important weight in the scales of European diplomacy is not the atomic bomb: it is Great Britain's effort to construct a Western bloc on the Continent, to balance Russia's sphere of influence in Eastern Europe.

Both Ernest Bevin and his predecessor, Anthony Eden, have reaffirmed publicly before Parliament a program which British Labor and Conservatives alike deem essential to continuity of Empire policy. The double-talk with which each seeks to emphasize that this plan has nothing to do with Russia is only the usual diplomatic camouflage.

The injection of the atomic bomb into diplomacy appears to be responsible, at least in part, for spoiling Mr. Bevin's program. This fact is clear from current developments in Norwegian and Swedish policies.

The two Scandinavian nations are frightened by the wrangling between Russia on one side of them and the Americans and British on the other. Their alarm has been increased by the reversal of American policy on the question of permanent air bases in Iceland. The American pledge to Iceland during the war was to get out completely when peace came. Efforts now to obtain base rights have elicited immediate counter-measures from the Soviet Union in Spitzbergen.

Both moves stem directly from the atomic bomb argument and estimates of the future role of the new weapon. Foolish suggestions put forward at Stockholm about the possible granting of air bases in Sweden to the United States add to the uneasiness of Scandinavia and draw flat rebuffs from Sweden's Premier, Per Albin Hansson.

Now that Germany is prostrate, the Baltic Sea has become a Russian lake. With annexation of the Baltic states the Soviet Union acquired a long sweep of

coast from the Gulf of Finland to Koenigsberg — which the U.S.S.R. is converting into a naval base. Russia's continuing occupation of Bornholm Island, directly below the southern tip of Sweden, is another cause for uneasiness. Russia's common frontier with a friendly Finland and her joint border with Norway in the Finnmark (directly above Sweden in the Arctic) are realities the Swedes cannot ignore.

Accordingly, as a result of the recent flurry of atomic debate, Sweden has announced abandonment of a project she cherished all through the war: the formation of a Scandinavian bloc including herself, Norway, Finland, Denmark, and possibly the Netherlands. Now the astute Swedes will have nothing to do with blocs — whether Scandinavian, Western European, or Eastern European. Sweden hopes to join the UNO and help make it work. She rejects the dangerous luxury of choosing sides, with the possibility of becoming an eventual battlefield.

Norway, whose new Labor government has a clear majority even without the ten Communists who sit for the first time in her Parliament, is likewise indisposed toward blocs, Eastern or Western. Her policy places increased emphasis upon friendship with both Britain and Russia. She too understands geography.

The Dutch are angry

Two years ago, Premier Jan Christiaan Smuts of South Africa proposed, in a famous speech at London, a post-war league of European empires under British direction. His scheme envisaged a close tie-up between the Dutch, the Belgians, and the French. That ambitious device stranded on the reefs of Russian diplomacy and French intransigence.

Today, angry recriminations echo across the Channel between London and the Hague. Confronted with serious threats to the survival of their rich Empire in



The Fountain of Youth

PONCE DE LEON went all around the world, searching for the fountain of youth. Today, every school-boy knows it's "at the corner" . . . or even in the kitchen refrigerator . . . where pure, delicious bottled beverages provide moments of relaxation for young and old.

An amazing distribution system makes the bottling industry the

symbol of a typically modern public service—one that makes living more enjoyable inexpensively for everyone. Dependable, low cost distribution has always been necessary to bottlers . . . and that is why White trucks have always been the preference of the leaders. And for the new era of greater distribution efficiency

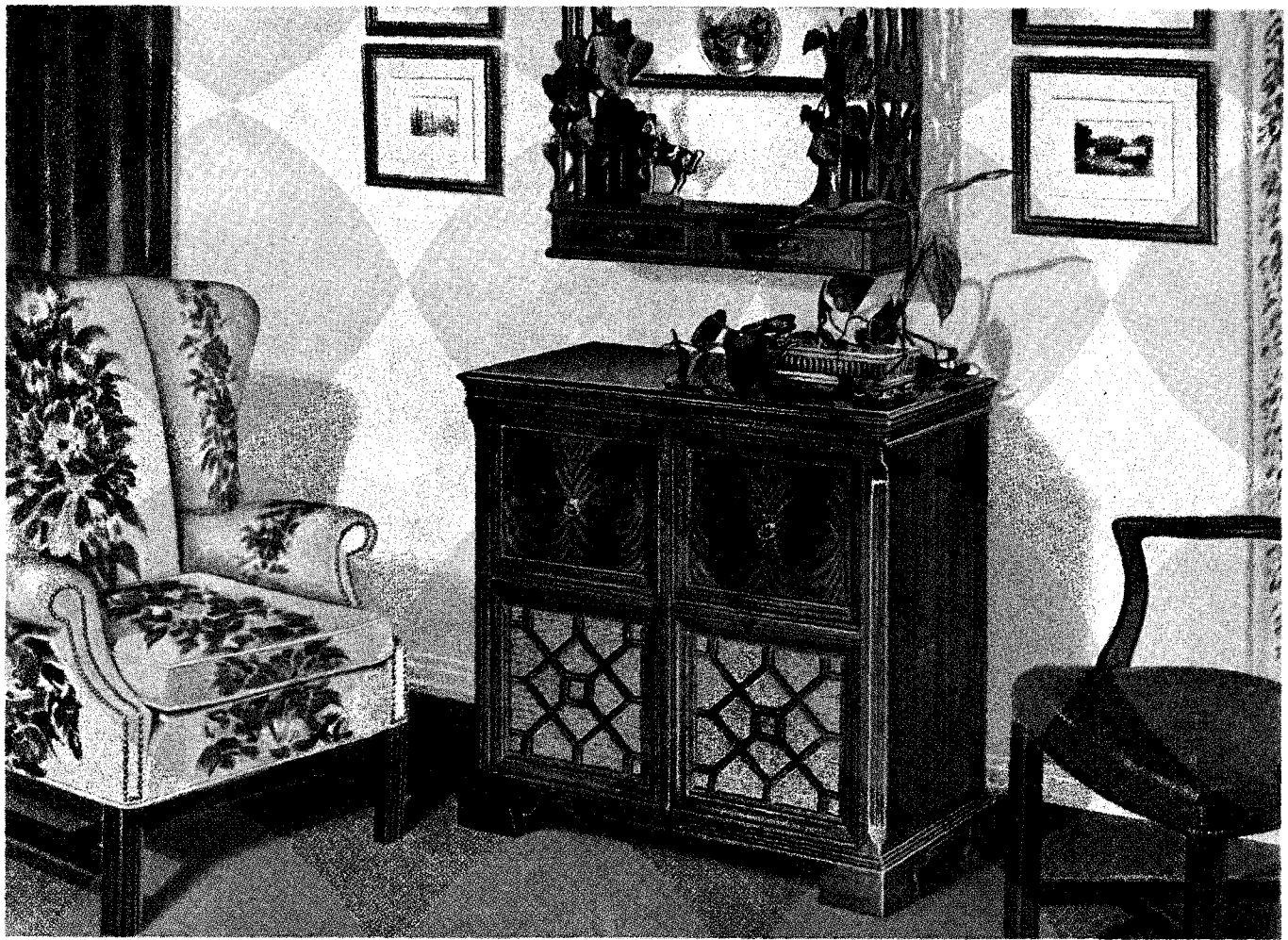
ahead, the new White Super Power trucks offer this and every truck using industry greater opportunities for better service at less cost than ever before.

THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY

Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
Factory at Montreal





**The Magnavox Belvedere*

Magnavox... *a lasting investment in gracious living*

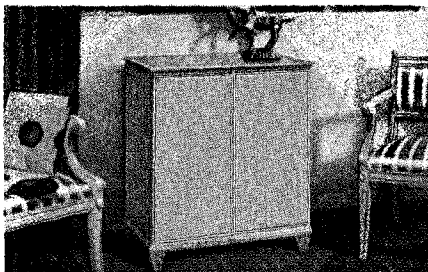
YOU'RE invited to a thrilling demonstration of *all* the wonders of radio science in the new Magnavox radio-phonograph. Compare the tone of Magnavox with all other radio-phonographs, and you will agree that in Magnavox all the music—the subtle filigree of overtones—the firm, powerful bass—is so faithfully reproduced that listening becomes a new and wonderful experience for the entire family.

Magnavox is not only a superb musical instrument, it is truly fine furniture, designed to add charm and beauty to any home. You may choose from a variety of models, from authentic traditional to the most refined contemporary styling, each a masterpiece of craftsmanship. Yet in Magnavox furniture designs you will find more than esthetic beauty... you'll find functional convenience and acoustical efficiency.

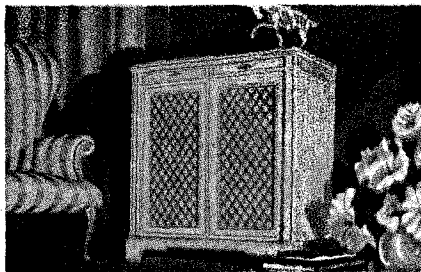
See and hear Magnavox instruments in America's fine stores. Compare them with all other radio-phonographs regardless of price—and you'll never be satisfied until you own a Magnavox. The Magnavox Company, Ft. Wayne 4, Ind.

☆ ☆ ☆

***The Belvedere.** The spirit of Chippendale is combined with the most advanced developments of the new radio world, including an automatic record changer, world-wide short wave and, of course, Frequency Modulation. Available in mahogany, white oak and walnut.



The Contemporary. Modern styling with a traditional influence that adds charm to modern or traditional settings. In one magnificent cabinet, all the wonders of radio science. Available in mahogany, white oak, prima vera and walnut.



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the East Indies, the Dutch are indignant at British pressure to make concessions to the Indonesians. They resent Britain's apparent indifference to Queen Wilhelmina's statesmanlike program for an intra-Empire partnership of all Dutch colonies with the mother country, as equal, self-governing members. Undoubtedly this difference of Anglo-Dutch views can be adjusted. But at the moment it does not dispose the Dutch to coöperate in Britain's ventures in power politics.

Bitter feeling has been generated in Holland by the refusal of British authorities in occupied Germany to repatriate Dutch livestock and machinery stolen by the Nazis. Declarations by General Montgomery's officials that these are needed to save the Germans from economic disaster do not impress an Allied people whose nation was first devastated and then thoroughly looted by the armies of Hitler.

Belgium, whose African empire contains the world's largest deposits of uranium, emulates Br'er Rabbit: she lies low. More serious obstacles face Britain's program in resurgent France. The French attitude toward Britain's program for a Western European bloc under British hegemony has little to do with the fact that recent elections have boosted the French Communists to the position of strongest single party in the Republic.

The fact that Communists hold the portfolios of Labor, Armaments, Industrial Production, and National Economy in Paris, together with the powerful support the Communists possess in the French labor unions, diminishes the value of any Western bloc the Communist Party opposes. But more difficult French hurdles obstruct Mr. Bevin's path.

London and Paris collide

General Charles de Gaulle, who has become "Citizen" de Gaulle since his elevation to the Provisional Presidency, refuses to forgive or forget Britain's part in the expulsion of French influence from Syria and Lebanon more than a year ago. Bevin finds himself in a dilemma bequeathed him by the policies of Winston Churchill. France demands restoration of her position in the Levant as a prerequisite to restoration of the Anglo-French alliance.

But restoration of France in the Levant will bring down on Bevin's head the wrath of the Syrian Arabs, the Lebanese Arabs, in fact the whole Arab League. Fifteen months ago, these all made of French extremity an Arab opportunity — with the assistance of the British Ninth Army.

Collision between London and Paris on the question of the future of the Ruhr and the Rhineland is another obstacle to Britain's bloc plans. France is fighting against the agreement of Russia, Britain, and the

United States that Germany must be unified if she is to survive. "We want no more Reich," says de Gaulle.

France demands that the industrial heart of the old Reich be separated from the main body of Germany and placed under direction of a joint control board set up by the Western Allies. She would distribute the products of this region among victims of German aggression in Western Europe. The Dutch and Belgians favor this solution; the Big Three reject it flatly. The result is stalemate.

France, spurred by the procedures of "atom diplomacy," announces through her new President that there are today only two great powers: Russia and the United States. Her policy, says "Citizen" de Gaulle, is to "maintain the balance" between them. Here is a dismissal utterly unacceptable to London and, incidentally, quite at odds with the realities of British air and naval strength. The obvious aim of French policy is to constitute a European bloc which will revolve not around England but around France. That stiffens British resistance to French demands in the Rhineland area.

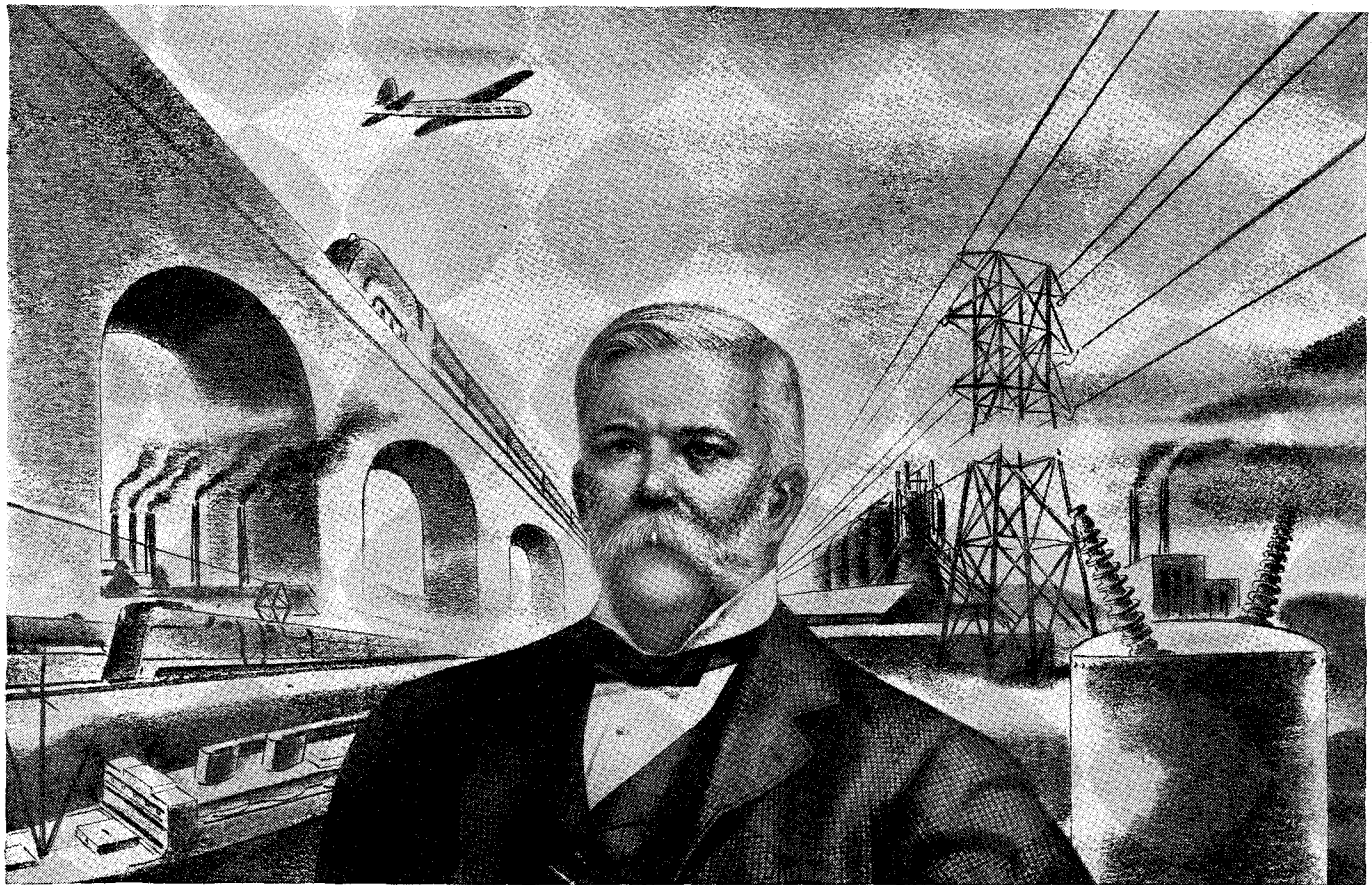
With Spain still ostracized from the family of reputable states, Italy in incessant crisis, and Greece on the verge of new explosions, where will Mr. Bevin find materials for his bloc?

Russia's neighbors chafe

Russia's embarrassments in Eastern Europe are, like Britain's, mainly political. Belatedly, the Soviet Union is discovering that it is almost impossible to force her smaller neighbors into the political molds her policies proposed for them in the first flush of victory. The success of the Finnish moderates, the triumph of the moderates in the Hungarian elections, the rout of the Communists in the Austrian polling, all show the trend toward independence.

The continuing rumpus in Rumania between the parties of the left and the stubborn agrarian remnant led by Iuliu Maniu tells the same story, even when allowances are made for the machinations of the unsavory Bratianu reactionary clique, which masquerades under the misleading title of "Liberal Party." So do the persisting quarrel in Bulgaria and the growing spirit of independence manifested in Poland.

Russia's troubles in Eastern Europe do not imply any deep rift in friendship. From Finland to the lower Balkans, there is continuing recognition of the need for coöperating with the Soviet Union. Russia's determination to achieve security along the approaches to her borders in the West, and to thwart all efforts aimed at re-creating a *cordon sanitaire* against her, especially in Southeastern Europe, is recognized as reasonable by her neighbors.



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Historically, however, the Finns, the Czechs, the Poles, and the peoples of the Balkans are extremely stubborn folk, little given to awe at size and power. Most of them have been contending against size and power for the better part of five hundred years.

Their determination to run their own affairs, even if geography and self-interest compel strong orientation toward the Soviet Union, has not been lessened by the recent war. It is an interesting commentary on the alarums reverberating of late through London and Washington that Russia's reappraisal of policy in Eastern Europe, and the steps she is taking to revise her procedures, have received little attention.

The Czechs forge ahead

One sign of this change is the alacrity with which Moscow has agreed to American proposals for immediate withdrawal of their joint armies of occupation from Czechoslovakia. The Russians are beginning to see that an army of occupation, even in a friendly country, is not likely to be an ambassador of good will, especially if it must live off the land it occupies.

At the same time, Moscow smiles upon Czech efforts to set up friendly relations with Austria and Hungary, and gives tacit approval to President Beneš's new economic treaty with Great Britain and the one with France — which, incidentally, re-creates the pre-war Franco-Czech military alliance. The objective of the Czechs' foreign policy is to make their country a bridge of understanding between Russia and the West.

While maintaining steady progress in nationalizing Czechoslovakia's industries and her banking, mending transport deficiencies which have deprived her of three fifths of her rolling stock, managing redeployment of populations more humanely than any other nation on the Continent, and shaping plans for general elections to be held early in 1946, the new Czech Provisional Government operates with what is probably the most genuinely representative regime in all Eastern Europe.

Russia's new five-year plan

Russia's efforts to establish fruitful economic ties in the Balkans derive in part from immediate needs of her own devastated areas. With every ounce of energy she possesses, the U.S.S.R. is plunging ahead rapidly with reconstruction. The directive now given her State Planning Commission sets a five-year limit not only for complete rebuilding of communities and industries, but also for reaching by 1950 a production level well above that of 1938-1939.

Here is the real explanation behind Moscow's rigorous insistence upon reparations claims against Germany and former Axis satellites, especially in materials and industrial equipment. Not even the deployment of her vast political system in preparation for general

elections throughout the Soviet Union next February is permitted to interfere with the concentrated drive for rehabilitation.

At bottom, Russia's trade treaties with Bulgaria, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia, and those pending with Hungary and Austria, have also a political basis. They testify to Moscow's unwillingness to take risks in the states of the Balkan region which might permit alienation of their support through infiltration of foreign capital without Russian competition.

During more than half a century, such investments (largely British, French, and American in origin) placed key Balkan industries in the hands of Russia's opponents in Europe. Germany's sweep south was spearheaded by an economic blitzkrieg which paralyzed even friendly pro-Russian states like Bulgaria. The political implications of venture capital from the outside, free to go its own way, are written all over recent Balkan history.

Tito and poverty

Three quarters of the Balkan peninsula is populated by peasants or landless laborers. Yet this region is, relatively, one of the richest undeveloped parts of all Europe. So far, the industrial development represented by investments from the outside has been of scant benefit to native populations. Their wealth has been drained away, and their poverty is appalling.

This fact fortifies Marshal Tito's position in Yugoslavia. His program for development of the mineral and metallurgical wealth of the country seeks to turn the primary benefits of national resources back to a people long familiar with squalor and famine in a land of potential plenty. Even with full allowance for political practices unacceptable to Western views, the sweeping electoral victory of Tito's National Liberation Front shows that the peoples of the new Yugoslav Federation support Tito by a substantial majority.

In 1938, Yugoslavia's industries were almost entirely in foreign hands. That era is ended. The huge deposits of zinc, copper, lead, iron, bauxite, gold, and silver, as well as the hydroelectric potential in which the country is fabulously rich, will be used for the benefit of the nation, if the new republic weathers the difficult months of transition.

This underlying economic reality partially explains the strong political attachment of the present Yugoslav regime to Russia. To Russia, Tito's government symbolizes the removal of a possible springboard against her. To Yugoslavia, the Russian alliance signifies protection against new attempts to exploit the country. Predominant religious ties with the Orthodox Church and a common Slavic racial bond further cement this association.



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These men have a hefty craving for fresh milk to "catch up with." That's why it flows so freely at home-coming receptions, at processing centers, and

at hospitals, too, where one observer says it outranks blondes in popularity!

Out of service, it's more than likely this army-fostered appetite for milk, ice cream and other dairy products will carry into civilian life. A good point to remember, for the cook who takes over from Uncle Sam.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

THE new position of the Soviet Union in Asia is the most important element contributing to the crises in our China policy. In the period from 1924 to 1927 the Soviet Union took an active part in China's internal politics and found itself opposed by the British Empire, Japan, and the United States.

The situation has now changed completely. Japan, the self-appointed "bulwark against communism in East Asia," has been defeated. The British no longer hold the dominant position of ten years ago. And the Chinese who twenty years ago welcomed Russian support are now bitterly resentful of what they consider American interference in the domestic affairs of China.

Today our relations with the Soviet Union are the key to all our actions in the Far East. Everything we do must be considered in the light of whether it is a step towards or a step away from possible conflict with Russia. Any action we take to help China gain stability must satisfy Russia also if that stability is to be permanent.

Both countries have potential support in China. Neither country can claim, considering the record, to be avoiding interference in the domestic affairs of China. There is one important difference, however, between our policy and that of the Russians. We have strongly backed the National Government of China, to the detriment of the cause of Chinese democracy.

Actions such as our movement of troops into North China and the furnishing of ships and planes to the National Government have in fact helped to limit the military potential of the Communists, even though our immediate mission was to bring about the demobilization of Japanese troops. The Russians, also, have dealt with the National Government, and have concluded an important treaty with it; but at the

same time they have kept, as we have not, the good will of the Chinese Communists.

Russia remembers history

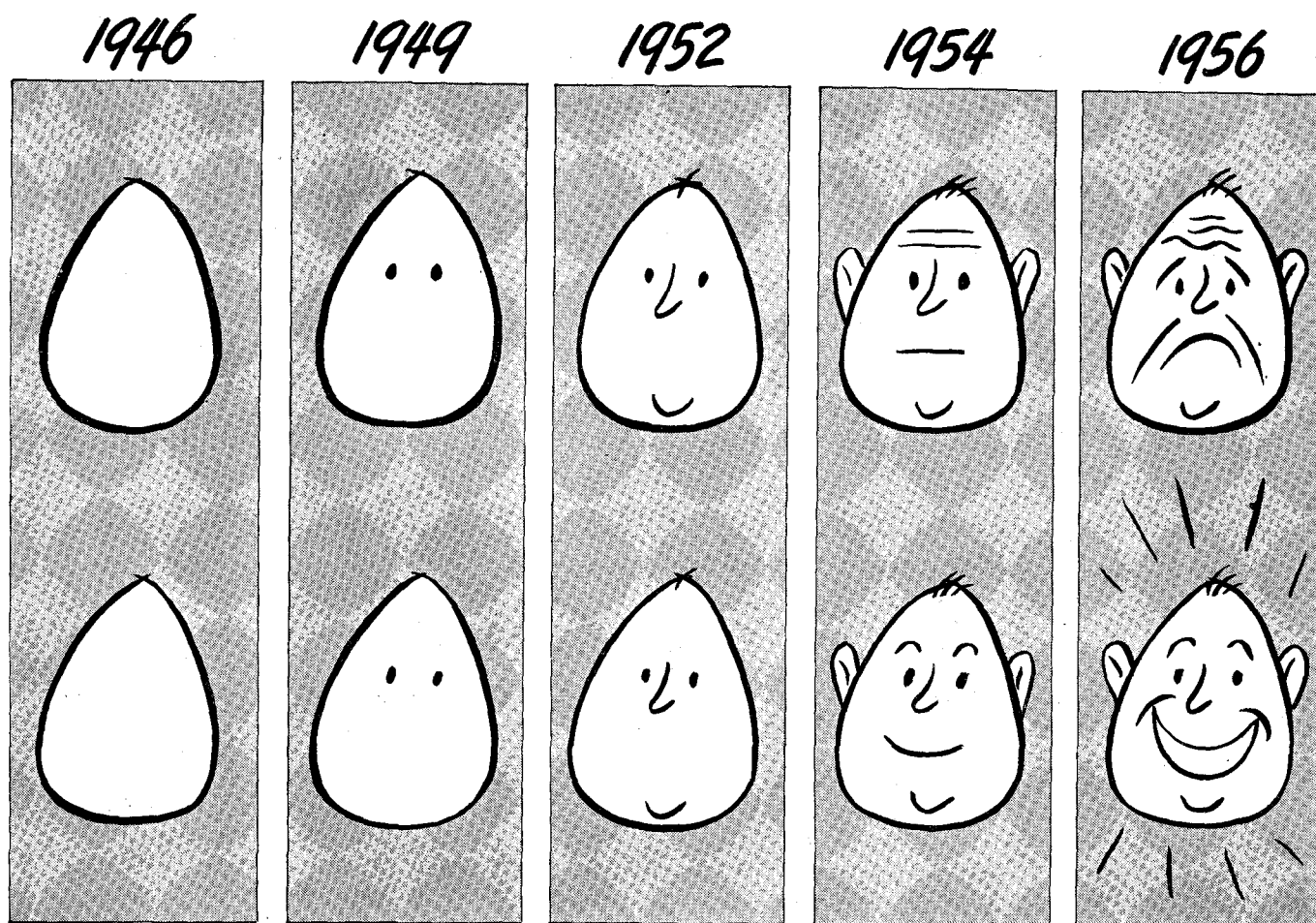
In this situation the Russians are likely to remember a good deal of history which we have forgotten. Although we are now the strongest champions of China's national independence and territorial integrity, although we have given up extraterritoriality and the treaty ports, only twenty years ago we joined the British in resisting the Chinese nationalist revolution in its efforts to get rid of these very things.

The Russians also feel that Anglo-American policy in action, if not in words, condoned a good deal of Japanese expansion on the continent as a means of balancing the growing influence of the Soviet Union. From the suspicions thus accumulated arises contemporary Russian criticism of our policies in Japan.

According to the October issue of the Russian journal *New Times*, "So far, practically nothing has been done to abolish the rule of the militarists, to put a stop to jingo propaganda, or to destroy Japan's military-economic potential and, above all, the basis of Japan's aggression — her war industry."

The relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union in China must be projected on a world scale. China is only one of the many fronts on which we meet the Soviet Union. Soviet policies in all the peripheral areas in which we have common interests are closely interrelated. What is done in Korea and China, what is demanded of us in Japan, what happens in Iran, the Balkans, and other areas, are part and parcel of the same problem.

The direction and timing of Russian action are carefully planned, and precedents agreed to or established by default in one area are important for others. In



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this sense we have a China policy only in so far as we have a Russian policy.

How much did Hurley intervene?

Whatever action we take in China is bound to affect the internal politics of China. We must examine the political realities of the situation and judge how we can best achieve our ends. Those ends, in order of priority, must be: (1) a sound understanding with the Soviet Union; (2) a unified and progressive China. To turn the order around is to be sentimental, stupid, and anti-Russian.

One aspect of General Patrick Hurley's resignation as ambassador to China has particular importance in the light of these objectives. General Hurley was apparently asked to implement a policy calling for support of the National Government, prevention of civil war, and encouragement of a strong, progressive China. No one can quarrel with these aims. Mr. Hurley failed because he threw away his bargaining power.

To blame minor officials who were removed from China before the critical negotiations with the Communists began, or to accuse State Department officials of being pro-Communist, is merely to draw up a smoke screen to distract attention from personal failure. To say that we are supporting both colonial imperialism and Communist imperialism, and that, at the same time, we are being drawn into a fight between the two, shows muddleheadedness or is a further smoke screen to cover up anti-Russian bias.

It is now clear that when the war ended, the Chungking government overestimated its military potential and embarked on plans which it was not strong enough to carry out alone. These plans included the occupation of railways and cities of North China and Manchuria, the demobilization of Japanese troops, and the containing of the Communists within the rural hinterland.

When their negotiations with Chungking failed, the Communists naturally took steps to see that the balance of power was not substantially altered. By shooting at American troops and engaging Nationalist forces, they hoped to arouse American opinion against the endangering of American lives and thus secure the withdrawal of the Marines, and to throw the blame for civil war on the National Government.

How strong are the Communists?

Two things must be borne in mind about the Chinese Communists. One is that their military potential, though not to be exaggerated, is great enough to make the job of crushing them by force very long and costly.

Secondly, the Communists would be extremely difficult to exterminate by force alone, not because they

are Communists, but because they feed on agrarian discontent. They are both agrarian reformers and Communists. Even if the last Communist Party member were exterminated, the massive discontent of China's peasantry would find some other means of political-military expression. One further consideration: the very process of exterminating the Communists in a civil war is likely to make the Kuomintang even more conservative.

Our course, therefore, seems clear enough. We should not be scared by the Communists into withdrawing troops from China which have been sent there to demobilize Japanese troops. The Russians did their job of demobilizing in Manchuria, and we should do ours in China proper.

We should not be alarmed if we thereby increase the military strength of the National Government. But we should make it clear that our troops will be withdrawn when the Japanese have been dealt with. We should keep our bargaining power and use it to discourage the National Government from attempting to crush the Communists by force, even if the Communists refuse to come to terms.

Now that the Communists have lost the benefit of the unifying effect of hostility toward the Japanese, the quickest way to undermine their political influence among the peasants of China would be by carrying out very simple and elementary reforms in Kuomintang China. Only after the political influence of the Communists had been undermined could military pressure be usefully exerted, and by that time it would probably be unnecessary.

What we do in China both indicates and determines our policy towards Russia. We have not gone ahead ruthlessly with a strong anti-Communist policy, crushing all opposition up to the limits of Russian influence; but we have gone far enough to incur some of the disadvantages of such a policy.

We have not brought our full influence to bear on the Nationalist Government and the Communists to force military unity and political compromise; but we have gone far enough to involve some of the risks attendant on such a course.

Korea

The lines between American and Soviet influence are much more clearly drawn in Korea where the 38th parallel separates the Russian zone from ours. In North Korea the administration is a mixture of Russian-trained Korean Communists and local officials.

Some Koreans consider the Soviet area more democratic than the American zone, and they accuse us of leaving the Japanese in charge too long and then replacing them with American personnel rather than

with Koreans. We plan to have the military government run the administration until a Korean government can be formed through democratic elections.

In Korea, we have on our hands one of the hottest political problems in Asia, for new political parties are springing up everywhere (there are sixty registered now) and an untrained military government staff has difficulty in finding its way about. Political terms mean little. The so-called Democratic Party is dominated by the biggest and richest families of Korea, who are bent on recovering their grasp on the Korean economy.

The People's Party constantly runs afoul of the military government. It is in favor of the confiscation and free distribution of Japanese-owned property, and of government ownership of major industries, and apparently has wide popular support. The National and Communist parties are not so strong. The returning Korean *émigrés* tend to side with the Democratic Party.

Meanwhile the Koreans are becoming more and more united at least on one thing — the desire to have American and Russian troops withdraw. The powerful and well-organized Korean underground, which set up the People's Republic, is the most volatile force to be reckoned with. We do not yet have enough information to evaluate fully the job being done by the military government. But the commander got off to a poor start when he described Koreans and Japanese as "the same breed of cats."

The Koreans are not the easiest politicians in the world to deal with after forty years of oppression. The longer Korea is divided, the greater the political differences and the harder the achievement of unity both by the Koreans themselves and by the powers who occupy their country.

The old order persists

Compared with the rest of Asia, Japan, paradoxically enough, presents a picture of orderly political development. There was no political collapse in Japan, and there was only one occupying power for the main islands. The political stability of a defeated country rests, not on the skill and force of the occupying power, but on direction and control by the defeated.

Two views about the success of our occupation policies are emerging. On the one side there is the note of self-confidence and implied optimism in the orders and communiqués of the Supreme Commander. Two months ago he announced that the military spirit of Japan was crushed as effectively as her Army and Navy.

Correspondents and other Americans returning from Japan suggest another view. The Japanese are trying their best, with some measure of success, to fob us off

with democratic window-dressing while preserving the essence of the old order. There has certainly been no substantial change in the composition of the ruling group. The Japanese press and radio are still powerful weapons preserving the old order.

New political parties — the Democratic Party and the Liberal Party, for example — have hopeful names but not necessarily democratic purposes. The Communist Party is the only one to come out in favor of abolishing the Imperial institution. The government, on the other hand, is doing its best to humanize the Emperor as well as the aristocracy, whose members are competing in the relinquishing of titles.

The Emperor as usual

There is little to suggest that the elections to be held in January will bring about any fundamental shift in the real balance of power within Japan. According to the Tokyo radio, the Emperor opened the Imperial Diet with a rescript which said among other things: "It is expected that you will fully bear in mind our wishes and deliberate upon them in harmony, thereby fulfilling your duty by giving your approval."

The Emperor is seen more in public. Private cars are now allowed to pass the Imperial car, but adverse comment is still frowned upon. Kiichiro Hiranuma, President of the Privy Council, was quoted by Tokyo as saying: "A real picture of Japan is that of one sovereign and the people, and imperial rule supported by the people. . . . If we should look into Japanese history, no matter what period, it is a fact that there is not a single instance of the Emperor's oppressing the people arbitrarily."

"The basis for reform is a solidification of the relationship between the Emperor and the people and the eradication, through the will of the people, of any obstacles existing to this bond of relationship. This will determine whether the democratization of Japan can be realized."

A further indication of the methods of the Japanese is their attempt to hold the Allied powers responsible for the feeding of Japan during this winter when hundreds of thousands will starve to death. Certainly Japan faces staggering problems. Millions of men have been demobilized and thousands are being repatriated. Over a quarter of a million have returned from Korea alone.

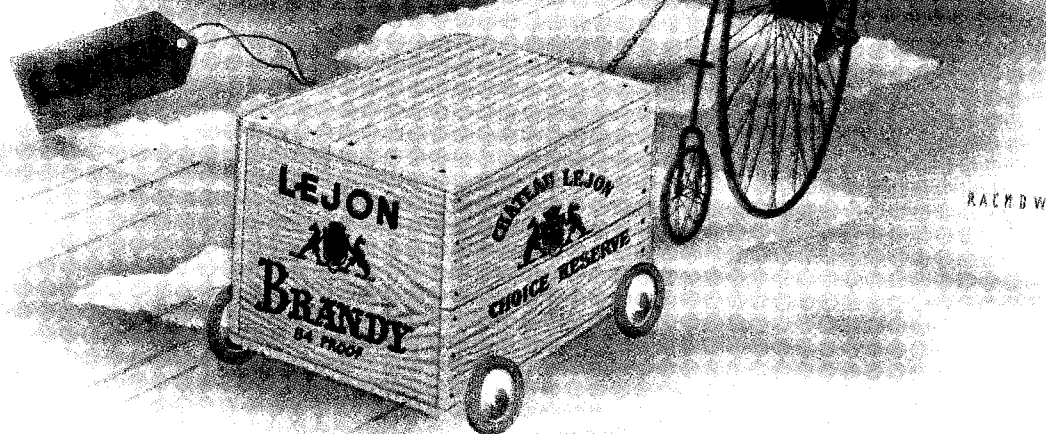
There are three million troops and nearly three million civilians awaiting repatriation, a job that may well take two or three years to complete. Economic pressure is forcing a small colonization movement to Hokkaido, but this migration will do little to relieve the demands on available resources. The economic plight of Japan is real, and the Japanese will do their utmost to make us feel responsible for relieving it.

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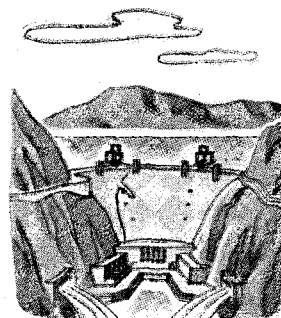


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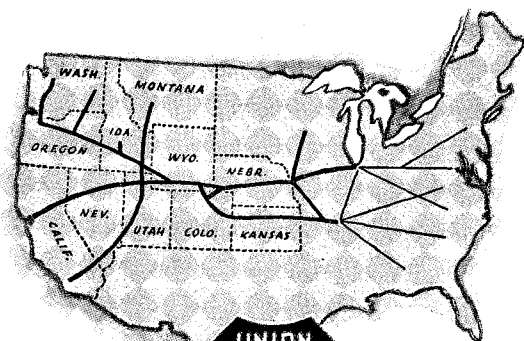


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

MONTEVIDEO is the brisk, clean capital of South America's smallest but by no means tiny republic, Uruguay. On the outer rim of the Plata estuary, it is the top observation post in Latin America. For a year or more Montevideo has been accustomed to the occasional arrival from Buenos Aires, 125 miles across the estuary, of young men obviously in flight from their homeland, Argentina.

They came by steamer, by fast plane, and now and then by fishing boat or pleasure sailing craft. They were often swollen, bruised, limping, and sometimes still bleeding from beatings by Colonel Juan Perón's national police — known simply and factually in the river Plata area as the Argentine Gestapo.

Suddenly in mid-October the refugee stream thickened, and the wounds were more serious. Young men came on crutches, or with their ribs smashed, or still spitting out battered tooth fragments, with their faces beaten to a pulp. Sometimes women arrived with clout marks on their heads, seeking treatment for over-all body bruises.

Some refugees were relatively unknown political workers of the anti-Perón underworld in Buenos Aires; but others, who in brighter days had villas at Punta del Este and Uruguay's fashionable beaches, were lifelong friends of Uruguay's oldest and wealthiest families. From top to bottom Montevideo's well-informed, politically alert population knows the background of all this — and the dangers of the Argentine terror to themselves.

They know that Perón, former War and Labor Minister and Vice President, and now candidate of the Argentine fascist forces for the presidency, after being temporarily ousted in a two-day abortive coup in October, is back in power, determined to have no more coups and to force himself on the country as

President in the elections scheduled for February 24. They know that the stepped-up violence is simply the fascist means to Perón's two dominant ends.

Perón terrorizes the neighborhood

Montevideans are also familiar with the techniques of the Argentine terror. They know, from their own frequent business and social visits back and forth across the Plata, about the tanks in Buenos Aires streets, and the tommy guns in the hands of police platoons wherever there are crowds; about mobs — police-paid slum thugs — ranging the town day and night, brass-knuckled, toting knives and guns, picking street fights, starting disturbances wherever there is a chance to involve the opposition.

They know, too, how the police force of Buenos Aires has grown since the original military coup of June, 1943, from four thousand, a reasonable size for a metropolis of more than three million, to thirty-five thousand, now completely under Perón's control.

They know the ugly elements which that increase has brought in: tough Army conscripts forced to join the police when their service terms ended, because of deliberate mix-ups in their discharge papers; half-Indian Gauchos lured in from Corrientes, the last "Wild West" province in Argentina; and Guaraní Indians hired straight out of the Paraguayan Army, inured to the brutalities of dictatorship and as ready to shoot into a political meeting in Buenos Aires as to massacre a file of war prisoners in the Chaco.

Through November it became increasingly difficult for Montevideo to take the Argentine terror as a passing phase. The big October coup from within the Army had failed because General Avalos lost his nerve when a Peronista organized mob jeered him for an hour as he tried to make the keynote speech explaining the change in the government.

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Carillons

LATIN AMERICA (continued)

It appeared that returned Perón was in for keeps. In November he lessened the chances of another stroke from Army and Navy enemies by deflating the Campo de Mayo garrison to less than half the size of the police establishment of Buenos Aires. His gunmen in city provinces are unquestionably able to control the February elections in his favor.

American fascist election

If a majority vote were miraculously cast against him despite brute force, he would have still another ace in the hole. Argentine law requires the ballots to be deposited in post offices for counting. From top to bottom the Perón machine now controls the post office. Reckoning the odds, even the refugees are becoming discouraged. They told their Uruguayan friends that an unarmed civilian majority, no matter how large, could not fight tanks, machine guns, and organized thuggery.

By mid-November, refugees, Uruguayan leaders, and the people of Montevideo were pretty well agreed that unless extraordinary outside help is given the opposition, Perón will soon be able to take on his enemies in the inter-American organization and in the democratic nations of the world with the prestige of a constitutionally elected Argentine president.

Uruguayan leaders are under no illusions as to what this might mean to them. They know that for months Montevideo has been slowly filling up with Perón's bully boys — secret agents now ostensibly on good behavior, but listening, plotting, and quietly agitating sympathetic groups. They have evidence that a few bars and coffeehouses have been bought as propaganda spy centers.

They know that large funds are available from secret Perón campaign and military budgets for promoting a Uruguay coup, probably through the old pro-dictatorship party, the Herreristas. The coup is unlikely till after Perón's position is reinforced by the election, but it is prominent among the dangers Uruguayans must be prepared for.

Uruguayan leaders have been preoccupied since October with the problem of either asking international help in ousting Perón or preparing to live permanently next door to a bad neighbor, in constant peril of an attack on Uruguay's traditional democratic liberties. What to Washington is merely a desperate political headache has become for Uruguay an imminent threat of death by torture.

The Larreta Doctrine

Courageous, resolute Uruguay acted. On Thanksgiving Day, to the offices of twenty American foreign ministers came a formal diplomatic note from Uruguay's foreign minister, Alberto Rodríguez Larreta. By the week-end it was being hailed by adherents and opponents alike as the Rodríguez Larreta Doctrine. The Larreta Doctrine is based on a simple philosophy adapted to a world where the perils from fascist enemies have been multiplied by modern weapons.

It proclaims not only that peace is indivisible, but that peace and democracy are indivisible. It recognizes that denial of free information and of civil liberties, and disrespect for human dignity, on the part of a government, may be a worse threat to the peace of its neighbors than actual aggression.

The Doctrine therefore proposes joint action by the American republics even in the internal affairs of an American country violating basic liberties to the point of endangering Hemisphere security and the democracy of its neighbors. Larreta's newspaper *El País* in Montevideo regards the Doctrine as akin to the common-law right of dwellers in a city block or a rural community to take action when a disorderly neighbor renders himself a moral nuisance even though the neighborhood is still undamaged by direct aggression.

A guarantee of a republican government

His friends say that Larreta, a lifelong student of United States history, considers the Doctrine analogous to the provision in our Constitution guaranteeing the states a republican form of government. He recognizes that this provision has not been tested legally, but he believes that endorsement of the Doctrine by all republics except Argentina might by its own moral weight crush Perón and eliminate residual smalltime dictators like Trujillo in Santo Domingo, Somoza in Nicaragua, and Cárrias in Honduras.

His emphasis is wholly on *collective* intervention. Larreta is convinced that the maintenance of democracy for Uruguayan and Hemisphere security is strictly a neighborhood problem. He is understood to have taken this stand as early as August, 1943, after long study of the development of Argentine fascism.

The idea is Larreta's own, home-grown out of Uruguay's trans-river perils, although there are plenty of indications that the Doctrine was discussed with important resident diplomats in Montevideo before the Thanksgiving Day promulgation. The Doctrine was deliberately confined to a statement of principles. It was therefore criticized as vague. But the understanding is that the steps taken to enforce it would be (1) diplomatic breaks, (2) economic sanctions, and (3) as a last resort, military intervention in the internal affairs of a state that was menacing its neighbors' democracy.

Sources close to Uruguay's Vice President, former Foreign Minister Guani, propose that charges against a dangerously anti-democratic republic be sifted by an inter-American political defense committee at Montevideo, with Guani as chairman, and that final action be decided through consultations with all the republics.

Larreta insists that collective pro-democratic intervention was implicitly sanctioned by Bolívar in try-

ing to exclude dictatorships from the inter-American conference at Panama in 1826, by the mediation of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile between the United States and Mexico in 1914, and by the seizure of Vera Cruz by the United States in 1914. It was sanctioned explicitly in resolutions of Inter-American Conferences, in 1933 at Montevideo and in 1936 at Buenos Aires. Meanwhile, old-fashioned, unilateral intervention by the United States Marines for the "good" of weak, disorderly states was condemned and abandoned.

Opposition and encouragement

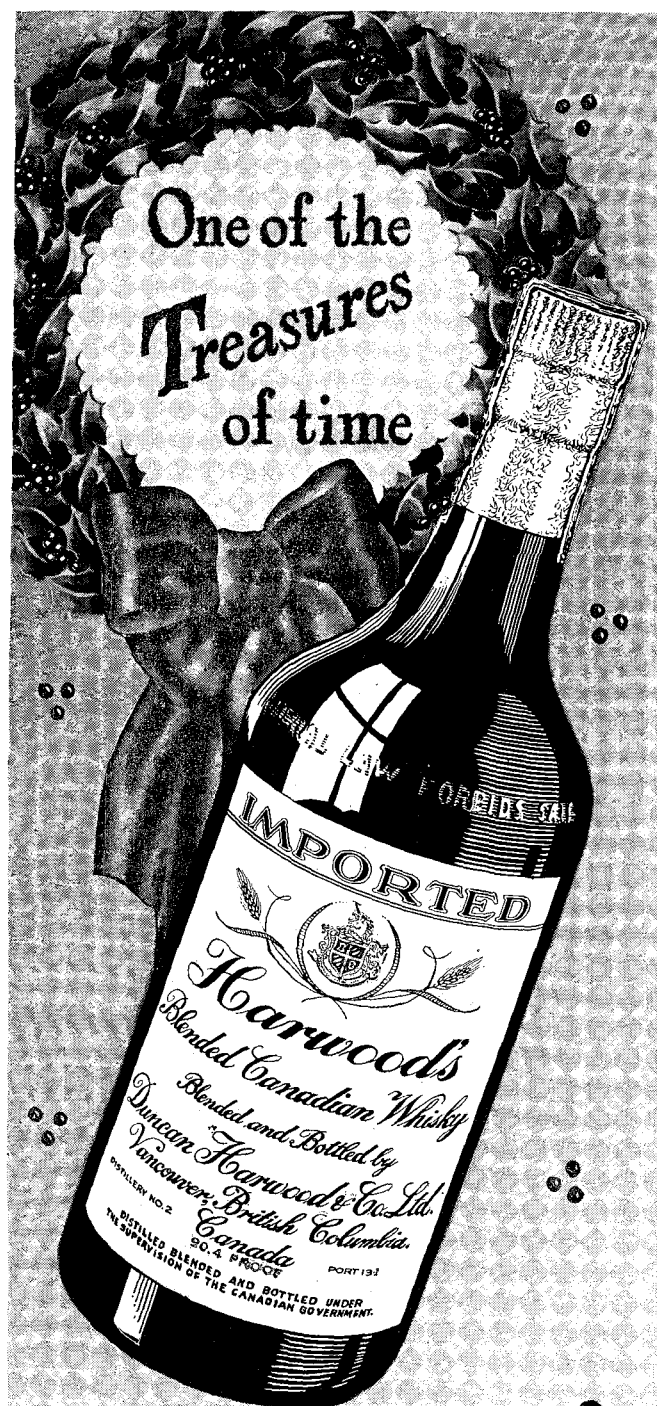
But aside from arguments of legal precedents, the Larreta Doctrine inevitably ran into rough sledding. After all, the Latin American republics from the Spanish-American War to the early 1930's fought a running battle against Theodore Roosevelt's principle of permissible unilateral armed intervention for the preservation of order, and against American rights in revolution-ridden republics.

The battle was won mainly by insistence on the rights of absolute sovereignty. Many honest Latin American political leaders are still fearful that a reactionary change in the Washington administration might transform the Larreta Doctrine into a tool for interventions of a new dollar diplomacy.

Some of the Foreign Offices showed hesitancy, reservation, and even open opposition; and Nazi-Fascist-Falangist centers in Latin America, and also the Soviet news agencies, have condemned the Doctrine as paving the way for the destruction of national sovereignty in Latin America and for the final triumph of Yankee imperialism. Under these pressures from the Foreign Ministries, public opinion wavered.

Secretary Byrnes within five days endorsed the Doctrine down to the last comma, while the *New York Times* grumbled, apparently more in tactical than basic disagreement, against the undue precipitancy of the Department of State. Declarations from Mexico and Cuba, while leaving the way open for further discussions, were practically turndowns. Foreign Minister Carlos Morales of Venezuela said his government prefers economic sanctions to direct intervention. Costa Rica and Spain's Mexico City government-in-exile approved.

Editorial boosts came from Peru's Aprista leader, Manuel Seoane. Foreign Minister Leão Velloso announced that Brazil's support of the orthodox non-intervention principle has been so long established that any change requires profound study. Peronista Argentina naturally frothed. *La Prensa* and *La Nación*, while finding merit in the principles of the Doctrine, came to no conclusion. But the Peronista organ, *La Epoca*, demanded a diplomatic, economic, and cultural break with a degenerate, picayune de-



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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

mocracy that was a traitor to its benevolent big neighbor, and Foreign Minister Cooke, in a radio address, repeated the threat of a break, but without specific insults.

Anti-Doctrine press campaigns broke out in rightist and some far leftist papers in most Latin American centers, including Montevideo itself. *El Debate*, Montevideo's totalitarian Herrerista organ, which hopefully predicted a MacArthur dictatorship in the United States, called Larreta a United States stooge and accused him of betraying the "name and honor" of the republic. Leading rightist Senator Bulnes of Chile proclaimed that Latin American regimes established by "foreign bayonets" could not be considered democracies.

New hope for liberals

But moving toward the year's end, Larreta and the Uruguayan liberals are not unhopeful. They understand that Velloso was in a spot in Brazil. He made a supercautious statement on the eve of the Brazilian elections, when an important undercover issue was the September 29 speech of Ambassador A. A. Berle expressing the hope that the Vargas government would go through with its free-election commitments. Pro-Vargas and Communist elements advertised the speech during the campaign as scandalous intervention, and Velloso was obviously reluctant to upset last-minute domestic political balances.

Uruguayan leaders naturally hoped that Eduardo Gomes, idealistic champion of middle-of-the-road political democracy, would be Brazil's next president. They knew that with Gaspar Dutra, former War Minister in the Vargas government, in power, Velloso or his successor in the Foreign Office probably could not be persuaded to endorse the Larreta Doctrine.

Uruguayans are for the most part encouraged by the growing democratic atmosphere elsewhere. Venezuela, Peru, and Ecuador are now on the side of democratic order, and there is at least a fighting chance of victory for the Doctrine in free debates in Chile and Colombia. If a definitive majority should begin to roll up among the stronger powers, the Uruguayans would be reasonably sure of the approval of the Caribbean states.

Meanwhile, Uruguay is carrying on an anti-Perón crusade with great courage. She knows that Perón, by shutting off wheat, manufactured goods, and summer beach tourists, could almost wreck Uruguay's economy.

She knows that adopting the Doctrine at the March Rio consultation meeting or earlier might step up the program for a military political coup in Montevideo. She knows from the refugees what this would mean to Uruguay's old democratic freedom and civilization. But Larreta says, "To save this peace takes courage." In devising and aiming a practical political weapon with which fascism can be checked, Uruguay has proved that she has courage.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

LITTLE has been said about the uses to which the American loan to Britain will be put. This Washington observer went to Britain to ask about them. He talked with Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade. Cripps is one of the Cabinet trio — the others are Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin and Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Dalton — that conducted the loan negotiations at the London end. No step was taken by the Halifax-Keynes mission, which handled the negotiations in Washington, without the O.K. of the Cabinet trio.

There was some surprise that questions about the use of the dollars should be asked. The inquirer was told that there are obligations that Britain must meet — to the members of the sterling bloc of nations, who look to Britain for dollars to spend in America, and to American suppliers of necessary food and commodities. Both needs are undoubtedly urgent. But financial aid used in this way would be non-productive: the American loan would not yield a more efficient and more competitive industrial plant for Great Britain.

This observer ventured to remark that unless the American money is used for reconstruction, Britain may be in the market for another dollar loan in half a dozen years. Cripps's answer was that reconstruction would be attended to independently.

Britain must tool up

The modernization of British industrial equipment is the key to Britain's economic future. Lord Keynes has been saying in Washington that all the old industries, with the possible exception of shipbuilding, are antiquated, but that the new industries, such as rayon, are in a competitive position. This picture of conditions is not borne out in Britain itself. Efficiency — that is, man-hour production — is steadily on the decline.

The over-all loss since war broke out is put at 15 per cent by Britain's automobile magnate, Sir Miles Thomas. In his own industry the loss is said to run above the average. Thomas thinks one reason for the decline in efficiency is war-weariness. Another factor is that work is guaranteed. A shortage of manpower, he says, has robbed the workers of the incentive that comes from competition for jobs, and loafing has become common. Thomas believes that this is the chief reason for the lowered efficiency in the motorcar industry.

There can be no question that Cripps is bent upon modernizing British industry and bringing efficiency back to it. He hopes to accomplish this in two ways: (1) by subjecting every industry to study by so-called "working parties," and (2) by skimping the home market in favor of the export markets.

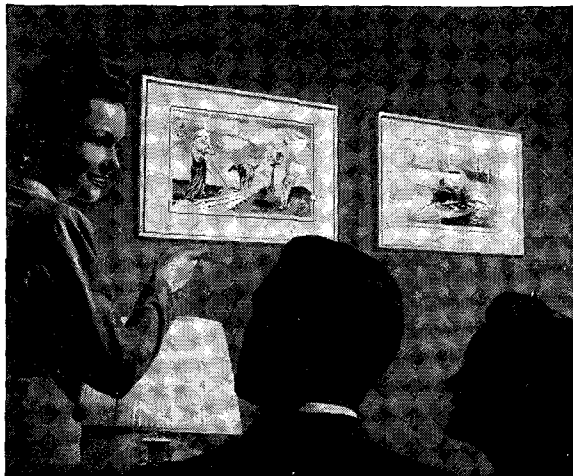
Working parties already are active in a number of industries. They are composed of economists, businessmen, and civil servants. In some cases labor-union leaders are included. One may imagine the reception that the working parties are getting within the affected industries. It is not unlike the reception that greets an outside efficiency expert in an American establishment.

The industrialists complain about the lack of knowledge of conditions in the particular industry by members of the working party attached to it. Time, in consequence, has to be taken in briefing the inquirers. This complaint may be due to spleen on the part of the industrialists, for the members of the working parties, judging from their names, appear in general to be men of high caliber. In this respect experience will have to be the judge.

Meantime Cripps is working energetically to stimulate the export market. In pre-war days Britain paid

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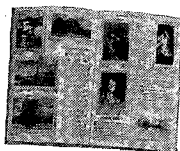
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WASHINGTON (continued)

for her necessary imports of foodstuffs by the proceeds of overseas investments and the provision of shipping, insurance, and other services to foreigners, as well as by exports. These mainstays are no longer available, at least in the same volume.

Foreign investments in the main were liquidated for war financing. Services to foreigners lapsed during the war and, given strong American competition, will be difficult to regain, as America's bid for air supremacy in the Atlantic bears out. As a result Britain must increase her exports by at least 50 per cent in order to buy on her pre-war scale in world markets.

Cripps puts the screws on

Cripps's way of going about his task of encouraging exports is anathema to British industrialists. The struggle has recently come into sharp focus. Cripps wants the automobile manufacturers to build cars specifically for foreign markets.

The manufacturers say the assignment is impossible. They are accustomed, they say, to building cars for Britons to ride in. The cars are small, with a low operating cost, and they are suited to Britain's roads, short distances, and thin purses.

One manufacturer gave an example of the impossibility of building and marketing foreign-style cars at a profit. He had imported a Dodge Victory-6 model, he said, in order to build a similar model. The car was made, but it cost so much more than its American prototype that he could not possibly sell it in competition. After this experience, he settled down to build British-style cars.

But Cripps intends to put the screws on the manufacturers by denying a home market to them by the tax route. In Britain the taxes on motorcars make ownership a luxury. The levies include a purchase tax, a horsepower tax, and a petrol tax. There is talk of modifying the horsepower tax, but this change will not ease the burden.

The over-all result is to deny any expansion of the home auto market to the auto makers; in fact, the market will be contracted. Whereas one American in five owns a car, only one Briton in twenty-five owns one, and there is no real likelihood of increasing the ratio.

Thus the export plans of Sir Stafford Cripps have already struck a snag. What the *New Statesman and Nation* calls a sit-down strike in this particular industry is in progress. But the auto industry happens to have logic on its side. This is appreciated by Britons in general.

How does Britain live?

This pro-industry feeling is not governed solely by economics. It is colored in part by the human desire for improvement in living conditions after the war ordeal. The denial of cars is not the only thing the British object to. They resent the filtering of imports

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which has of necessity to be practiced while the struggle to capture export markets is in progress.

Britain is living little better now than during war-time. More fish is obtainable, and oranges can be seen again, but little else. On the other side of the picture, clothes and shoes and household furniture are in worse condition, and replacements are difficult. The shops show goods in their windows, but the goods are often dummies.

One of the American correspondents in London sought unsuccessfully to get a pair of shoes in a tour of half a dozen stores. Governor Tobin of Massachusetts, to whom the story was told, left one of his extra pairs for the correspondent. Cases can be heard of mothers who are getting shoes for their children from soldier relatives serving in Germany. Whether they buy them or loot them — that is a question.

This observer heard of a British officer on duty in Germany who was looting systematically in order to furnish a house he had bought to live in after his demobilization. In the circumstances of the present-day barrenness of England, his action was hardly surprising.

Venture capital

Investors have been discouraged from risking money in new enterprises. It was not unusual to hear City men say: "With nationalization schemes in the air, it is difficult to get investors interested in new ideas and processes and better plants." The complaint is that Attlee's Government will not set limits to nationalization.

The result is that the nationalization sword is kept dangling over all industry. Thus, unless limits are set to the program, there is bound to be the same unwillingness to invest in general industry which in the past has kept new money out of the coal industry. To cap it all, there is a cleavage between employers and labor, and wildcat strikes are general.

While this observer was in England — and he was there only a week — he ran into a gas strike which kept most of London in a blackout, a coal strike in the north of England, and an automobile strike in the Morris automobile works. There is little vim in this industrial strife. The strikes are called by local shop stewards, and the men obey, as much for the rest they get as for the prospect of better pay. They know they won't be fired.

This is a picture of Britain in the doldrums, unable to get off dead center as a result of the terrific struggle she has been through. How Britain will be helped by the American loan is, in these circumstances, problematical. She will eat better, of course. But she is not likely to be aided to any great extent in develop-

ing a sturdy industry able to compete again in world markets.

Britons discuss the loan

The loan, indeed, is a source of endless conflict in British government circles. The Socialists feel that a loan will cramp their ambitions. They are right. The main object of the loan was to fulfill Article 7 of the master Lend-Lease agreement.

This article reads that the two countries shall co-operate in the expansion, "by appropriate international and domestic measures, of production, employment, and the exchange and consumption of goods, which are the material foundations of the liberty and welfare of all peoples"; in the "elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment" in international commerce; in the "reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers"; and in the attainment of the objectives of the Atlantic Charter.

Ostensibly the loan is needed in order to enable Britain to achieve these objectives. Clearly the end of exclusionism and discrimination in economic relations is not compatible with progressive socialization. You cannot have controls internally if you leave your citizens freedom to trade and to invest externally. Accordingly the 100 per cent Socialists in the Government are opposed to the American loan and all that the loan implies. They want to regiment Britain and to develop the sterling area as a closed bloc.

It is said in Britain that Foreign Secretary Bevin was talked out of this camp by Lord Keynes. The story is that after a conversation with Keynes, Bevin said, "You have convinced me, but I regret you have." However, Bevin's behavior in the course of the conversations shows that he is only half-convinced. The pulling and hauling during the protracted negotiations in Washington was due in great part to the split personality in the British Cabinet. The British want a loan, but they don't want a loan that will tie their hands too severely.

Other difficulties are of a more personal nature. Mr. Churchill after his July defeat at the polls offered to head the mission to Washington. The offer was declined. It is this observer's view that Mr. Churchill would have got a grant-in-aid, such as Senator Taft suggested last spring.

He was not chosen, perhaps, because the Labor Government did not intend to give the envoys plenipotentiary powers. All steps, even the least, had to be referred back to London for decision. On this understanding Lords Keynes and Halifax came to Washington.

But they were bedeviled by the split personality which shines through all their instructions from Lon-

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WASHINGTON (continued)

don. Cripps is straight enough, because Cripps, as his domestic policy shows, is intent upon forcing a way back for Britain into the international trading community, though his methods are open to question on grounds of feasibility. Bevin is not so consistent. Nor is his near namesake, Aneurin Bevan, who, incidentally, is spoken of in Britain as a potential Labor prime minister.

Lord Keynes, moreover, is not an ideal ambassador. He has two strikes against him. One is his criticism of President Wilson in his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, which earned him the undying hostility of Americans like Bernard M. Baruch who revere the memory of Wilson. The other is his contribution to the Roosevelt thesis of spending your way back to recovery.

In the Washington negotiations he showed extraordinary ability, but his acid wit was resented. The most charitable explanation of his tartness is that he has not been feeling well and that he must have been irritated by the hot-and-cold reactions from London.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital on the Anglo-American negotiations does not jibe with this estimate of the situation. Bernard M. Baruch set the pace of the critical thinking when he warned Congress against loans to countries which were "nationalizing against us." Financial aid to Britain is thought of as destined to help socialization.

President Truman was right when he said that this was a "perfectly silly conclusion." Actually the loan is the way to hold off socialism in Britain. If it be thought that a denial of the loan would upset the Labor Government, the mistake is grievous.

There was no question in Britain that the Labor Government would last out this Parliament, loan or no loan. The defeat of the vote of censure on December 6 indicates that the Labor Government is stronger than ever. There will be changes in personnel, but the country has definitely gone left. There is, to be sure, some reaction, but it is a normal post-election reaction.

The best way to live with the Labor Government is to extend a helping hand in actual reconstruction. We can best help Britain by persuading the British to develop a reconstruction plan for their industry based upon political certainty on the one hand and economic modernization on the other. It is a pity that aid was not offered on these terms when the war was over.

As usual, we are not clear as to where our true interests lie. If they lie in the restoration of a place in the sun for Britain, then we shall have to keep an eye on the job, for Britain is in process of political and economic deterioration.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Einstein and the Atomic Bomb

Sir:

To read Dr. Einstein's statement in the November issue, "Einstein on the Atomic Bomb," as reported by Raymond Swing, I bought a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* for the first time in years. I remember that when I was attending school in Ann Arbor our rhetoric teacher made a certain amount of reading in the *A.M.* one of the passing requirements. Though I intended to read it, as I remember, I never did. That must have been around 1911. At that time I carried the idea that if the *A.M.* were tossed into the ocean and left there, no harm would be done.

I don't know whether it is because of the great changes that have certainly taken place in me during that interval, or because the *Atlantic Monthly* has changed so much, but I find the November issue really great. When a reader enjoys four or five articles in one number, that is really a star issue. I found "Can the Nazis Learn?" "Living with the Boche," "See Your Dentist Twice a Year," and "The Young Tolstoy" highly interesting.

ROY L. MYERS
Port Huron, Mich.

Sir:

I was naturally much interested in the article "Einstein on the Atomic Bomb," in the November *Atlantic*.

Most of us will doubtless agree with the basic principles set forth by Professor Einstein, but it appears to me that the plan suggested is dangerous in the extreme.

Dr. Einstein would form a World Government by an agreement between the Big Three, excluding at first, at least, the smaller nations. This course would very naturally incite deepest suspicion on the part of all the excluded peoples: they would inevitably feel that the biggest countries intended to rule the world to suit themselves. The article stresses the fact that all a nation needs in order to produce atomic weapons is the raw materials and man power. Under these circumstances every nation would begin a race to

produce the new means of attacking quickly and terribly any country or group of countries which that nation might feel were conspiring against its own interests.

Why not use the United Nations Organization, which has been ratified by a number of countries and which has all the machinery available for dealing with the matter? There would be less suspicion aroused by such a course and it would be a means of strengthening the new agency at a time when it will need strengthening most.

The new weapon has been hailed by many as an equalizer which makes the weakest as strong as the greatest. Why, by any action on the part of the countries already possessing the secret, actually cultivate this feeling of suspicion and perhaps hatred?

J. EDWARD JOHNSON
Northville, Mich.

See Your Dentist

Sir:

I read the article "See Your Dentist Twice a Year," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in the November issue, with a great deal of interest. I have followed Mr. Stefansson's work over a period of two decades, beginning with *The Friendly Arctic*. At the same time, however, since I teach hygiene at Barnard College, I have been studying the newer aspects of nutrition, especially as elaborated by E. V. McCollum and Henry C. Sherman, and also by Weston A. Price, D.D.S., in his *Nutrition and Physical Degeneration*, in which he makes a global study of the dietary conditions which produce teeth without dental caries.

During my twenty-seven years as College Physician I have examined the teeth of approximately one thousand girls a year. I should like to offer testimony to the fact that teeth are improving on a mixed diet in those cases where the modern principles of adequate vitamin intake and definite mineral supply in diet have been followed. In my first year at Barnard there was only one student with perfect teeth, that is, without dental caries. At the present moment

Atlantic Repartee

there are at least fifty, and over one hundred with only one cavity.

After reading the article by Mr. Stefansson the modern person is naturally plunged into a dental despair which is hardly justified by the facts available to modern nutrition.

GULIELMA F. ALSOP, M.D.
New York City

Sir:

Mr. Stefansson's conclusions in his article "See Your Dentist Twice a Year" are highly interesting and undoubtedly correct.

However, before I go on an exclusively meat diet I want to know several other things. While it would be fine never to have to sit in a dentist's chair again (and I've spent more than the average man's number of hours in it being painfully drilled for enormous caries), it may be that visiting the dentist is the least of several evils. For instance, might not this entirely carnivorous fare cause me to have to visit the skin specialist for painfully itching epidermis? Might I not spend many hours with stomach-aches? Might my brain become duller? Might I, in fact, finally become extinct?

Being no student of these things, I should like to hear what the experts on diet have to say regarding this matter. Since I believe nothing of what I read and only half of what I see (as the phrase goes), I still have a suspicion that our modern fare, in spite of its ravages on the teeth, has its advantages in other ways; so I think my family and I shall continue to gnaw on lettuce and our daily shredded wheat for the time being.

MARY LOU BRUCE SCOTT
Wellsville, N.Y.

Sir:

Poor old Dentistry! The pedagogues are hell-bent to reform or reconstitute dental education. The nutritionists loudly proclaim, "Eat this or that and all your dental ills will fade away." And now the *Atlantic* lets Stefansson propound the anthropological attitude that teeth decay despite dentists and/or dentifrices. The medical profession has long resented the separate estate of dentistry, and in the Navy the dental officers recently rebelled against the arrogance of medical officers. What Stefansson resolutely ignores is that primitive people do not have other degenerative diseases such as epilepsy or diabetes, and the rigors of everyday life ensure individual physical perfection.

Whether dentistry is a success can best be observed in societies where individuals have good dental attention compared with those in which they have little or no attention. As far as observation goes, not one single tooth has yet been saved by any of the other professions.

The American dentist cannot be the sorry fellow that he is pictured. There have been individuals trained in dentistry who have succeeded in other fields. What's all the shouting for? The pedagogue thinks the average dental student uncouth; the nutritionist obviously wants to claim a conquest over a major disease; the anthropologist feels slighted; and medical men still pose as the omnipotent custodians of all our anatomy.

C. A. H. SMITH
New York City

"What Sherlock Didn't Know"

Sir:

As an earnest student of the saga of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, I was highly gratified by the publication of Stuart C. Rand's remarks in the November *Atlantic* "Accent on Living" department, "What Sherlock Didn't Know." May I offer a brief comment or two?

First, as to the bicycle business in "The Adventure of the Priory School": the cross-questioning would have been embarrassing to Holmes, precisely because of what he did not know; but it would not have been so (nor would the question have been asked) had Holmes (or the cross-questioner) been familiar with *Memories and Adventures*, by one A. C. Doyle. The latter states that the error had been called to his attention and that careful experiments indicated that while the comment made by Mr. Rand (and by Doyle's early correspondent) was quite sound, yet there is more to be said. The impressions of *both* wheels of the cycle are usually deeper when it is ridden uphill than when it is ridden downhill. In the rolling moor country the direction taken was thus clearly marked. So it was Holmes and not Watson who was "right after all."

Second, as to the Atlanta marriage: in the state of Georgia, not only was the performance of a miscegenetic marriage a misdemeanor; the marriage itself was void. This conclusion of the courts of Georgia was upheld by a Federal district court in the case of *State of Georgia v. Tutty*, 41 Federal Reporter, 753 (1890). Mrs. Grant Munro therefore had no "papers" of any value if the "ceremony" was performed in Georgia, as she alleged. Even more than that, by the decision of the case above cited, she was guilty of criminal cohabitation if she lived with Hebron and if Hebron was marked with "unmistakable signs of his African descent." She was a self-convicted liar, too: she had told Munro that both her husband *and her child* had died in the alleged epidemic; yet it was this same child which was disclosed by Holmes. Finally, had there been "papers" valid in New Orleans, as suggested by Mr. Rand, they were not lost in any "great fire" in that city. History records no such event. One agrees with Mr. Rand that Sherlock Holmes was badly taken in, *if Watson's account is accurate*.

Literally scores of such instances are to be found throughout the saga. The dominant school of thought seems inclined to put the onus of culpability upon

Watson, and this *may* be the cause of the trouble in the Munro case; but there are some instances in which similar errors are clearly chargeable to Holmes himself. Comment on two of them is therefore appropriate under the title used by Mr. Rand.

Holmes himself claimed authorship of "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane"; but he was badly informed about the nature of *Cyanea capillata*, and he missed the significance of the events in that story. As a consequence, a criminal eluded him. All this is shown in an article by a scientist, Joel Hedgpeth, in the *Scientific Monthly* for March, 1945.

"The Musgrave Ritual" furnishes another instance. This story is Watson's in form; but since Holmes furnished elaborate notes, the errors are chargeable to him. Among others, there are two gross oversights in the story. The cipher which pointed the way to buried treasure was traceable to the period 1649-1660, between Charles I and Charles II of England. The Musgrave ritual specified that the sun must be just "over the oak" in order that its shadows and that of the elm should fall upon the proper spot. Amazing as it is, it seems not to have occurred to Holmes to wonder whether or not the oak or the elm might have grown a foot or two in the course of a couple of centuries. Had they done so, the measurements would have been worthless. Again, Holmes remarked that the sun was "low in the heavens" at a moment when "in less than an hour it would lie just above the topmost branches of the old oak." When the fatal moment arrived, a six-foot pole cast a nine-foot shadow. This indicates that the sun was then 33.7 degrees above the horizon. At the time when it was called "low," it must have been near to 40 degrees high, since the episode is clearly laid in the afternoon. Now a sun 40 degrees high (or even 35 degrees high) is not "low in the heavens." Holmes might better have left the trigonometry to young Musgrave, who is said to have understood it.

JAY FINLEY CHRIST
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

Sir Henry Hawkins was a great lawyer, but if he had cross-examined a bicycle instead of the great detective Holmes, the bicycle, instead of fading, would have thrown him off. For a bicycle is so constructed that it cannot possibly retrace its own wheel tracks — unless, indeed, those wheel tracks are two concentric circles or a straight line.

Any bicycle can prove this better than any lawyer. Nevertheless, something may be achieved in print.

Let us suppose that Sir Henry is riding a bicycle in a straight line due north. Desiring to move due east, he turns the front wheel to the right. The rear wheel will instantly leave the straight track of the front wheel at a tangent and pursue the front wheel along a concentric circle of smaller radius than that followed by the front wheel. Sir Henry can stop the circular motion of the bicycle only by bringing the front wheel back into a straight line with the frame. If he wishes to go east he must not do this until the frame and rear wheel are directed eastward, which can happen only after the front wheel has passed through



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the east-and-west position and continued its circle somewhat to the south of east. The result is that an observer following the track of the bicycle will find the rear wheel passing from a circle to a straight line eastward, and the front wheel entering this straight line from the north.

If Sir Henry now reverses the bicycle and follows his own east-bound track westward he will find the front wheel track diverging, not to the left, but to the right. If he turns the front wheel into its old circle, the rear wheel will be drawn out of its former course. The bicycle can be made to retrace its former quadrant only by holding the front wheel straight until it leaves the track of the rear wheel and intersects the old track of the front wheel, then turning the front wheel left and following the two concentric circles around. To straighten due south along the old wheel track, the front wheel must describe an arc along a new course on the west side of the old track.

An observer will now see not only that the bicycle has passed both ways, but that the southwest-bound track is newer than the northeast-bound track.

The same laws will be found applicable to the track of an automobile or jeep.

You may inquire, Sir Henry.

GEORGE K. GARDNER
Cambridge, Mass.

I Personally —

Sir:

Every reader of Professor W. T. Stace's article "Have Nations Any Morals?" in the November *Atlantic* owes him a debt. It is a long-overdue refutation of an essay by Lord Samuel, president of the Philosophical Society, upholding the duality of morals — one standard for the citizen and another for the state. Had Theodore Roosevelt been alive, one could have heard his rejoinder delivered with his characteristic emphasis; for it was he who once wrote that he recognized no moral code governing intercourse among individuals that did not equally apply to nations.

By pointing out the fallacy of the notion that there can be a mass morality differing in kind from the private standard, Mr. Stace restores meaning to the word "ethics," and has read us a lesson that we need to learn now more, perhaps, than at any other time in our history; and by heeding it we shall see the actualities more clearly and straighten the difficult path ahead.

HENRY H. KNOX
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Sir:

The article "Writers in Hollywood," by Raymond Chandler, in your November, 1945, issue caught my eye as I was flying to Hollywood for an annual visit

last week. On arriving in California, I was surprised at the large number of persons in the film community who had read this article. No doubt one reason is that Mr. Chandler is well and favorably known as one of the top-flight writers for the motion pictures.

In his article Mr. Chandler gives the distinct impression to his readers, if I understand him correctly, not only that it is the producers and directors who pass upon the scripts prepared by the screenwriters in Hollywood, but that their unwillingness to make or want a change constitutes the principal barrier to the creative writing which Mr. Chandler feels the industry so desperately needs.

Now, while I would not dispute the proposition that the producers and directors have much to say on this subject, it is my general impression that Mr. Chandler places altogether too great an emphasis upon the area of control which the Hollywood producers and directors are able to exercise over the choice and contents of the scripts which finally reach the screen.

This fact arises, if my understanding is correct, from the manner in which a motion picture is usually financed in Hollywood today. While I am not speaking primarily of the operations of the major companies, the tendency in Hollywood is toward the so-called "independent picture." And the fact is that these independent pictures are so financed that the producers and directors make no final or binding decisions regarding the scripts which they finally use, except subject to the control and ultimate decision of the distributors.

The independent film is invariably, or practically invariably, financed by a bank loan for approximately 60 per cent of its budgetary cost. If the film is budgeted at \$1,000,000, the bank advances \$600,000, on what amounts to a first lien upon the returns of the picture. The important point is that before the bank will loan this money, it requires that the distributors, through their representatives, approve the script in all substantial particulars. The distributors, of course, are those who own and control the theaters in which the film is actually to be shown to the public; and the bank loan is made primarily upon the assurance that the film in question will actually be exhibited to the public by the distributors throughout the country.

The net result, therefore, is simply that the producers and directors, no matter how adult and creative they may be, must present the screenwriter's script to the distributors for their approval in advance of procuring the bank loan, which is an essential part of the financing of each independent picture. This ties the hands of both producers and directors to a very marked degree. If my information is correct, many scripts approved by the producers and directors are approved by the distributors in their entirety; but many other scripts which are presented are approved subject to alterations, substantial or trivial, which must be made before the distributors will give final consent and before the bank will make the loan.

This letter is not written to defend the producer

and directors, but it does seem to me that Mr. Chandler's article leaves a somewhat erroneous impression as to where the improvement can come from, if it ever is to come, under present conditions in the film industry.

THOMAS H. FISHER
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

I want to thank you for printing the article "The Physicist Returns from the War," by I. I. Rabi, in your October issue, and I hope you will relay my thanks to Professor Rabi for writing it. I have been hoping to find just such an article.

I was not so much interested in the purpose of his article as in the material he used to support it. As a physics major in college, I learned for myself that the great discoveries were usually theoretical ones, quite meaningless to a layman. No one has to convince me that the physicists will be going back to their unpublicized work in the laboratories unnoticed, until they can produce tangible evidence comparable to the radio. As a girl physicist who was slightly interested in laymen dates, I can report the general lay reaction as follows: "You're majoring in physics? Oh!" They usually accompanied the exclamation with an examining look of complete scientific detachment, admirable in a laboratory but not particularly desirable on a dance floor. At the time, I considered my biggest compliment to be: "But you don't look like a physics major." No one needs to tell me that the bulk of the physicist's work is unglamorous to laymen.

JANE H. WRIGHT
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

I have just read, somewhat belatedly, Cord Meyer's superb article, "A Serviceman Looks at the Peace," in the September *Atlantic*. Now, in the November issue, I find worthy companion pieces in "Have Nations Any Morals?" by W. T. Stace and "The Ordeal of Wendell Willkie" by Russell Davenport — not to mention Mr. Einstein's noble contribution as written by Raymond Swing. We can only hope that these articles, all supercharged with reason, — commonly mistaken for "emotion" because facts disturb peoples nurtured on fairy tales, — set the pattern for things to come. One sentence especially, from Mr. Meyer's article, stands out: "Experience is not the teacher that we thought she was, and we who are young must learn the old, unhappy truth that men are moved not so much by clear necessity and the gift of reason as by inherited patterns of thought and behavior." But in *this* age, so clearly ushered in at Hiroshima, we *must* profit from experience or be wiped from the earth.

J. S. DORSEY
Hico, Tex.

Sir:

Since I am an admirer of both Wendell Willkie and Mr. Russell Davenport, the latter's article in the November issue, "The Ordeal of Wendell Willkie," was enthusiastically received in this corner. It is interesting to have from Willkie's close associate and collaborator an evaluation of the man and his ideals. All of



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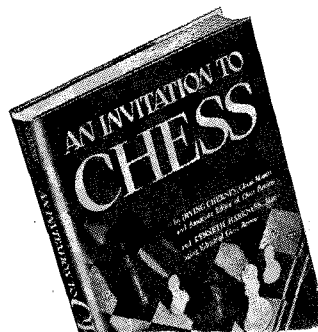
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us who saw in him a great hope must be almost in complete accord with Mr. Davenport's estimate.

Like the rest of us, Mr. Davenport, in his article, seems a bit reluctant to face the fact of the failure, to date, in spite of their promise, of the Willkie ideals. In using Mr. Willkie as a symbol of his principles, and Wisconsin, 1944, as a test of his "grass roots" Republican strength, we can't help remembering that both the man and, therefore, to some extent the ideals did suffer an overwhelming defeat there.

Yes, as Mr. Davenport ably suggests, the defeat was caused by isolationist forces, but also by the Wisconsin Primary voters themselves. As we all know, it was part of the Willkie credo that in the long run public opinion is the most powerful force within a democracy.

Have we as a people matured enough to understand the underlying responsibilities and also the tremendous possibilities of the One World philosophy? Or as President Roosevelt seemed to have felt, do we have to be brought along more slowly? Which is the more realistic approach?

Mr. Davenport is certainly well equipped to carry on the One World banner, but as he has so well illustrated in his article, there is a great deal to be done.

LT. ARCHER REILLY, USNR
Pensacola, Fla.

Sir:

The article by Nora Waln in the October *Atlantic*, entitled "Return to Germany," was most interesting and thought-arousing. However, her observations during her present stay in Germany are rather general, and most conducive to enticing the Americans at home to forgive and forget. Her article is a masterpiece in advancing the case of the "good" German in defeat.

How disconcerting it is to discover that Miss Waln's German friend, after having read the excerpt of General Eisenhower's message, a message freighted with meaning and subtle admonition to the German people in the American Zone of Occupation, can only remark, "A man of character." Is it not a bit ironic that the "good" German would make this statement and not repent his crime against Christianity? Is it not a bit ironic that the so-called "good" German will say, "We had no power within Germany great enough to free ourselves from the Nazis; our opposition was too small"? Are not these words a fine indication of the lack of individual responsibility, the docility and servility, among the Germans? They are the very ghost of the totalitarianism and the century-old German philosophy which we Americans now occupying Germany are struggling to weed out by the roots.

Miss Waln is correct when she says no one wishes to stay in a conquered country, and that duty abroad presents no lure to us; however, those of us who know why we're here do not accept this stay as "fate." Our "fate" in Germany today is a war against the ghost of totalitarianism, and not a single American should be enticed into forgetting that. The subject of Germany is not one to be handled with levity.

SGT. EUGENE W. McCLAIN
Bad Mergentheim, Germany

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 177  NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1946

89th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

A DECLARATION OF PEACE

by THE EDITOR

FOR six of my eight years as editor, I have had to build a magazine out of war materials. Now at last comes a new year in which one can plan with some confidence for peace. There are, I realize, sapient elders, like H. G. Wells, whose thinking may have been depressed by fatigue and for whom civilization seems to have less than a fifty-fifty chance for survival. Such counsels of despair can be had for a dime a dozen. I do not want them; nor, I think, do men of vitality and good-will here, in Britain, and in Russia.

Man is a social animal. He is not obsolete; he is passing, as even the lower forms of life pass, through a crucial period of readaptation and social growth. And as one who believes that this nation has not lost its capacity for either growth or sociability, I think it purposeful to draw up a Declaration of Peace for the *Atlantic*.

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, who was as much responsible for the founding of the *Atlantic* as any man, says that the magazine "was started with the definite purpose of concentrating the efforts of the best writers upon literature and politics, under the light of the highest morals." The editors, of whom I am the ninth, have adhered to that creed, letting the emphasis fall as circumstances and their own temperaments have dictated.

In that serene decade, 1871 to 1881, when William Dean Howells was the editor, I find that the *Atlantic* published but a single article on the Franco-Prussian War. Instead of war or the threat of Pan-Germanism I find the short stories of H. James, Jr., novels in

serial form by Nathaniel Hawthorne, "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar" by Bret Harte, "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," and poems by George Eliot, Longfellow, and Whittier. I also find much gracious writing, both signed and unsigned, by Mr. Howells himself, and literary criticism of a high order from those writers here and in England whom he valued.

Walter Hines Page raised the level of political writing in the magazine. But under Horace Scudder and under Bliss Perry the *Atlantic* again was primarily a literary periodical. Then in 1914, as during the last six years, war broke into the sanctum, and duty imposed itself on literature.

In war, fiction dries up because the men who could give it vigor are silent; the novels which are written by the women on the home front are wistful and faintly amorous, like Helen on the walls of Troy. Poetry is sporadic and preoccupied with death; it takes immense fortitude to rise above the destruction as Laurence Binyon did in his five poems "The Burning of the Leaves." The reflective essay is seldom written — simply because there is no sanctuary for reflection; it is symbolic that the library of H. M. Tomlinson, England's most eloquent essayist, was blown to bits, the books and prints ripped and burned by a V-bomb.

In place of belles-lettres, the editor must choose from the personal chronicles — adventuresome and sardonic in their humor. He will be offered autobiographical writing, much of which harks back to the golden days; he will have his choice of letters gay and valiant; and his daily anxiety will be to keep his pages from being too weighted with problems and controversies, for in time of crisis comes the conflict

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of ideas and with it, in full voice, pamphleteering, passionate, pleading, and accusing.

1 1 1

IN 1946 I shall try to restore that balance between literature and politics which could not be maintained in the emergency. I mean to increase the number of short stories from two to four in each issue and to hold out a special incentive for *Atlantic* "Firsts": the first stories of writers, not all of them young, who make their debut in our columns. I shall have more room for poetry and for the occasional long poem. I shall encourage scientists to look ahead and to speak their minds in thoughtful, detailed papers. I shall double the space for the serial, publishing up to 20,000 words of a book at one sitting. And in a department which will begin in February under the heading of *Books and Men*, I shall restore to the magazine with both hands those essays of criticism and appraisal which made the *Atlantic* both provoking and a pleasure in times past.

James Norman Hall has been asked to write of his lifelong hero, Captain Cook; George Whicher of Amherst to tell us of Emily Dickinson at home. I want to have H. M. Tomlinson's contemplation of Melville; Branch Cabell's Letter to General Lee and his charming tribute to Southern Ladies; I want the journal of Albert J. Nock. Wilmarth S. Lewis will lead us back to eighteenth-century London and Strawberry Hill in his essays on collecting Horace Walpole. Chauncey Brewster Tinker, a connoisseur of English poetry and portraiture, has explored that most enticing of relationships between the sitter and the artist, and Francis Henry Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is putting the finishing touches to his definitive history of art-collecting, *The Tastes of Angels*, chapters of which are to be published in the *Atlantic*.

Who can tell the new direction which education will take in these formative years ahead? Who better than Sir Richard Livingstone in England and James Bryant Conant here at home? Sir Richard, now the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, crossed the Atlantic recently to deliver three momentous lectures at Victoria College, Toronto. The *Atlantic* must have them, as it must have President Conant's conclusions on the future of public education in America.

This new year will see history take shape — such history as President James Phinney Baxter of Williams is now writing about that marvelous team of 6000 scientists, physicists, doctors, chemists, and engineers who served under Dr. Vannevar Bush in the Office of Scientific Research and Development. His history is to be called *Scientists Against Time* and

significant chapters of it we shall publish in the *Atlantic*.

Now we shall have time to savor the richness, the diversity, and the temper of biography. Chapters will be selected from *The Scarlet Tree*, Sir Osbert Sitwell's perceptive and ironic account of his Victorian boyhood. We shall hear Lucien Price's appraisal of one of the most beloved headmasters in New England, Lewis Perry. And in the early summer Ernest J. Simmons will regale us with his authoritative and colorful biography of Tolstoy in maturity.

1 1 1

IMAGINATIONS which have been battle-scarred need the solace of clear thinking and fine writing. To say this is not to lessen our political responsibility. Let me recall the words which appeared on the back cover of the first issue of the *Atlantic*, for they give our political aim: —

In politics, the *Atlantic* will be the organ of no party or clique, but will honestly endeavor to be the exponent of what its conductors believe to be the American idea. It will deal frankly with persons and with parties, endeavoring always to keep in view that moral element which transcends all persons and parties, and which alone makes the basis of a true and lasting national prosperity. It will not rank itself with any sect of anties: but with that body of men which is in favor of Freedom, National Progress, and Honor, whether public or private.

We have advanced far enough in this winter of discontent to know the staggering weight of the problems which we Americans must continue to carry because of the exhaustion of strength elsewhere. We are paying now, as our allies are paying in kind, for the overexertion of the war. Reaction — the reaction of tired, suspicious people — has set in and will rise higher: reaction against regulation, reaction against UNRRA, reaction against Britain and Russia, without whom it would have been impossible for our democracy to survive. All this makes me apprehensive. It makes me realize that editing in wartime is no more exacting than in the search for peace.

Surely it is the responsibility of the *Atlantic* to warn readers lest this reaction grow into a hard-faced American imperialism; to see that in labor as in race relations there is more reason and less stubbornness; to make sure that the men and women coming out of uniform are not a lost but a guiding generation; to underscore the scientific and political truths of atomic energy which we as a nation have yet to assimilate; and to bestir in every community that leadership which must reach up to the troubled men in Washington. This is our Declaration of Peace.

THE ATOMIC BOMB AND WORLD GOVERNMENT

by SUMNER WELLES

1

IN THE November issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor Albert Einstein has given us his drastic and urgent recommendations as to the course we should follow in dealing with the problem of the atomic bomb.

Professor Einstein has played a notable part in the development of atomic energy. He figured prominently in the series of events which led to the manufacture of the atomic bomb. He is a citizen of the United States, and his fellow Americans are justly proud of his achievements. I regret the obligation under which I find myself of taking issue with many of the views and recommendations set forth in his article. Yet I must do so because I believe that many people who recognize the authority with which he speaks in the field of science will be readily persuaded that he is for that reason an equally competent guide in the field of international politics.

The unleashing of atomic power, which was first made known to the peoples of the earth when the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima, and the assumption that the manufacturing secrets of this discovery are in the exclusive possession of three governments, have blanketed the world with a poisonous fog of suspicion and of fear.

The atomic bomb has touched all peoples with hysteria.

Within the United States it has had the effect of intensifying the convictions of those groups formerly known as "isolationist," who can conceive of no proper policy for their government to follow other than a narrowly selfish policy of preponderant armaments and of imperialistic expansion.

It has moved the idealists to rush to the conclusion that all the great achievements represented by the agreement of fifty-one nations to establish the United Nations Organization must immediately be scrapped. They are convinced that a fresh start must be made without a moment's delay. To the idealists a fresh start is always preferable to the hard grind.

Professor H. D. Smyth, head of the Physics De-

American diplomat and historian who rose to be Under Secretary of State in 1937 and who during his brilliant career in the Department went further than any other man to implement the Good Neighbor policy in Latin America, SUMNER WELLES here analyzes Professor Einstein's proposal for a world government.

partment in Princeton University, has truly said that the development of atomic energy "raises many questions that must be answered in the near future. . . . These questions are not technical questions; they are political and social questions and the answers given to them may affect all mankind for generations."

What Professor Einstein proposes as his answer to these questions is to be found succinctly set forth in the following portion of his article:—

The secret of the bomb should be committed to a world government, and the United States should immediately announce its readiness to give it to a world government. This government should be founded by the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain—the only three powers with great military strength. All three of them should commit to this world government all of their military strength. The fact that there are only three nations with great military power should make it easier rather than harder to establish such a government.

Since the United States and Great Britain have the secret of the atomic bomb and the Soviet Union does not, they should invite the Soviet Union to prepare and present the first draft of a constitution for the proposed world government. . . .

After the three great powers have drafted a constitution and adopted it, the smaller nations should be invited to join the world government. They should be free to stay out; and though they would be perfectly secure in staying out, I am sure they would wish to join. . . . But the Big Three should go ahead and organize the world government whether the smaller nations join or not.

Professor Einstein later asserts: "It is not necessary, in establishing a world organization with a monopoly of military authority, to change the structure of the three great powers. It would be for the three individuals who draft the constitution to devise ways for the different structures to be fitted together for collaboration."

In Professor Einstein's view the solution is as simple as that. He is evidently confident that adoption of his proposal is not only imperative but feasible as well.

The question before us is whether his proposal is practicable and desirable.

I am convinced that the achievement of any such objective at this time is wholly impracticable. I must add that I also have grave questions as to the desirability of his proposal in the form in which he presents it.

2

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN'S concept is premised upon his assumption that the Soviet Government would agree to a world government with power "over all military matters" provided the Soviet Government may prepare the first draft of a constitution for such a world government.

It is interesting to speculate as to the nature of the draft constitution which the Soviet Government would now prepare.

I can conceive of the Soviet Union's agreeing to enter a world government if a constitution is drafted, and is agreed upon by the United States and Great Britain, which provides for a World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics with the capital of that world government located in Moscow. I cannot imagine that the Soviet Union would participate in a world government upon any other basis.

No world government of the character envisaged by Professor Einstein could function unless it possessed the power to exercise complete control over the armaments of each constituent state, and unless every nation was willing to open up every inch of its territory and every one of its laboratories and factories to a continuing international inspection. Nor could it function unless the government of each participating country was equally willing to submit to the scrutiny of the authorities of the world government every one of its governmental processes, including its conduct of foreign and internal affairs and of finance.

It surely requires no demonstration that any such requisite as that would wholly destroy the present Soviet system. We have every right to believe, from our knowledge of Russian policy and from our understanding of the fundamental motives inherent in the Soviet form of Communism, that neither the present Soviet Government nor the rank and file of the members of the Communist Party in Russia would ever consent to the obliteration, from one day to another, of the system which, over a period of twenty-eight years, they have at so great a sacrifice finally, with a great measure of success, established. We have every reason to be confident that unless the Soviet Union could so dominate the proposed world government as to preclude the possibility of any weakening of its own control of Russian foreign and domestic policy, it would not participate in that government.

And what about the United States and Great Britain?

We may, for the sake of argument, grant the highly unlikely possibility that a majority of the people of the United States would be willing to consider participation in a United States of the World

built upon a foundation similar to that provided in their own Federal Constitution. It is within the realm of possibility that the British people would be willing to throw overboard their own form of government, although it has served them well and proved responsive to their own peculiar requirements, and join in such a United States of the World. But it is to my mind fantastic to assume that either the American or the British people would be willing to join in a World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics when such a union would inevitably result in the dissolution of the individual form of government which they have gradually evolved to meet their national needs, and also abolish all those cherished principles of individual liberty which are sacred to the Anglo-Saxon peoples — and which, in the case of the United States, are comprised in the Bill of Rights.

I believe that the major fallacy in Professor Einstein's proposal lies in his assertion that "it is not necessary, in establishing a world organization with a monopoly of military authority, to change the structure of the three great powers." I regard it as wholly impossible that the three individuals who, he suggests, should draft the constitution for this world government could, for the purposes he envisages, ever succeed in devising "ways for the different structures to be fitted together for collaboration."

3

THERE is another aspect of Professor Einstein's proposal which fills me with amazement. He declares that, in addition to the other powers with which he would vest his world government, that government should have "the power to intervene in countries where a minority is oppressing a majority and creating the kind of instability that leads to war." He admits that it is true that in the Soviet Union the minority rules, but he insists that, if he had been born a Russian, he could have "adjusted" himself to this condition.

If I understand his thesis correctly, and I think I do, minority rule should be regarded as iniquitous in every nation of the world except the Soviet Union. His proposed world government would, therefore, be granted the right to intervene in every country of the earth for the purpose of establishing there such form of government, or such internal regime, as the dominating powers within the world government considered desirable, with the exception of the Soviet Union.

This view, of course, approximates the classic thesis of the Third International that minorities are entitled to exercise control when they are of the Communist faith. Examples are not wanting that the logical outgrowth of this philosophy is the assertion of the right of Communist minorities by liquidations and terror to dominate opposing majorities until those majorities have been forced into the Communist line.

The issue raises one of the gravest problems with

which freedom-loving peoples are today faced. Will peoples such as the English-speaking peoples, determined upon the preservation at any cost of their individual liberty, accept any form of world order which grants to some alien and superior power the authority to intervene in their internal life in such a manner as to determine for them how they shall be governed, to what extent their individual liberty may be reduced, and whether the voice of dissenting minorities or of dissenting majorities may make itself heard?

I wholly agree that no peaceful world can be envisaged unless the nations which take part in a new international organization voluntarily fix certain standards of governmental conduct which they commit themselves severally to uphold. These standards must comprehend the assurance that religious and political freedom, and the chance to obtain economic security, will be guaranteed without discrimination to all their respective nationals. The international organization must see to it that the guaranties so fixed are carried out.

But any intervention, such as that which Professor Einstein proposes, upon the part of his world government, in the internal affairs of independent peoples, for the sole purpose of imposing upon them a standardized form of government or a particular brand of political philosophy, would subject the nations of the world to a dictatorship exercised by the Big Three, with all other peoples as abject serfs. No free world can be founded upon such a concept. It was precisely in order to prevent the establishment of such a world that the vast majority of the United Nations fought through to final victory over the Axis powers.

The Republic of Uruguay, often in the past one of the most enlightened and progressive of nations in its consideration of the problems of international organization, has recently made public a proposal with respect to the much debated problem of intervention. The proposal of the Government of Uruguay, because of special circumstances, is, in its application, limited to problems which may arise in the Western Hemisphere. The basic principles embodied in this proposal, however, are universally applicable.

The Uruguayan Government, which for many years has been in the forefront of those nations decrying the evils resulting from the unilateral interference of any state in the purely internal affairs of some other country, recognizes that the peace of the Western Hemisphere may be jeopardized if developments occur within any American republic as a result of which the individual liberties of the nationals of that republic are destroyed. It says: "Non-intervention must be used on the basis that it is not a shield behind which crimes may be perpetrated, law may be violated, agents and forces of the Axis may be sheltered, and binding obligations may be circumvented."

It has therefore recommended that the American republics consider the possibility of joint action on the part of all of them when, by common agreement, any

American government has abrogated the rights of its citizens to determine their own destinies and to enjoy the individual freedoms to which they are entitled, and has thereby violated its treaty obligations and endangered the highest interests of all of the peoples of the New World.

There are twenty-one independent republics in the American family of nations. International democracy in the purest sense of the term exists in the inter-American system. The smallest state has precisely the same right as that accorded the most powerful. It is therefore altogether improbable that, should the conditions foreseen by the Government of Uruguay exist in any one American republic, joint action on the part of all the remaining twenty nations could ever be undertaken in order to further the selfish interests of any one major power or to pave the way for aggression or unilateral domination.

If, therefore, in the United Nations Organization the power to correct any infringement of the liberty of individuals were to rest exclusively in the hands of the Assembly, where the smaller nations possess a great majority, and not in the Security Council, which is controlled by the major powers, the danger that such intervention might be exercised in the exclusive interest of the three major powers, or of any one of them, could be avoided.

4

THOSE who have had some part in preparing for the agreement upon the United Nations Charter recognize the modern miracle which the establishment of the United Nations Organization implies.

There were in play the idiosyncrasies, the prejudices, the hidden objectives, the selfish ambitions, and, not infrequently, the blind suspicions of some fifty peoples of the earth. All these conflicting points of view were finally reconciled. The experience derived from the League of Nations was taken into account. The machinery of international organization was at last constructed.

That machinery can work, whatever the new developments in the field of science may be, if the peoples of the world are determined that it shall not fail.

No government, and few individuals, will regard the Charter of the United Nations as satisfactory. The vast majority, however, possess the firm hope that if peace can be maintained during the first years of transition after the war, and in particular any major conflict can be prevented, the United Nations Charter can gradually be improved so that the United Nations Organization will become more nearly a federal government of the world and more truly an agency of international democracy.

I myself strongly believe that the objective towards which the nations must move is the ultimate establishment, through the United Nations, of a federal world government founded upon law and represen-

tative of the true principles of international democracy. But the way in which that objective can be most surely and most rapidly attained is to be found, not in the proposals of Professor Einstein, but rather in the counsel of Senator Hatch, when he said recently on the floor of the Senate, "We must use the machinery we now have, improving it as best we can, making every needed amendment and change, as we progress toward the ultimate goal of complete world-wide rule by law instead of rule by force."

Professor Einstein says: "I appreciate that there are persons who favor a gradual approach to world government even though they approve of it as the ultimate objective. The trouble about taking little steps, one at a time, in the hope of reaching that ultimate goal is that while they are being taken, we continue to keep the bomb secret without making our reason convincing to those who do not have the secret. That of itself creates fear and suspicion with the consequence that the relations of rival sovereignties deteriorate dangerously. So, while persons who take only a step at a time may think they are approaching world peace, they actually are contributing, by their slow pace, to the coming of war."

Whatever may be the weaknesses and the defects in the atomic bomb proposal recently made by the President of the United States and the Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom and of Canada, the proposal at least provides that the United Nations Organization as at present constituted shall assume jurisdiction over the problem. The Assembly, representing all the governments of the United Nations, meets in January. It can and it should exercise that jurisdiction. If the will is there — and I think it is — an effective solution can be found.

What Professor Einstein seems to me to overlook, in his insistence that moving slowly means war, is that from the standpoint of existing facts it is an utter impossibility to do anything else than move slowly until the mutual fears and suspicions existing between so many nations of the world have been ended. How can these fears and suspicions be ended until and unless all nations, and particularly the Big Three, work together within the United Nations Organization and thus little by little discover by actual proof that there exist no valid reasons and no basic causes for their mutual fears and suspicions?

It may well be that the release of atomic energy

has shortened the time within which men will have the chance to reconstruct world order. But the one great certainty which they possess is that they can only reach that goal by marching together and by firmly consolidating each gain as they march forward.

From every standpoint, international relations since V-J Day have gravely deteriorated. The primary reason for the deterioration is the fact that no agency has existed, no organization has been functioning, through which the peoples and governments of the world could work together. Had the United Nations Organization actually been functioning before V-E Day, the present deterioration could unquestionably have been avoided. The one real hope which humanity now possesses rests in the United Nations Organization and in the willingness and capacity of governments to put it rapidly to work. As the war years showed, when governments have to work together or face annihilation, they can agree, even though they be sovereign governments and retain such attributes of sovereignty as need not be relinquished in order to make their alliance effective.

There is no question in my mind that if the United Nations Organization is now utilized to the fullest extent by all the participating countries, it can lay the foundations for world reconstruction, for human progress, and for peace among nations. If we abandon it without a trial, we deliberately reject the one instrument which today exists through which these objectives can be secured.

In the light of present conditions, it seems to me highly doubtful that, had the United Nations Charter not been adopted at San Francisco last June, and had the effort now to be made to secure the adoption of a Charter, any instrument nearly so effective as the present Charter could today secure the approval of the same number of governments. Yet Professor Einstein recommends that that great and significant achievement be discarded, and that the governments of the world attempt instead to obtain the consent of fifty-one nations to a form of world government upon which we may be quite certain the peoples of the United States, of Great Britain, and of the Soviet Union cannot agree.

If the peoples of the earth today abandon the United Nations Organization, they will get chaos without hope. For out of chaos fresh confidence does not arise.



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

by NORA WALN

I

LATE on Monday afternoon, the day before the opening of the trial of war criminals by the International Military Tribunal, I went through the ruins of Nürnberg into the Old Town to give help from the Kappa Kappa Gamma Fund for relief in Europe. The recipients were a grandmother and three children — a boy aged nine and two girls of eleven and twelve — who live underground near the statue of Nürnberg's most famous citizen, Albrecht Dürer. The statue stands miraculously unhurt, while all around are heaps of rubble.

On the streetcar and through the ruins, each time I turned my head I saw behind me a woman in a dark coat.

When I reached my destination the three children were above ground. They were busy building, with stones and an iron grid which they had collected, a better fireplace for cooking meals out in the open. The boy went down to tell his grandmother that I had come to visit her.

As I waited, the woman in the dark coat drew near. She came close and put her hand on mine. "It's seven years," said she. "You remember me?"

I nodded.

"I saw you leave the Hall of Justice and I followed you because I seek your aid. You know Colonel Andrus, who keeps the prisoners. Will you ask him a favor for me?"

"No," I replied, and drew away from her. "Colonel Andrus has the hardest of tasks. I will not bother him with requests. You must go through the regular channels for anything you want."

She began to sob. "You cannot understand. You Americans are different from us. We live in two different worlds."

Compassion is sometimes dried up in me these days. I felt no impulse to comfort her. The memory of my friends dead or maimed in cruel ways is between me and the wives, mistresses, and mothers of

Nazi men. On this Monday afternoon I longed to be quickly free of the woman in the dark coat but she lingered.

"My man did no wrong," she remarked. "He merely followed orders, and that is not a crime."

"It is a crime," said the grandmother, who had come up from underground. "The abdication of moral responsibility is a crime."

The twelve-year-old girl took her attention from the fireplace and looked long at the woman, then spoke. "I recognize you. You used to come to Nürnberg to the Nazi Party celebrations. I never saw you, but my cousin Ann Marie has made a scrapbook of pictures clipped from the papers. You were often photographed. You wore fine clothes."

The woman's manner changed. The strain went from her face. She smiled tenderly at the slender girl. She had a dreamy look and there was music in her voice as she said, "It's all a terrible nightmare. It's impossible to accept the present as real. One feels that one must wake up some morning and find everything as it was."

The three children were all on their feet in an instant, standing close together, side by side. She bent toward them, speaking in her poetic voice: "Don't be bitter, darlings. Don't blame us. We did our best to save civilization. I am sorry that your home was destroyed. And if you have lost your parents, I am indeed sorry."

"Our parents are not lost. They live in us," the boy replied. "Our grandmother has told us of them every day. They were taken when I was a baby one year old. My mother was taken first. Then my father. Taken to Dachau."

The grandmother said nothing. She let the children talk. The younger girl was best. "Nürnberg was not just a historic town, nor was it just a place for Nazi party rallies. It was a place where workers lived. We belong to the laboring class. Our parents did not live in this part of town. Granny brought us here because the cellar is good and not too crowded. Our parents were good, they were intelligent. They could both earn a living."

There was a brief silence, broken by the elder girl: "Until the Americans came, one often heard this prayer in Nürnberg: —

As the *Atlantic* correspondent in Germany, NORA WALN traveled extensively throughout the American and British zones. She was given passes enabling her to visit in Budapest, Vienna, and Czechoslovakia in the Soviet zone, and she sat through several of the national trials before attending the opening session of the international trial of the major war criminals at Nürnberg, which she here describes.

"Herr Gott, mach' mich stumm,
Dass ich nicht nach Dachau komm'.
(Dear God, make me dumb,
So that I shall not go to Dachau.)"

The woman in the dark coat went swiftly from us.

2

THE night was lightening into a dim, gray morning when the door of the room I shared with young Lois Sager, correspondent for the *Dallas Morning News*, in the women's villa of the International Military Tribunal Press Camp, opened noiselessly and a tall, angular maid aged about sixty came in carrying an earthen jar with a clean towel folded over it. Tacked up in a position for all to see was a sign which said that no room service was permitted, but it was in English and perhaps she couldn't read it. Ever since I arrived she had been looking after me as carefully as if assigned to the task.

"Good morning," she said in the low, polite voice of one who has always been in service and likes her vocation. "I have brought your hot water in here because, as usual, the bathroom is crowded. At least six are in there."

She put down the heavy jar, closed the window, turned on the light in the corner she had fixed up as a washing place with a funny old-fashioned washstand, and handed me my slippers. Then she crossed the room and looked at Lois, saying, "She is good, sweet, and pretty."

"Don't wake her yet. Come away from her."

"Yes, madam," she answered, and began tidying my things as an excuse to loiter. I saw that she wanted to talk, but gave my attention to washing, glad of warm water.

"Today is the opening of the trial," she commented, brushing my uniform.

"It is."

"The trial is a mistake," she told me. "You Americans are new in Europe. Well — not exactly new. Except for the Negroes, you are all of European blood, and this is the second time that you have come over to help straighten things out. But you are inexperienced in some things. It isn't good to have this way of dealing with the Nazi leaders."

"Why not?"

"People are saying that it is sadistic. It is sadistic to doctor them, feed them, get them into a healthy condition, let them have the ablest German counsel they can secure to defend themselves, give them a court trial in which they are permitted to plead guilty or innocent when all are known to be guilty, and then hang them."

"They may not be hanged."

"They must be hanged or be beheaded," she declared. "They must. They have committed unpardonable sins against humanity. They ought to have been dealt with promptly by your soldiers when captured." She went on muttering about its being the

duty of the victors now governing Germany to hang or behead the Nazi leaders quickly. She wanted it done in public with everybody allowed to attend. Her voice was low and intense, her face pale.

I asked, "Why didn't you Germans deal with those of you who rose up to be Nazi leaders?"

"We couldn't," she answered. "You Americans don't understand how we couldn't. We were caught in an evil thrall. We shouted and cheered and obeyed. It was too dangerous not to follow. We had to follow blindly, hopefully."

"If they were free again and in power over the world, what would you do?" I queried, using the familiar personal pronoun which in the German language left no doubt that I meant her.

"Me?" she responded in surprise. "What could I do except obey? Those who didn't, disappeared. I am an unimportant person. I would have to do as I was told." Tears came into her eyes. "Please hang them quickly." She began to gather up some of my clothes to launder. I told her to tidy the washing place and fetch more warm water for Miss Sager. The tenseness immediately left her face and she began at once to do my bidding.

I turned to Lois and found her still asleep. She had come to Nürnberg the previous day from a long journey and we all sleep deeply after the cold roughness of travel over here these days. The jeep is an open wagon and the winter has set in. Lois had asked me to wake her before I left, and I did.

Then I went to the room of my friend Kathleen McLaughlin of the *New York Times*. Kathleen has come to Germany intending to spend at least four years trying to understand and interpret the German people to people at home. Hers is a real mission of heart and mind. The Germans are difficult for us to comprehend and help.

Kathleen and I had agreed to breakfast early and she was ready. We went across the garden to the hideous castle of Faber, the pencil king, and there breakfasted on American rations in company with more than two hundred writers and broadcasters. Afterwards we got Kathleen's car from the garage and drove the six miles in from the press camp at Stein to the Hall of Justice, a building in the old Germanic style, with high-pitched roof, which still stands upright amid the wreckage of Nürnberg.

The weather was chill and damp, the sky leaden. Along the way in from Stein, and in Nürnberg itself, we saw Germans working at rebuilding their homes and shops, and long queues of German housewives waiting patiently at food-shop doors. There was no curious crowd gathered near the Hall of Justice. Many thousands live in the city, crowded into the usable rooms of broken houses, into cellars beneath the rubble, into the air-raid shelters, but few adults were in the streets. We seldom saw any smoke come from house chimneys. More often we saw little fires made with a few sticks or other material gathered from the ruins and placed at the entrance to some underground habitation. There a woman, usually

old, warmed food for those gathered about her. Children were plentiful and active, running here and there, frequently in a small gang led by a boy or a girl with qualities for leadership.

As we walked to the Hall of Justice, we spoke of the fact that less than a year ago the Nazis controlled justice in this historic town and in much of Europe. We were both deeply conscious that our men had won the right to help legislate here by force of arms, at terrible cost; and we realized that we were privileged to witness an event in our nation's history: the attempt of our United States to join successfully with three other nations in the making of world law.

3

THERE was no display of military might either outside or inside the Hall of Justice. No beat of drums announced the event. There was no flutter of banners, no sound of trumpets.

We showed our orange passes at the entrance to the Hall of Justice and again on our way up to the courtroom on the second floor. Two German women were scrubbing the stairs. We were early, as we intended. We had a look into the courtroom. Then, for no purpose other than friendship, we went to call at the offices of the British, the French, and the Russians to greet people of our acquaintance.

During recent months we had been coming to Nürnberg, from where we happened to be, whenever Justice Robert H. Jackson called a press conference; and when doing this, we had felt a need to know people of the three nations with whom our nation is associated on an adventure in joint lawmaking. Our British, French, and Russian acquaintances greeted us as if glad to see us. Like ourselves, they were waiting for the trial to begin. Everyone longed to have it over.

Coming back to the passage near the courtroom door, we found a crowd of journalists gathering there. Every nation in the world seemed to have sent a reporter to the trial. I talked with a Chinese and found him keenly interested in the functioning of a court constructed of such diverse elements. He called my attention to the fact that here, under observation, the world had a union of Anglo-Saxon jurists used to presuming prisoners innocent until proved guilty, French jurists accustomed to the old Roman method of procedure, and Soviet jurists trained to Spartan methods.

Then a Norwegian came to greet me. He had been spending recent months reporting trials from Oslo to Prague, attending courts large and small in the various zones of Germany as well as in other lands that had been ruled for a time under the banner of the black cross.

"Mark my words," said he, "despite the documentary evidence, signed with their own hands, which these Nazi leaders all know that the victors will have found, every one of these men up at this trial will

plead, 'Not guilty.' That is because they do not feel guilty of any crime. Their whole system of what is right and what is wrong is at war with ours. They laugh at truth and consider it intelligent to use the lie to baffle and betray; and they can destroy human life so wantonly because they do not accept the idea which the rest of us have concerning the value of the individual.

"I am appalled at what is coming out at these trials. I see clearly that if the Nazis had won the war and held Europe in control for ten more years, they could have stamped out all opposition to their theories. They possessed the will and the necessary scientists."

Near-by, a group of Americans who had not known Germany before the war were talking about the legal difficulties attendant on the coming trial, excitedly bringing up details which might cause the trial to turn into a farce, dwelling on the fact that the International Military Tribunal had no ready-made law to use but must venture out into the dark.

Other Americans, long resident in Germany, who had seen the rise of Nazism, were silent. Like myself, many of these journalists cannot forget their German friends done to death for ideas contrary to Nazism, some in torture chambers, some in scientific experiments. We are drained of all sympathy. Writing of these things is an agony to us. I did not feel revengeful. I was bred a Quaker and I know what Christ's Commandments require of those who would be His followers. Too frequently I fail in Christian love. None welled in my heart now. I dreaded to have to see the Nazi leaders; I was faint when I thought of them.

I tried to hide this weakness — particularly from Europeans. They have suffered more than I and yet are able to be more rational. When a young Polish correspondent, of whom I have grown very fond since meeting her at the Third Army Press Camp near Munich, came up to me with shining eyes and began to tell me what she had just heard about the Nazi prisoners, from an American soldier, I did not turn away from her recital.

"They are dressed and will soon come up," she related. "They will leave the jail in threes, walk the covered way, and then be brought into the courtroom by the elevators. They are coming in the order named in their indictment and will sit in the dock in that order. I have heard about their dressing. Keitel and Jodl were up promptly, dressed quickly as soon as they had their clothes, and sat down to wait. They are wearing field uniform without insignia or decorations. Dönitz is wearing a conservative civilian suit and a dark tie. He decided not to wear the red necktie for which he had asked, although it was provided for him.

"Göring has on pearl-gray. It looks like a hotel doorman's outfit but it really is a suit he designed to wear at his work as Commander-in-Chief of the German Air Force. There was a rumpus about his shoes. He thought that they were not brought soon

enough and bellowed for them. Hess refused to dress or shave. He is dressed but not shaved and he is being allowed to bring into court a Bavarian novel with a happy ending so that he can read if he prefers to give his attention to romance rather than to the practical proceedings which will go on about him. Rosenberg, with his usual bad taste, is wearing a brown suit and blue shirt. Hans Frank — Her voice broke. "Hans Frank," she went on stoutly, "one-time governor of Poland, is wearing dark gray. The others — They are ready to enter the dock."

All of us began to drift into the press section of the court. As the *Atlantic Monthly* correspondent, I sat in seat 26 in the front row. I was glad to find myself placed beside John Dos Passos, a man both wise and kind.

The courtroom is small. The judges' raised bench faces the prisoners' dock across the narrow room. The walls are paneled in dark wood, and two old German decorations in bronze had been left on two of the courtroom doors — one giving the Laws of Moses, the other showing a winged hourglass. The only windows giving light from the sun are the large windows behind the judges, draped with sage-green velvet that makes a background for flags of the four nations joined in this International Military Tribunal. The flags of the Soviet Union, Great Britain, France, and our United States are on staffs of equal height.

The prisoners came in to their seats. Their lawyers came in, wearing flowing black robes; some wore small round hats as well, and there was one in a robe of bright purple, a university professor. The lawyers of our four nations came in, wearing business suits. Stenographers took their places at a long table; cameramen appeared at the apertures constructed for their use high up in the walls. The national teams of interpreters filled the chairs behind glass panels in a corner above the dock and began to test their microphones.

In the press seats was a crowd outnumbering all the rest of the people in the room. They had the duty of reporting these happenings to the world. Soldiers assigned to the task stood ready to rush copy to the telegraph wires, as there was a rule that correspondents could not go in and out during court sessions. A small company of soldiers was on guard around the prisoners' dock. They looked young and smart, their uniforms very neat and their steel helmets well whitened. Colonel Andrus was close by.

A red-haired sailor, his head uncovered, went about helping those who needed instructions as to how to use the earphones provided for everyone in the court. There was a device on the arm of one's seat by which one could tune in to hear what was said in German, English, French, or Russian. I fixed mine so that I had the Russian translation, as I feel I must learn that language and have begun. Leaving one ear uncovered while English was used in the court, I could hear what was spoken and then an instant later get it in Russian.

The judges came in. The doors were closed. The

court, unique in the history of world jurisprudence, began its work without delay. Within a few seconds of the sitting down of the judges the reading of the massive indictment, forty-three pages long, had started. The reading, which took all day, was mostly done by young men. All read in clear, firm voices, each in the language of his native land. We had a brief recess in midmorning, a break for lunch in the Hall of Justice cafeteria, and a brief recess in mid-afternoon.

Daylight was turning to dusk when the last reader sat down. He was a tall young Russian, well-built and blond, handsome in his plain beige tunic. He did not raise his voice above a conversational tone and used no oratory, but read with a tone of absolute sincerity, directing his words to the Nazis in the dock, who had set out to conquer his world.

4

ON THAT first day the United States of America, the French Republic, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics accused the prisoners in the dock of crimes against peace, war crimes, crimes against humanity, and a common plan of conspiracy to commit these crimes, naming the men indicted, and also brought the further charge that the following groups or organizations to which they had belonged should be declared criminal by reason of their aims and the means used in accomplishing their aims: the Reich Cabinet; the leadership corps of the Nazi Party; the group commonly known as the SS; the secret state police, commonly called the Gestapo; the organization commonly known as the SA; and the General Staff and High Command of the German armed forces.

The next day Hermann Wilhelm Göring, Rudolf Hess, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Wilhelm Keitel, Alfred Rosenberg, Hans Frank, Wilhelm Frick, Julius Streicher, Walter Funk, Hjalmar Schacht, Karl Dönitz, Erich Raeder, Baldur von Schirach, Fritz Sauckel, Alfred Jodl, Franz von Papen, Artur Seyss-Inquart, Albert Speer, Constantin von Neurath, and Hans Fritzsche rose, each in turn, and said that he did not feel guilty, using such answers as "I declare myself in the sense of the indictment not guilty" — "Nein" — "I have a clear conscience before God and my people" — "Before God, the world, and the German people I am guilty in no respect" — "Guilty not at all."

When it came time for Robert H. Jackson to speak, as chief prosecuting counsel for the United States, his phrases were none the less effective because of their studied moderation. He condensed the crimes of many years into twenty thousand words. He reminded his listeners: "Civilization can afford no compromise with social forces which would regain renewed strength if we dealt ambiguously or indecisively with the men in whom these forces lived."

He summed up their crimes by saying: "They took from the German people all those dignities and freedoms that we hold natural and inalienable rights in every human being. The people were compensated by inflaming and gratifying hatreds toward those who were marked as 'scapegoats.'"

"Against their opponents, including Jews, Catholics and free labor, the Nazis directed such a campaign of arrogance, brutality and annihilation as the world has not witnessed since the pre-Christian ages. They excited the German ambition to be a 'master race,' which, of course, implies serfdom for others. They led their people on a mad gamble for domination. They diverted social energies and resources to the creation of what they thought to be an invincible war machine."

Using undeniable evidence of almost incredible events, — events well known to those of us who have been near to Nazism, — he built our United States case out of the multitude of Nazi documents which have come into our soldiers' hands since the military victory, and declared: "The wrongs which we seek to condemn and punish have been so calculated, so malignant, and so devastating that civilization cannot tolerate their being ignored because it cannot survive their being repeated."

At no time when I studied them did the men in the dock have any appearance of troubled conscience. They shifted position, stared, or looked about uneasily.

The prison psychiatrist, Major Douglas M. Kelley, has concluded that their I.Q. level is not lower than that of the average man. Hjalmar Schacht, Karl Dönitz, and Hermann Göring rate far above the average; they are in the mental class of the highly intelligent. As a group of personalities, the psychiatrist has found that they complemented one another, making an effective team. They are an example of what can happen in human society when men turn away from the principles of humanity on which civilization, as we define it, has been based.

Traveling during recent months in various parts of Germany, I frequently encountered men who had found parts of the documentary evidence of which Mr. Jackson spoke. These papers and films, neatly

packed and filed, were stowed away in caves in the mountains, in house cupboards, in office safes so stoutly made that they survived bomb and fire, and in other places widely scattered. I have been puzzled as to why the Nazis kept these detailed accounts. So have our soldiers, who keep discovering them.

Nothing I have learned from life has so confounded me as have these pages of cool, careful, methodical reporting done through more than a decade by Nazi industrialists, government officials, and professional militarists who have recorded in plainly written words their accomplishments, their experiments, and their intentions. It seems to me that they pridefully kept these records so that the people they allowed to survive might know what they did and celebrate them for it.

While I sat in the court at Nürnberg my thoughts sometimes went back to other courts I had attended. At Dachau, I listened while forty men rose and said, "Not guilty"; yet they did not deny the deeds done there or dispute the fact that they in the dock had done them. At the concentration camp in Dachau not only were men and women beaten and tortured and put to death for racial reasons or political opinions: they were also used — as the Himmler records show — by the thousand for medical experiments.

In the court at Wiesbaden, where Nazi men and a woman were brought to trial for killing the sick with injections, I saw a German woman in the audience crying all through an afternoon, and when the court adjourned for the day I went to speak to her. She was a nice-looking woman, dressed in a well-cut suit and wearing a good-quality green hat with a veil. She pushed up the veil, dried her eyes, and then talked with me.

"It is kind of you to ask why I cry," she said. "No — I am not kin to any of the defendants. I cannot help crying. It's hard. It's hard that there are two worlds. You victors cannot understand. We belong to two different worlds of thought. The difference isn't national. It's in ideology."

While I was in Germany when the Nazis were in power, they were teaching a song which has the line: "*Mit uns zieht die neue Zeit* (With us comes the new day)." To many millions that day was night.



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RAILROAD HARVEST

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

WE, the French, — said Maître Braillard, stretching his feet under the table and swallowing a draught of the acid white wine which was all the café had to offer, — are ever ready to accept tradition. I speak to you as a lawyer and perhaps I exaggerate. But in my opinion the worst that the occupation did to us was to destroy our sense of continuity with the past.

This wine is revolting, but will do while we wait for better. There will — said Braillard, with as keen satisfaction as if he himself would taste by the palate of a descendant — there will be good wine again for our children.

It is customary — he went on — to prophesy that the revolution we are undoubtedly about to suffer will be more drastic than our revolution one hundred and fifty years ago. I do not believe it. We wish to order our lives by the law. We accept immediately the law. It is only when we know not what the law is that we become a little difficult.

Tiens! I will tell you a story. It has a slight piggery, but we are after dinner — if indeed we may dignify by the name the small portions of antique horse and salad that we have just consumed.

Do you know the municipality of Saint-Valery-sur-Marne? No? I am not surprised. Saint-Valery is ten kilometers from the fortifications, and remarkable only for its ugliness and its extensive railroad yard. If you travel round Paris from the Gare du Nord to the Quai d'Orsay, your train will inevitably pass through Saint-Valery. But why should you be in it?

You will of course spend some hours in Paris, and will pick up your train again at the Quai d'Orsay.

Saint-Valery has a black canal, and some small industries without any permanence, built of cement and corrugated iron. There is no architecture. There are only hoardings, and houses of the most melancholy. It is quite evident that one is compelled to inhabit Saint-Valery: one does not choose it.

In the middle of this tasteless wilderness are the railroad tracks, and in the middle of the tracks is a little tower of dirty brick. The tower is old. I do not know how old, nor what it was for; it might have been the base of a round dovecot. But now the interior has been rearranged — you understand — for the convenience of the railway men.

It stood, this tower, upon a triangle of blackened gravel between the canal sidings and the main loop line round Paris. In spite of this little-promising situation, the brickwork was covered by a resplendent vine. There was no other green thing within three hundred meters; not even a dandelion could live in such a waste of steel and cinders. But the vine was older than the railroad, and its roots were far down in good French soil. It was well nourished by the iron that filtered in solution through the gravel, and had, no doubt, some other excellent sources of fertility.

In this August of 1945 the vine was superb. It rejoiced in its liberation. The walls and parapet of the tower were jeweled with bunches as long as my forearm. The grapes were of that indescribable tint which is purple, yet not quite purple. All the station staff of Saint-Valery were agreed that it needed but twenty-four more August hours for fifty bunches to be at their perfection.

Mme. Delage, who was the wife of the station-master and impatient for good morsels as befitted an admirable housekeeper who was tormented by the impossibility of a decent table, was the first to

Author of the novel, *Rogue Male*, and of several brilliant short stories, GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD was an *Atlantic* contributor before the war called him into uniform. His gift as a linguist and his knowledge of Central Europe gained him a difficult appointment in Intelligence, and later he served with distinction as a major in the British Army of the Middle East. Now he has returned to England and to the writing to which he has long looked forward.

lose her self-restraint. One had not yet decided upon the ultimate destiny of the grapes; one had perhaps deliberately avoided so delicate a subject. Mme. Delage, however, had set her heart upon a bunch, already and indubitably ripe, which hung on the south wall immediately above the window of the tower.

I knew her well. She had a black mustache, and her rotundities, though massive, were more square than round. She had no reason to hope for those attentions which traditionally await the wives of stationmasters. She wore high-heeled shoes, as was proper for the consort of an important functionary, but they did not become her ankles. She resembled, I thought, a hippopotamus on skates. Nevertheless M. Delage was a model husband. She had fine brown eyes, one must admit, and then he was very afraid of her.

At six in the morning Mme. Delage, with a basket and a pair of scissors, waited before the door of the tower. I say she waited, for the tower was occupied and she could only reach her chosen bunch through the window from the inside. After a while she permitted herself to hammer on the door.

This intemperate gesture being without effect, she approached Lulu, who was waiting on the track, and climbed upon her footplate and blew her whistle loudly. It was Charles Cortal, the driver, who had christened his locomotive Lulu. He loved little else but Lulu and all humanity, for he was a communist. But humanity is too large to love with enthusiasm. His true affection was for Lulu.

Charles Cortal launched himself in a fury from the tower.

"Madame!" he cried. "It is forbidden by the regulations of the company to climb upon a locomotive!"

"It is also forbidden," Madame replied, "to leave a locomotive unattended."

I was not present, you understand, but I can imagine what Cortal retorted. I have had dealings with him. He answered, with a beautiful selection of obscenities, that there were times when locomotives had to be left, above all when his cretinous fireman had gone to pour a coffee into his filthy guts, and that if he had known Madame so urgently required the tower he would have made other arrangements.

To this Madame replied, with the exasperating calm in which she was accustomed to address the angry proletariat, that he knew very well she desired only to gather a bunch of grapes.

"Then gather them, *nom de Dieu!*" shouted Charles Cortal. "But without disturbing me!"

"One can reach the grapes only from the inside," answered Madame.

She was, you will agree, in the wrong. And to Cortal she exhibited plainly, immediately, the shocking inhumanity and acquisitiveness of the bourgeoisie. He therefore demanded why Madame should gather grapes which had been the property of the company's drivers and firemen as long as the Third Republic existed. Then Madame began to tell him what she

thought of this right he had so brilliantly invented. And Cortal said that for one old cow she made more noise than a whole veterinary surgeon's back yard.

And *patati, patata!* And before anyone knew of the quarrel, Mme. Delage was off to swear a *procès-verbal* against Cortal for insult and contumely, and Cortal had gone to complain to the local secretary of the union.

2

MEANWHILE Lulu remained where she was as a protest. M. Delage and the signalmen might say what they liked, but not a driver would move her. The loop line was blocked, and on the telephone from Paris were jolly things to be heard.

After a hasty breakfast, M. Delage placed upon his head the gold-braided hat of office and visited the Café de la Gare, where Charles Cortal was expressing his opinions over a glass of very bad *eau de vie*. Before them all he accused Cortal of sabotaging the transport system of France. Cortal, without hesitating an instant, called him a collaborator, a Pétainiste, and a pro-Boche. After that there was no more to be said.

M. Delage was a man of duty. It was his business to see that trains ran, and he saw that they did run, even during the occupation. He did not understand the Resistance; he was paid, he said, by the company. All the same, he looked the other way when it was required of him, and he kept his mouth closed. I would never call him a collaborator, but he was narrow.

At midday arrived from Paris the general secretary of the union. He was a reasonable man. True, he had the hungry and *farouche* appearance of a revolutionary of the most murderous; but it was expressly cultivated. In manner he was tactful as a director of funerals. Though his sympathies were naturally with Cortal, he was determined to restore discipline at Saint-Valéry.

After he had most wholly failed with the drivers and firemen, he took it upon himself to make Delage laugh at this petty affair — as between men of the world, you understand. But Delage was in no laughing mood; there was, he said, a question of principle involved. He pulled out the railroad regulations and made the secretary read the powers of the stationmaster: how he was responsible to the company for all property, movable and immovable, in or upon the station and the yards, and in the event of any attempt upon such property might call upon the civil power — and so on. Delage was prepared to admit that he might have no right to eat the grapes. A court of law, he said, would settle that. But as to his right or that of his wife, acting as his agent, to pick the said grapes at maturity there could be no doubt at all.

The secretary was inclined to agree, but, to excuse Cortal, he suggested that an overworked and honest driver, disturbed in a moment of tranquillity, might permit himself expressions which —

"Monsieur," said Delage gravely, "she waited a reasonable time."

"But, Monsieur, consider the impropriety!"

"Monsieur accuses my wife of impropriety?"

"Of no such thing, I assure you. I wished to say that Madame with her delicate susceptibilities would not have desired to gather grapes had she been aware —"

"Madame is above such petty considerations. And then, I repeat, she waited a reasonable time."

"Monsieur would be good enough to define a reasonable time?" asked the secretary, who was beginning to forget his tact.

"Ah, *par exemple!* Let us say five minutes!"

"It is in the regulations, perhaps?"

"It is in the regulations that a driver shall not leave his locomotive unattended."

"When France mourns for so many missing sons," said the secretary sharply, "one cannot manage labor by red tape, especially at 5.00 A.M."

"It was six, Monsieur."

"In any case, Monsieur, it was a suspiciously early hour that Madame chose to sneak her grapes."

"Monsieur, I forbid any criticism of my wife!"

To which the secretary, at last under the infectious influence of the vine and angry as lesser men, replied by a pleasantry in the poorest taste. And then M. Delage slapped his face.

They were separated by the chief clerks of the Grande Vitesse and the Petite Vitesse. Those two were invaluable. They were calm, you see. They voted for the Catholic center and had all that was necessary to their convenience upon the station. They had thus no conceivable right to the grapes.

It was quite otherwise with the shunters. They disagreed entirely with the claim that Charles Cortal had put forward for the drivers and firemen. The shunters had an excellent case in all respects; two of them had even pruned the vine.

The solidarity of the working class vanished altogether when the shunter, Hippolyte Charvet, took it upon himself to remove Lulu while she still had steam. He made a speech from the footplate explaining that the act he was about to perform must not be interpreted as having any bearing upon the future of France, and had nothing to do with the dispute between the stationmaster and the locomotive engineers. In that argument the engineers were right, and Delage, the so-called stationmaster, was a fascist who would shortly receive his deserts. No, comrades, he removed the locomotive merely because in its present position it kept the afternoon sun from the shunters' grapes.

He thereupon returned Lulu to the sheds. I think he is still in the hospital. Charles Cortal did not even permit the oiling of Lulu by any but himself.

To hear the arguments, you would have thought that every man remembered exactly what had happened before the war. Even Cortal's claim, which he had obviously invented merely because he was angry, was taken seriously. But nobody in fact remembered

any tradition at all. For five years the Boche RTO in charge of the yards and his Boche staff had eaten the grapes themselves and allowed no one else to approach them. That alone was certain.

Eh bien, I will now give you the intelligence summary for Saint-Valery at nightfall. M. Delage was prostrated, partly by answering telephone calls from Paris and partly because he feared to be shot as pro-Boche. Mme. Delage was at her lawyer's for the third time. The drivers and firemen were on strike. Charles Cortal was summonsed for the attempted murder of Hippolyte Charvet. The shunters had a peaceful picket round the vine. Grande Vitesse was occupied in composing an apology for the union secretary, who had not the least wish in the world to fight a duel, and Petite Vitesse was doing the same for Delage. And Saint-Valery yards were just as idle as when all the employees used to pretend they heard an air-raid warning.

3

THE next day it was hot. But how hot! Only to think of it gives me a thirst even for this wine. We descended, a horde of officials, upon Saint-Valery. I was among them, being the union's attorney. There was the undersecretary of the Ministry; there were two big men of the Resistance; there were all the union officials and the company officials. There were even some soldiers. In these days one can never have a row between civilians without soldiers' desiring to be present.

First of all we held a quite informal conference at the station. We arrived at the facts. And then we protested that the whole affair was ridiculous. The Resistance men laughed. That started us off. A complainant had only to mention the tower for us to giggle like boys, all of us and uncontrollably. On a hot day one laughs easily. One's companions are themselves comical. They mop their faces. The poor railway men of Saint-Valery were more furious than ever.

It was Charles Cortal who imposed more gravity upon us. He mounted on a barrow and addressed the union officials.

"We," he bellowed, "we, the drivers and firemen, we were the heart of the Resistance in Saint-Valery. A month after the liberation we were thanked. And now, a year after the liberation, observe how they allow us to be mucked about by insults from a sort of pig of a collaborator! Comrades, one steals our birthright!"

And then he called Delage by the names of various animals, and commented, without any regard for zoology, upon his probable descent from others.

This wiped the smiles off the faces of the company officials; they were about to be nationalized, and it would do no good to their salaries to have the reputation of capitalist tyrants.

Mme. Delage had dressed herself like a pretty

countrywoman, but in surprisingly good taste. She chose her moment to direct a few words to the General Manager. Everybody listened.

She was going, she said quietly, in the freshness of the dawn to cull a bunch of grapes.

Our chivalry leaped to our hearts. She had a fine voice, and she made one see French Womanhood, all pure and laborious, going about its simple tasks at sunrise.

She had been insulted, she sighed, but that was nothing. There were gentlemen in plenty to defend a Frenchwoman in distress. No, it was not for herself that she asked justice, but for her husband.

Delage was in his best cap and uniform, looking handsome and pale and very much the old soldier. Of course she touched that string too. His service in the last war. Wounded for France. Twice mentioned. And now to be called a collaborator!

She picked up Delage's hand and kissed it passionately.

"That is what I think of him!" she cried. "And I, will anyone dare to say that I, Susanne Hélène Delage, am a collaborator?"

That wiped the smiles off the union officials too. Lack of discipline, inability to appreciate the plight of the country, incitement to rebellion against the government — those were the accusations they saw coming.

It was time to treat the affair with all the dignity of public men. One whispered. One formed lobbies. One admitted the need of subcommittees. And at last we constituted ourselves into a commission and decided to sit in the upstairs hall of the Café de la Gare. We summoned all witnesses and representatives to accompany us.

There was a yell from Charles Cortal.

"And leave these camels here to steal our grapes while we are away?" he asked. "These thieving sons of mackerels?"

Two of the shunters were still, unobtrusively, picketing the tower. A third was inside. We formally ejected them. Grande Vitesse and Petite Vitesse were called upon to stand guard.

"And if one wishes to enter?" asked Grande Vitesse timidly.

"It cannot be permitted," the General Manager ordered. "One can find everything necessary on the station."

"That I forbid absolutely!" shouted Delage.

"*Eh bien*, one will be instructed to make whatever arrangements one can," said the General Manager in his most conciliatory manner.

I cannot say that the commission was a success. The hall had not been used for a long time. We could not expand in an atmosphere which reeked of mice and the ancient smoke of locomotives. And then — we could not create tradition where none existed.

We suggested that the grapes be given to a hospital. Not one of the railway men agreed. They said that next year and for all the years we liked they would

send enough grapes to hospitals to resurrect the dead; but this year it was unthinkable. There had been insults. There was a question of principle to be decided — though heaven alone knows what cursed principle it was.

So we offered a third to the drivers and firemen, a third to the shunters, and a third to the station-master. No takers! Each wanted a half, and the other half to be divided.

The property of the company, then? Delage, being legally-minded, agreed to this, but the engineers and shunters would not have it. They explained with superfluous precision their right to the grapes, and demanded whether a company which had, in the immortal phrase, neither soul to be saved nor backside to be kicked could in any way be held responsible for the vine's luxuriance.

It was, I think, one of the big men from the Resistance who at last proposed that we should analyze the problem more closely by counting the bunches to be divided. He was used to the open air and desired an excuse to return to it. He was very bored by the commission.

The suggestion was ridiculous, but really we could think of nothing useful to do. So Grande Vitesse and Petite Vitesse were put to counting bunches, while we, the others, broke into groups, according to age and political inclination, up and down the yard. The heat was abominable. I sympathized with Eve. One heard the tempter merely by looking at those grapes. They were magnificent, and the last twenty-four hours had brought them to perfection.

Between the shunters and the drivers the military were compelled to take a little promenade. As for us, the visitors, we argued courteously and from an academic point of view; but it was not difficult to see that strong words would be used if we permitted ourselves to take the affair seriously. The Resistance man had already described Mme. Delage to the General Manager in terms for which I had to persuade him to apologize.

4

NO ONE noticed the man with the wheelbarrow. He arrived unobtrusively. He was so much a part of France that one did not question his right to be in the railroad yard. He was a little old peasant, bent by labor in the fields, and with the long, gray mustache of an ancient Gaul. He was wheeling a barrow with a ladder on it.

He stopped at the tower and looked benevolently at Grande Vitesse, who was on the roof counting bunches, and at Petite Vitesse, who was performing the feats of an acrobat through the window. He knew at once that their intentions were honest — they understood each other, those children of old France.

"They are just right, my grapes!" said the ancient, rubbing his hands. "Ah, how I know you! You have not changed in the war."

And he patted the trunk of the vine as if to congratulate it upon so punctual a response to the season.

He was quite unaffected by the crowd. I doubt if he even noticed us. Or perhaps he thought that we had come to watch. He had the face of a man who enjoys all the protection of his conscience and the law. I hastened to his side before everyone could speak at once.

"Is it your vine?" I asked him.

He sat down on the wheelbarrow and drew from his vast pocket a portfolio. The documents were imposing. They dated from the time of Napoleon III. Paper like that is not made nowadays. And he read them aloud, on and on — that the said Sieur Henri Duval sold to the railroad company the property as set forth in the accompanying schedule with

all buildings and land and produce growing thereon with the exception of the said vine, and the said Sieur Henri Duval should have access at all times for the purpose of cultivating the said vine and the fruit of the said vine should belong to him and his heirs and assigns, and the said railroad company on their part —

"I am François Duval, *voyez-vous*," he declared, "son of Henri Duval, and I have here my birth certificate and copy of the will of Henri Duval."

"But the grapes are his!" grumbled Charles Cortal, who, you will remember, was a communist and did not believe in private property. "Why worry about the damned documents? He can just as well leave them for us in the tower."

He shrugged his shoulders and strolled off to prepare Lulu for the road. We returned to Paris.

WHAT ABOUT CHURCH UNITY?

by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

CONTEMPORARY man, in his zeal for scientific discovery and technological effectiveness, plainly has outgrown his ethical breeches. Almost everyone realizes this. More and more, intelligent people are seeking some spiritual basis sufficient for the salvation of a society which seems hell-bent for self-destruction; or if this does not exist, if indeed we must endure another Dark Ages, at least there is need for a foundation sufficiently firm for individuals to stand on, through fast-moving disintegration, without going off their heads — need for a faith which, as Richard Russell puts it, can "remain untroubled in the bankruptcy of liberalism, the bankruptcy of nationalism, and the bankruptcy of dictatorship."

It is little short of tragedy that when those who are disillusioned about the future of man and the permanence of civilization decide to turn for illumination and strength to the religion of their fathers, the religion centered in Jesus, so many of them should get the impression that Christianity speaks not as a serene mother of souls but rather as a quarrelsome sewing circle.

In justice it needs to be said that those within the churches are even more concerned about disunity than is the general public. In every segment of Christianity there are those who realize that schism is sinful, who fast and pray about it in deep penitence, who are doing their best to approach the problem constructively. So widespread is this disquiet of mind and conscience within the churches, and so strong is the pressure upon them from without, that there is indeed grave danger that they may move toward reunion not too slowly but too rapidly, without adequate diagnosis; that they may arrive at a oneness the price for which is intellectual dishonesty and useless sentimentality; that in becoming one they may become meaningless.

To many outside the churches and to a dangerously large number inside, reunion is all too apt to appear merely a matter of casually and mechanically stitching together some disjointed segments of a homogeneous and easily renewed entity. The result of such restitching might easily be only a patchwork quilt of a Church.

Philanthropy and general good will are not Christianity; Christianity is a religion, a sanction and dynamic behind philanthropy and general good will. As the editor of the *Christian Century* once put it, "The Christian faith is a way of looking at the universe, the acceptance of Jesus Christ as the unveiling of life's ultimate purpose and of the nature of the world in which we live, as the cornerstone not

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL was from 1919 to 1933 Warden of St. Stephen's College at Annandale-on-the-Hudson. Since that time he has served as Professor of Religion at Columbia University, and as Preaching Canon at St. John's Cathedral in Providence, Rhode Island. One of the most vigorous spokesmen in the Episcopal Church, he has just been appointed Consultant on Education to the Bishop of Chicago.

of the Church alone but of civilization." No Church unity can have significance except it come from utter commitment to a Jesus so regarded.

If there is to be such a commitment, the churches need to make a realistic evaluation of their concept of Christ and of the sincerity or lack of it with which they commit their lives to Him. Some time ago a proposal of reunion was made between the Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church, a proposal about as mechanical as a merger between a couple of steel companies. A distinguished Presbyterian minister, when I asked his opinion of it, thought for a moment and replied: "Well, sir, if the Episcopal Church is as weak morally, as confused intellectually, and as dead spiritually as is the Presbyterian Church, — and I am persuaded that it is just that, — I cannot for the life of me see any particular use in tying up a couple of corpses. Some day by the grace of God both communions will come alive again. Then, not now, is the time to talk of reuniting."

2

EVEN a casual listening to current talk about Christian unity, even a desultory reading of the voluminous literature on the subject, can hardly fail to lead to a suspicion of what larger study shows to be indeed the truth — namely, that most of those who speak and write confuse three concepts that ought carefully to be distinguished from one another: Tolerance, Coöperation, and Organic Unity.

What *religious tolerance* means is often misunderstood both by professedly Christian people and, equally important, by disbelievers and the indifferent. Tolerance does not consist of an eager assertion that religion and unreligion are all of a piece or that one religion is as good as another: that snake worship in the backwoods of Kentucky is as noble as what goes on at the Riverside Church under Dr. Fosdick; that voodoo incantations are as intelligent as that which is taught at the Catholic University in Washington or at Andover Newton Theological School; that there is no difference, really, between casting one's babies into the fire before Moloch, on the one hand, and the Sacrifice of the Mass or the Friends Meeting on the other; that every form of Christianity is equally reverent, perceptive, and moving; that you pay your money and nonchalantly take your choice and it makes no difference whatever.

To say such things is not to be tolerant but to talk nonsense. Tolerance means, rather, a willingness to let any man have cult, creed, and code that are different from one's own until one can persuade the man that one's own are better. What tolerance actually involves is well put in a book used in Roman Catholic parochial schools in America, a book bearing the imprimatur of the late Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. It is a reader called *Early American Life*, by Mary G. Kely and Sister Blanche Marie (Ginn and Company, 1943).

We may feel that some other religion than our own — one that is very different from ours — is wrong. But we reason the matter out in this way:

Suppose that you and I keep someone else from worshipping God as he sees fit. We say that he does not think as we do; so he must be wrong! But perhaps tomorrow he and his friends may be strong enough to keep you and me from worshipping God as we see fit. He will say that we do not think as he does; so we must be wrong.

Therefore if I want freedom for myself I must be willing that other people should have freedom too. That is the only way that I can be sure my own freedom will last.

Not all Christians are willing to go that far, but most of them are; it is a rare denomination indeed that has failed to advocate and practice tolerance for at least half a century. Would that in America there were as much tolerance between secret societies, political parties, geographical sections, racial groups, minorities of variant origins, as exists between the churches! If the popular complaint against Christian disunity involves a charge that the churches are mutually intolerant, desirous to coerce either one another or the unreligious, it is an accusation based on ignorance or prejudice or both.

Coöperation is always possible between mutually tolerant people, individually or by groups, even though they remain unable wholly to fuse into one. There never, for example, have been two great nations more at variance ideologically than Russia and the United States; yet it is not only necessary but entirely possible that they act in concert in the common task of preserving world peace, provided, of course, *they remain truly tolerant each of the other's theory of how to carry on a state, that neither tries to coerce the other into accepting a way of life alien to its convictions.*

Similarly, no sooner was tolerance the rule rather than the exception in circles ecclesiastical than the various communions began at once to find that, without waiting to arrive at complete agreement doctrinally or liturgically, they could effectively join forces in many projects of human welfare, in many a common witness to the impact of the morality of Jesus upon a secularistic world. These coöperations have in the last decade been made critically necessary by the devastations of war, physical and moral. They are more common than those outside the churches seem usually to know and they are constantly growing in number and variety, not only between Protestant groups but between Catholics and Protestants.

Most of them are local and informal, but one avowed and nation-wide organization for such mutual action has been created in this country. It is the Federal Council of Churches, a body now in process of development into a wider group known as the World Council of Churches. These are "fellowships of churches which accept the Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour" and neither has other creedal tests for membership; what each coöperating body means by those words is for it to determine.

These federations exist "to bring the Christian bodies into united service for Christ and the world; to encourage devotional fellowship and mutual counsel concerning the spiritual life and devotional activities of the churches; to secure a larger combined influence for the churches of Christ in all matters affecting the moral and social condition of the people, so as to promote the application of the law of Christ in every relation of human life." They "have no authority over the constituent bodies adhering"; their province "is limited to the expression of counsel and the recommending of a course of action in matters of common interest to the churches, local councils and individual Christians." They have "no authority to draw up a common creed or form of government or of worship."

An instance of the sort of thing they do is the work of their Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace, of which John Foster Dulles is chairman, a group which had much to do with seeing to it that the framework of the United Nations Organization was so changed at San Francisco as to have a more Christian aspect than was at first intended, and which still continues to watch the emerging peace with a Christian brief. Almost all the non-Roman Christian bodies have membership and co-operate in these federations, with a few exceptions of which the Southern Baptists and the Lutherans are the only large ones.

There is nothing to prevent the Roman Church also from belonging, except a reticence of its own that is entirely understandable by anyone who knows Roman Catholic polity; and from the start there has been nothing but good will between the federations and the Roman Church, as well as frequently coincident though independent action.

A general intention of coöperation between Rome and the other Christian bodies has been made plain, also by several declarations of the American hierarchy of the Roman communion, and even more strikingly by the formation in London of a Standing Committee for Common Action for the Social Regeneration of England, its chairman Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, lately made Archbishop of Canterbury, and its co-chairmen the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster and the Moderator of the British (Protestant) Free Church Council. This committee's statement of intention reads in part:—

We agree that a compelling obligation rests upon all Christian people to maintain the Christian tradition in the handling of social, economic and civil problems in the critical post-war period. . . . We feel that all Christians alike are bound to oppose the present tendency . . . to treat Christianity as a matter of private concern without relevance to the principles which should guide Society. . . . Our purpose is to unite informed and convinced Christians in common action on broad lines of social and international policy.

Just as tolerance is the rule among the churches of today, so also is coöperation already general and

rapidly becoming common. Anyone persuaded otherwise does not know what is going on.

3

BUT that does not mean that Christian people themselves are satisfied with tolerance and coöperation. They long for something greater than these. They keep hearing St. Paul's plea that all are to be one body, severally members of the same in as true a sense as the hands and feet, the ears and eyes, are members of a human body. They recall the prayer of Jesus to God the Father, offered in the night before He was crucified, "that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." Nothing less than *reunion organic and mystical* will satisfy the churches themselves.

The Church's unity was first broken by the Great Schism between East and West which came to open cleavage in the eleventh century, a break partly doctrinal and liturgical but far more political and ethnic. Then came the Reformation of the sixteenth century, also partly concerned with dogma and worship but far more concerned with contentions political and economic. Today the four varieties of Catholicism — Roman, Orthodox, Anglican, and Old Catholic — and the more than three hundred groups of Protestants live, move, and have their being after centuries of separate and variant histories. To bring them organically into one would in any case be a gigantic and complicated task; but it is a task the more difficult because, of late years, there has come into being a fundamental difference in ideology within these many denominations, and this still further divides Christians into contending camps.

Frequently it happens that divisions among men are horizontal and vertical at the same time. For instance, the Second World War has been and is not merely a contention between nations but also a struggle between economic and political ideologies which cut straight across the frontiers of states. An armistice in the horizontal war by no means involves an ending of the vertical war, as Mr. Churchill found out in the 1945 elections in Britain; as the Council of Foreign Ministers soon discovered when they tried to write the peace treaties; as we Americans are coming to know with the post-war upsurge of labor demands and management demands in our own country.

The differences among Christians today are similarly not only horizontal, *between* denominations, but also vertical, *within* denominations; and the vertical conflict, which cannot be healed by any sort of interdenominational reintegration, is much the more serious of the two.

The existence of this vertical conflict makes relatively meaningless any amalgamation on the horizontal level. What good would it do to unite in one

body Methodists and Congregationalists and Baptists and the rest as long as each sect remains full of contention within itself?

Of all the churches, only the Roman Catholic Church has today what approaches an inner unity, a unity enforced by iron discipline which tolerates no contradictions. This rigidly uniform Roman Church will not, cannot, discuss unity with any other church as long as that other church is unable to make up its mind what it believes. Now unity without Rome would not amount to a great deal, for it would be a unity which would leave out over 250,000,000 Christians, or nearly half the whole number. Even if the rest decide that a non-Roman reunion of denominations is to be arranged, how can such reunion matter much as long as the constituent bodies remain each a battleground between basically differing convictions?

What are the two quite different religions which today divide Christianity not denominationally, not horizontally, but vertically? The contention is not over such minor matters as the verbal errancy or inerrancy of the Bible, science versus religion, forms of worship; it goes to the very bases of faith. The struggle is between historic Christianity and what may be called neo-Christianity.

The division is not between Catholics and Protestants. As Professor Niebuhr of Yale has put it, "Protestantism historically has meaning only as a movement in Catholicism." The traditional Christianity common to both Catholicism and historic Protestantism, the Christianity which today tries to maintain its long ascendancy in all the Christian bodies, is as much the religion of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Moody, and Gore as it is that of Bernard, Aquinas, Alphonsus Liguori, and Archbishop Spellman.

For four centuries Catholics have regarded Protestantism as schismatic and Protestants have looked on Catholicism as too minutely defined, undemocratic in government, too political, legalistic in morals; but such arguments have been between people who, whatever their minor differences, agreed on the nature of man, on the nature of God, on the mission of Christ. Today the situation is quite different. Today those who still believe this faith of the ages are opposed, by a group who used to like to be called "Modernists" but who now prefer the more pleasing term "Liberals." These would retain the old forms of devotion, or some of them at least, and even perhaps the old creeds, but put into them meanings widely, indeed fundamentally, different from those which these old creeds and the old worship used to bear.

4

THE differences between "traditional" Christianity and "liberal" Christianity are many; it is impossible in a brief paper like this to enumerate and analyze them thoroughly; but they become less confusing if

we observe that they stem from varying concepts of the nature and destiny of man.

The Christianity of the centuries has always held, and still holds, that natural man, man apart from God, is an unreliable creature except for this: that one can always count on his getting nowhere that satisfies him in his individual living, and on his inevitably ruining by war and other deadly devices the social fabric which he dreams of and tries to realize. This continued failure is not due to ignorance of technology or philosophy, but springs from a deeper defect. Man leaves undone what he knows he should do, does what he is quite aware he must not do. He is, in other words, sin-possessed.

"Natural man's integrity is a thing destroyed," as F. J. Hall has written in his *Theological Outlines*. "His intellect is so defective that he cannot discern realities in perspective; his affections are subject to concupiscence and fixed on inferior objects as constituting the good; his will is so weakened that he cannot avoid the evil even when he knows it to be evil." Education may as easily as not make man only more dangerous than otherwise he would be, more effectively an iconoclast and a killer, more potently mad. Increase of creature comforts may easily result only in his speedy self-ruin by making him vain, greedy, quarrelsome, a fool.

Because the race is what inherently it is, man gets nowhere much by way of progress in time; he tears down what his fathers built and builds what his children will reduce to rubble. His history moves in cycles of development and decay. Fiercely gazing into the future for meaning, he rides on a merry-go-round which takes him over and over again to where he was before. This is what the Bible teaches. The traditional Christian is of the opinion that it is what the study of history also reveals.

Since there is no significance for man in terms of progress, since man cannot solve his problem by pulling at his own bootstraps, even such admirable bootstraps as science provides, man must and can be saved from futility only by the intervention of God, a power not of ourselves that makes for righteousness. By faith, which in theology means "entrustment of one's self," a human being can lay hold on the kindly hand of the Infinite and be lifted out of the tragic round of failure.

Christianity is a religion of redemption — divine redemption of man from an otherwise inevitable inanity. "The Christian Gospel," says Principal Micklem in his *Theology of Politics*, "declares that in the Person of Jesus Christ Almighty God has Himself plunged, as it were, into the angry sea to rescue us; that, Himself with us in our weakness and despair, He has stretched out His hand to hold us and to bring us home. . . . God has identified Himself with us in our defeat, that He might identify us with Himself in victory."

Participation in this salvation, traditional Christianity says, is made possible for man by God within His Church, a mystical body of believers who are

sealed to Him in Baptism, who are fed by grace (which means "the imparted comradeship of Christ the God-Man"), and are guided and made strong by God the Holy Spirit, "the Lord and the Giver-of-Life." The Church, a divinely created organism, is entered into here on earth but exists also beyond death. Within the Church, united to God in Christ, there is meaning for man. "Outside the Church is no salvation," as Cyprian put it; outside the Church there is at best dubiety.

To those who hold this doctrine of man's fatal flaw and God's intervention, which means 99 per cent of the Christians of the past and the greater part of Christians today, religion has *urgency*, since without God, without redemption, without grace, there is nothing facing the individual or society but a senseless whirligig, the only true name for which is Hell. For those who hold to this teaching, the Church is guardian of faith, reservoir of grace, divinely made; one may not join it but must be joined to it by divine act; against it, because it is of God, the gates of Hades itself cannot prevail.

Until lately no Christian, whatever his minor differences from the brethren, would have denied this. It is the faith which has sent the martyrs happily to death, inspired the confessors, made the saints. It was the faith of Augustine, Anselm, Francis of Assisi, Bonaventura, Newman; it was equally the faith of Huss, Erasmus, Shakespeare, John Donne, Milton, Wilberforce; it is the faith of millions of people now, including many who possess first-rate intelligence and scientific proficiency.

But during the last century or two, there has grown up beside it a quite different sort of Christianity. Its adherents are sure that man is by nature potentially good and that he will inevitably get better if only education is made more generally available and social environment improved. To them Jesus is a great moral teacher and a supremely good man. He is the son of God only as we all are God's children, differs from us in degree of divinity but not in kind of divinity. Prayer is a process of affirmation of the highest values we may know, but is not otherwise effective since there is no possible intervention from beyond the sensible universe. God is the Good, the True, the Beautiful. In Jesus one sees the Good, the True, the Beautiful portrayed in greater perfection than anywhere else in history. He is to be honored, His sacrificial life imitated if possible; but He is, after all, only a man and is not to be adored.

The ancient creeds are to be said if one desires, but only as poetry. The sacraments are dramatic devices by which we remind ourselves of the example of Jesus and of the love and kindness of a God who is imminent but not transcendent. As for the Church, it is a voluntary association of people who wish to be like Jesus; the Church is not essential to Christianity but is good to belong to provided one understands its necessary limitations.

These two Christianities compete in the churches today. It is impossible to say that they are one

religion, or even two aspects of the same religion. They are essentially incompatible ideologically; if one of them is true, the other is not. In both camps are good people, sacrificing people, honest people. But is man capable of getting better and better by his own natural development, or is he doomed to perpetual failure unless God intervenes? It makes a deal of difference which of these alternatives is correct — difference not merely in theoretical doctrine but also in one's attitude toward living, one's sources of happiness. And in moral conduct as well. Shall we labor in love with expectation of human gratitude and effective coöperation or, knowing that these may not be had on earth, shall we look elsewhere for the sanctions that lie in hope?

At any rate, there the two religions are, each a little scornful, understandably, of the other, yet trying to occupy a common house from which is going fast a common understanding. It is this difficulty which must be faced when the investigator of Church unity or the lack of it gets beyond the consideration of tolerance and coöperation and begins to look at the possibility of a restored Corporate Entity. Obviously such a problem is not soluble by way of mechanical devices; it exists because of a theological divergence, a philosophical fissure of the first magnitude, which will have to be solved if Christian reunion is to be more than a subterfuge.

5

CONSIDER, for example, the communion in which I have been a priest for thirty-five years. The Episcopal Church is a quiet pool of some two million placid, perhaps too placid, communicant members, most of whom are vaguely but affectionately attached to their Church or, more often, to their local parishes, which they attend about one-third of the time, on an average, and to whose financial support less than a fourth of them contribute. In this pool are two vortexes the centers of which are men and women of intense conviction. One of these is called "Anglo-Catholic" and the other "Liberal Evangelical." These represent religious and philosophic emphases so different, and their adherents are so much in earnest, that the whole communion is in a state of what to outsiders must seem continuous bickering.

The Anglo-Catholics, who are for traditional Christianity, have on their side the official formulary of the Anglican Communion, the Book of Common Prayer, which appears to any impartial observer to be a reformed but Catholic and traditionalist volume and which is harder to get changed than is the Constitution of the United States. But this advantage is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that the central ecclesiastical organization is controlled by Liberal Evangelicals. The Anglo-Catholics can count on many bishops, a majority of the clergy (especially of those under forty years of age), twenty-two "religious orders" of monks, friars, sisters, nuns,

and a strong minority of lay people which includes many late converts.¹ The Liberal Evangelicals have a large minority of the clergy, some bishops strategically placed and strongly vocal, a majority of the lay people (especially in the larger parishes on the Eastern seaboard), and lots of money. The result is that within what is formally a single church there is disunity so real that schism seems frequently around the corner of next week, a disunity which hampers moral witness and the cultivation of spiritual stability.

But neither the unchurched nor other Christians can too much fault the Episcopal Church for this sad state of affairs, because the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Dutch Reformed, Congregationalists, and the rest are internally in the same situation.

So general is this strife within (not among) the churches that there are those who seriously maintain that the only way to real reunion among non-Roman Christians is to scrap all the existing denominations, or let them dry up and blow away, and reassemble the traditionalists from many folds into one new body and the modernists into another. If that were possible, the first of these integrations might eventually be able to make some sort of free but effective concordat with Roman Catholicism, which remains, as has been said, 100 per cent traditionalist. Probably, though, nothing would come of that in the near future, because of Roman intransigence on other matters than those theologically central. Still, something of the sort might be worked out, especially amid strain of continued political deterioration in the modern world.

Be that as it may, it is hard to feel that much good can come from a healing of merely horizontal divisions, from uniting what are now denominational battlefields between traditional Christianity and a widely differing Modernism. That will result only in creating a larger and more scandalous arena for internecine combat.

6

To sum up, it may be said that today it is a rare thing to find in Christian circles a preaching or practice of intolerance. More and more, also, most of the denominations coöperate satisfactorily and increasingly in good works and in a helping of one another to a deepening understanding both of mystical reality and of what is involved in bearing moral witness to Christ in a self-destroying world. But those who work the hardest for these good ends often find themselves embarrassed, sometimes exasperated, by the sort of super-churchman who clamors for a restored corporate communion tomorrow, today, this

¹Such as Samuel E. Morison, W. H. Auden, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers, Frances Perkins, Mary Ellen Chase, Joachim Wach, F. A. Pottle, Clark Kuebler, C. S. Lewis, Theodore M. Greene, Henry A. Wallace, William A. Orton.

instant, even at the price of intellectual shiftiness concerning essential convictions about man and God.

What is it that makes these ever agitating extremists so disturbingly enthusiastic about premature intercommunion, mergers, and amalgamations? There are those uncharitable enough to suggest that what is chiefly desired is bigger and better ecclesiastical bureaucracies for possible manipulation, financed by bigger and better drives, promoted by bigger and better promotional devices. It is more probable, however, that the advocates of immediate organic reunion are merely carried away by the sound of their own voices as they echo what seems to them a popular cry for oneness at any price.

Those in the churches who are most concerned over man's predicament, intent on promoting Christ's morality as the solution for man's present plight, have more important things to work for, at least at the moment, than short cuts to corporate reunion. They know that it is not because Christianity is organized in many forms, rather than in one, that it has today small influence and is esteemed lightly even by those who are well aware that modern man has slipped his moorings and is morally incompetent. They know that the real reason for the sad neglect of the churches is a common impression that, in respect to what is believed about human life and what may be done to implement that belief, none of the Christian communions dares to call its soul its own, or God's; that all of them are apparently caught up by and geared into the secularism which destroys.

In a time like ours, when civilization is in dire peril, any Christian body, if it is to gain and hold respect, must give a clear and single answer to basic questions about man, about God, about the existence or non-existence of the supernatural; about whether Jesus Christ is only an excellent human sage or God-made-man for man's salvation from man's incurable folly and weakness of will.

What is needed right now above all else is a stable basis for courageous human living. In the face of legitimate demand for that, as long as there remain within the churches confused voices about fundamental entrustments they exasperate and alienate thinking people. We have this desperate need to understand ourselves, to catch a glimpse of human purpose. If the churches are to contribute to the current bewilderment anything more than confusion worse confounded, it is required that their vertical disunity be resolved. This is the first step toward reunion of Christians, a necessary step if Christianity is to be even noticed amid the clamor of rival and revolutionary ideologies. The horizontal disunity is relatively unimportant, except to ecclesiasts. Demand for it prevents attention being given to the more vital reconciliation. Consideration of interdenominational mergers may better be postponed to less exciting, less exacting days.

» Are we the best fighters and the worst peacemakers in the world? In the light of our fraternization in Germany and the new wave of suspicion and isolationism here at home, the question is honestly in doubt.

FIRST IN WAR—LAST IN PEACE

by DAVID L. COHN

1

WE ARE losing the peace. We are losing the respect of the world. If we should look honestly at ourselves it might be difficult to keep our self-respect. Physically the world's most powerful nation, we are hysterically divesting ourselves of our physical power even before the formal peace has been made. Much given to lecturing others on their moral shortcomings, we are drifting toward moral bankruptcy.

Exalting our own prowess, we are nonetheless inclined to blame the troubles of the post-war world on others: the British are too shrewd, the Russians too ruthless. Ferociously energetic, we are intellectually lazy. Brilliantly competent technically, we tend to be politically inept. Tough in war, we are soft in peace. Girdling the world with our living and our dead, we do not yet know our place in the world. Creating such miracles of military engineering around the earth that other peoples regard us with awe, we have behaved as if we were in a political vacuum, not knowing how to relate cause and effect. Outwardly internationalist, we are yet inwardly isolationist.

Having won a war which we entered not out of conviction, but out of compulsion, neither during the war nor since have we acquired enduring convictions about the peace. It is not that we do not want peace. It is that, being intellectually adolescent, we do not realize that if we want peace we can have it, but only at the price, however high, that it demands. Facing the atomic age which we inaugurated, we seem unable or unwilling to face up to its staggering consequences.

If we are, as we say, the world's mightiest people, we should not shrink from ruthless self-analysis; the more so since self-knowledge is the beginning of wisdom. If we are, as we say, a hardheaded people, then we are given to the maxim that while a man is permitted to make one mistake, only a fool makes the same mistake twice. I do not know what you would call a man or a nation that makes the same error three times. But far from using our mistakes of the past as

evidences of what to avoid in the future, we seem bent upon making bigger mistakes than before, as though we were deliberately courting the risks of a third world war, although the nature of that war, if it should come, is known to all of us.

It is clear in retrospect that the two world wars in which we have fought were, however great our losses in lives and treasure, luxury wars. They were luxury wars because we were able to send our young men to fight on the soil of other nations, leaving the life of the homeland to function, if not normally, in great security. That day is gone forever. If we should become involved in another war, men will look back nostalgically upon the good old days of 1941-1945 when we merely shed blood in France, Germany, Belgium, North Africa, and the Pacific islands.

Testifying before a Senate subcommittee, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who has been credited by the War Department with "achieving the implementation of atomic energy for military purposes," flatly told the nation of the perils it faces. "There are," he said, "no specific countermeasures against the atomic bomb and there never will be." A new war, he continued, might begin with forty million Americans dead in the first few hours, because of this country's high degree of urbanization. The atomic bomb has actually "weakened the military position of the United States."

Professor Oppenheimer scoffed at the illusion that the bomb will remain our secret, and made this all-important point to a nation which smugly believes that it incontestably leads the world in scientific research — namely, that in fundamental research, the basis of any new weapon, we made no advances whatsoever during the war. "For the most part," he said, "what happened during the war was not in any sense scientific work. It was the exploitation of skill, techniques, fundamental knowledge, and even, to some extent, of the human relations between scientists, all of which had been cultivated in the days of peace."

It is clear from Dr. Oppenheimer's testimony that we are basing our security upon a so-called secret which will soon become common property; that in the event of war we shall be fortunate to survive as a people. If we cannot understand that the past as we

As a special correspondent with credentials from General Somervell, DAVID L. COHN traveled 50,000 miles in the closing months of the war. It makes him indignant to compare the action of those days with the behavior of our occupation troops and our civilians at home now that the danger is past.

have known it is dead, that the future is fraught with perils so awful the mind is staggered by contemplating them, that civilization—if not humanity—must henceforth live on probation pending good conduct or die, we shall perish for lack of adaptability as the dinosaur perished, its bulk being disproportionate to its brain.

Never since the founding of the Republic has this nation made up its mind about its relations with the world. We merely wanted to be let alone. But that is scarcely a policy; it is at best an evasion. The Indians who inhabited this continent merely wanted to be let alone. The very manner in which Dr. Oppenheimer's statement was given to the public indicates that we are still living in a dream world. Charged as it is with an importance to the nation which cannot be exaggerated, since it deals with facts having to do with our stark survival, what weight was given it by the press? It appeared on page twenty-five of the *New York Herald Tribune* and on page five of the *New York Times*.

The news value of the statement was apparently less than these items to which the two great dailies devoted their first page: the arrival of the Fleet in New York; the mayoralty campaign in New York; the dock strike in New York; political troubles in the Argentine and the Netherlands Indies; increasing the speed of demobilization of the Army; dropping our opposition to Balkan regimes. Under these circumstances it would be too much to expect that words having to do with our survival should be disseminated by the newsreels, where they would have to compete in interest with the annual football game in the Sugar Bowl, bathing beauty girls at Miami, and shots of looms weaving nylon stockings.

There is, I submit, something terrifying and bewildering in the spectacle of a nation whose physical might is so great as ours, whose intentions are so good, but whose political blindness is so dense, whose political tenacity is so feeble, whose resolution is so wavering, that neither we nor the world can be certain at any given moment of the direction we shall go. Contrast our pretensions with our actions. During the war we vowed that we would remain the world's mightiest power; we would occupy enemy countries forever if necessary; we would organize a system of collective security in terms of the Atlantic Charter. Never again would we repeat the mistakes of the First World War.

As against these pretensions, we are demobilizing our armed forces in a rush which is little short of hysterical. Our demobilization is far more hasty than that of the hard-pressed British, who are still living on wartime rations, or of the Russians, who know that the most devastating war in history does not end with the innocent and clear-cut finality of a ballet. We have only one urge—to get the men back home. Our greatest effort is to forget the troubles of the rest of the world and retire into normalcy here—with nylon stockings, new cars, platinum lipsticks, and perfumes at \$75 an ounce. We are running true to form.

When other peoples see that we talk big but act little, how are they affected? Russia, well aware of what we are doing, is taking up where we leave off, moving into vacuums we have created. As she does so, we blame our troubles on her; we begin to fear her; and, fear breeding fear, we put ourselves on the road to the next war. Incomparably the world's mightiest people at this moment, enjoying a prestige and good will greater than that of any other power, if we moved in the world strong, magnanimous, and purposeful, force engendering respect, magnanimity breeding affection, and purposefulness inspiring the will to follow, many of our troubles which we attribute to others would soon vanish.

2

THE failures of our occupation of Germany are illustrative of our failures as a people. They are, it may be said, continuing characteristics of our national temperament, which played their part in our withdrawal from the world after the First World War and which, if not changed, will bring us to disaster in a third war. We have taken into Germany little knowledge of the German people and even fewer convictions as to our reasons for remaining there.

Instead we have taken onto German soil our yokel naïveté, our puppy friendliness, our good-time-Johnny proclivities, our Main Street desire to be popular, our easygoing small-town ways, to deal with a people whose ruthlessness, tenacity, power, and cunning are so great that twice within a generation, and at incalculable cost, it took nearly the whole world to defeat them. This error stems from our mental laziness, from our failure to teach our soldiers lessons about the nature of the enemy, the long-range political aspects of the war, and America's place in the world.

According to news dispatches from Germany, Germans are bossing youthful American soldiers. Our officers are being luxuriously entertained by Nazis. Our men are asking permission to marry their German mistresses before their children come. Raymond Daniell, in the *New York Times*, makes the point-blank statement that "Germans have begun to direct from the bottom up the American occupation of their country."

The mistakes of our army of occupation in Germany cannot, unfortunately, be attributed merely to the Army. If they were, they could be rectified merely by making changes in Army personnel. Their source is deeper; they spring from elements of our national character and are therefore much more difficult to rectify.

In the south of France a year ago I saw a striking illustration of fear on the part of the French that our easygoing ways and our dismal ignorance of the Germans would lead us to commit in occupied Germany (we had not then conquered it) the same errors we made after the last war. Normally it would seem an

impertinence that the French should publish a magazine whose sole purpose was to teach Americans about Germans; this should have been an American function, but the French, well aware of our naïveté, and being more intent upon clinching a real victory than clinging to a hollow protocol, nonetheless published in English a magazine called *News Real*. Its editor frankly stated that since Americans knew little about the true nature of the Germans and might easily be deceived, he would attempt to tell them the facts of life in text and photographs. How well his fears were justified is borne out by a dispatch to the *New York Times* from Sergeant Joseph E. Ray which appeared just about this time.

This American soldier said that the Orientation Branch of the Army gave soldiers no adequate knowledge of the political events that led up to the war, nor did it keep them informed as the war continued. Lecture assignments in orientation usually fell to second lieutenants who were generally characterized by "an abysmal ignorance of the subject, together with a cynical indifference to the whole matter, the result being that the lecture period becomes a joke and rear, or sleeping, seats quickly go at a premium."

It is not that Washington did not undertake the task of orientation. It is that, as I myself saw in the field, Washington's efforts were often stultified because orientation courses could not succeed unless the officer commanding an area was convinced of their need. Frequently he saw them as a waste of time, as academic exercises which had nothing to do with war. He appointed as orientation officer a young man incompetent for this or any other task, and so made the effort futile in the eyes of soldiers, who fight or study best when led by an officer whose abilities they respect. Yet the ultimate authority in this democracy even in war is not the Army but Congress. While Congressional committees investigated and criticized the military conduct of the war in many phases, they were at no pains to see that our men went armed with conviction as well as tanks and rifles.

3

THE results of our failure in this all-important field are striking. In American-occupied Germany, Gladwin Hill, a *New York Times* reporter, could not find a single soldier "who could recall having received any elucidation, stimulation, or encouragement about his present chores. Confidential Army investigations . . . have disclosed in some groups a lack of comprehension of some of the elementary facts about the Germans. . . . If the soldiers assigned to the occupation have nothing more than an 'I wanna go home' outlook, this is likely to be the keynote for opinion at home and to result in the same kind of futile occupation that followed the First World War."

It is not surprising, then, that many of our officers and men already spout the German propaganda line, including the favorite allegation that Germany had

no choice but to go to war, while at the same time they speak derogatorily of the British, the French, and our other allies. It is a natural consequence of our ignorance of the Germans, and of the political aspects of the war, that General Patton, former Military Governor of Bavaria, could see no greater differences between Nazis and anti-Nazis than those prevailing here between Republicans and Democrats; or that, in the Main Street way, he believed he could convert Nazis to democracy by showing them "what grand fellows we are."

Throughout most of the world our soldiers applied as a criterion of civilization, in the countries where they moved, the state of the plumbing. On this basis, all peoples east of Suez were barbarous and the contemptuous term "wogs" was applied to them. West of Suez most of the countries have little plumbing in the grand mother-of-pearl American manner, and what they have is affected with disturbing caprices. Consequently, while our Western allies were not regarded as barbarous, neither were they prize winners at our civilization fair.

But Germany has excellent plumbing and broad highways; the people work hard and they respond, more than any others, to our materialistic criteria of what is meet and fit among decent people. They are, moreover, extremely polite. There is no one to tell our men that this politeness is merely a reflection of a national temperament which proceeds without psychological distortion from a horrifying sadism when the Germans are on top to a bootlicking masochism when they are on the bottom.

Since one does not want to make it too difficult for a fallen foe whose civilization in the eyes of some of our densely ignorant officers is so like ours, many of our soldiers lived under canvas in Bavaria while Germans luxuriously entertained these officers in homes they were permitted to retain. Meanwhile large numbers of our officers and men are, in the Army phrase, "shacked up" with their German mistresses. Some of these ladies were former mistresses of high-ranking Nazis and they have simply changed their beds for those of high-ranking Americans.

Our Military Government in Germany reports that young German women, far more than the men, are unreconstructed Nazis; they yearn for a "strong new Führer"; they say Hitler was a good man surrounded by "bad advisers," and they regard our denazification program as too harsh. Commenting upon this report, an Army chaplain said that these girls, knowing their children would be brought up as Germans, are still willing to follow the Nazi concept of breeding children for the fatherland. Such women, lying in the arms of our soldiers, are spreading Nazi propaganda among them and doing it, according to observers, extremely well.

Their success is the greater because we have brought home from Germany so many of our combat troops who had a chance to learn the true nature of the enemy and to see what he had done in occupied countries. They have been succeeded by callow

youths from the villages and farms of America, who have no standards of comparison and are furnished with not even the most elementary information about the Germans' characteristics or any convictions about the importance of their own task. A simple principle of which we do not seem aware governs fraternization. It has been trenchantly stated by the Russians. They said that a ban on fraternization is foolish unless it proceeds from the heart.

Similarly, we appear to be largely dependent in Germany upon German interpreters for the transaction of our business. The situation with respect to the apparently unrelated tasks of mistresses and interpreters has become so scandalous that, according to a dispatch in *Time* (October 15, 1945), "by Germans, and by many a discerning G.I., the U.S. occupation rule of Germany and Austria was being called 'the government of interpreters and mistresses.'"

4

THE antidote to all this — if it is not too late to apply it — is contained in words of Mr. Justice Holmes which, in the light of our dilemma, would seem to have the force of a maxim: "To fight out a war you must believe something and want something with all your might." This is just as true of keeping the peace, since the aggressive instinct among men is as great now as it was in the days of tooth and claw, while modern arms have made it infinitely more destructive, and since men are still fear-ridden, jealous, greedy, irrational, touched often with paranoia. The very nature of man, the eternal struggle within him between good and evil, his dynamism, his restlessness, his hospital-obsession to have his bed now near the door and now near the window, dictate a never ending struggle for peace.

Consequently there will never be a time when we must not — whether we like it or not — be concerned with the great and small affairs of the world: with quarrels between warring Moslem sects in Iraq, Communists and anti-Communists in China, Jews and Arabs in Palestine, Moslems, Hindus, and English in India, Rumanians and Hungarians, Dutch and Indonesians, French and Annamites, Russia and the Balkans, the Middle East, and the Far East. For we know now, or ought to know, that a war may begin anywhere, and that wherever it begins, it will ultimately threaten the peace of the United States. Fate, by making us a mighty people, has decreed that we shall either lead the earth toward peace or face the penalty of destruction.

For the role of leading the world toward peace we are magnificently equipped in everything but perhaps the one essential thing — the will to do it. We are incomparably fitted for the physical task by virtue of

our huge natural resources, our skills, our energy, our inventive genius, our numerous population, our industrial and agricultural plants intact and capable of almost limitless expansion. Out of our resources and our skills we performed within three years a feat without parallel. During this time we built the world's largest navy, air force, and merchant marine; superbly equipped twelve million men and deployed them all over the face of the earth; provided staggering quantities of food and munitions for our allies and superimposed upon an unprecedented military production so great an output of civilian goods that retail sales reached an all-time high during the war years.

Skilled as we became in fighting, superbly courageous and devoted in action as our men were, the characteristic American genius in war was our ability to produce and distribute war goods on a scale that no other nation could hope to match. One need not labor the point that this ability, determining in war, is just as important in a world that desperately needs rebuilding.

Morally we are equally well fitted for the task because of the enormous prestige and good will that we have everywhere on earth; because, in general, the nations do not fear us or look upon our designs as suspect; because it is clear that we have no extra-continental ambitions. Yet even our physical might and moral authority — an authority which depends for its perpetuation upon its exercise — are not enough if they are merely attributes of a delightful companion and a good guy. The only way to lead is to lead. The pains of leadership are onerous, as the British discovered in the nineteenth century, but the penalties of failure to lead are greater and may even be catastrophic.

It is sickening and shameful in a stricken, impoverished, fearfully blighted world to hear Americans, in this richest of countries, still blessed by geography as others are cursed by it, bewailing their fate, wondering what they are going to do and how they are going to do it. Our actions in this war demonstrate that there is little the United States cannot do if its people can imagine themselves wanting to do it enough to do it. Internally we have not yet even begun to grow. We have only brushed the fringes of our potentialities. The horizons of the American future are limitless.

But we shall never begin the endless march toward them until we settle the one question that we have never settled in our life as a nation: the question of our spiritual and material relations toward the rest of the world. Time does not wait. Destiny moves with the sun. We have been called to the hill of the Lord to lead the weary nations to peace, but if we do not heed the call we shall perish in the sands of the desert before reaching the promised land.

MENCKEN'S AMERICA SPEAKING

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

TO THE nineteen-twenties H. L. Mencken was a dangerous iconoclast, the relentless and often ribald derider of what he called the *booboisie*; a man who consorted nightly with the works of Nietzsche and spent the day tracking down Americana for the inside pages of his "anti-American" *Mercury*. To the forties, on the contrary, he appears simply as a voluminous lexicographer; and this, as everyone knows from Dr. Johnson's definition, is to be "a maker of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

With Mr. Mencken's latest work before us, Supplement One to his celebrated *American Language*, the contrast in reputations is piquant but not convincing. The Mercurial Mencken of the twenties was not a ghoul, and the Monumental Mencken of the forties is anything but harmless. They are indeed the same man, his vocation unchanged. Nor is this a mere impression, but an observation verifiable by dates and facts.

The first edition of *The American Language* was written during the original World War and appeared in 1919. The work has grown fat on its maker's feeding, and changed internally through four revisions, the last of which appeared nine years ago. Beyond revision, it must now be supplemented; but the spirit that animates the whole is the same throughout — a spirit I should like to call, in spite of paradox, satirical love of country. For America has always been Mr. Mencken's subject; he still fondles it with ridicule; but on a true view both emerge greater from an embrace that often resembles a pugilistic clinch.

Perhaps we have forgotten that the very phrase "American Language" wore in its earlier days an air of defiance and heresy which some found provincial and even chauvinistic, despite the author's well-known hatred of war and empire. For the name *American Language* embodied an unfamiliar thesis, which was that the people of the United States had

developed their share of English speech into a separate idiom following a destiny of its own. No longer were Americanisms the misdeeds of abandoned colonials; they were the spontaneous and legitimate forms of expression of a people as independent in thought as in polity.

Some time after this first blast, Mr. Mencken went even further and showed that the important branch of the once common tongue was now American and not English. American was spoken by a far greater population and exerted a steady pressure upon English, with hardly any corresponding influence in return. Europe and Asia were learning our words and our pronunciation, and the potential world language, under whatever name it might be adopted, was the American Language.

To point out these truths implied no misplaced patriotism, but only philosophical reflection on a mounting pile of linguistic facts. The very nature of American speech, with its great borrowings from Indian and European tongues, its archaisms and neologies, its rapid rate of change and astonishing uniformity over wide areas, made it more than a national achievement: not yet an international tongue, it was already an imperial medium of exchange.

All this Mr. Mencken was not alone in asserting, though the bulk of professional drudging and dredging followed rather than preceded his initial effort. But what made the four editions of *The American Language*, like this newest Supplement, so accessible and hence so influential, was its enormous literary skill and vigilant cultural criticism. As such it stands high in the tradition of the great amateurs, from Dr. Johnson himself to Horne Tooke and Noah Webster.

This is not to say that Mr. Mencken is not also scholarly. He is admirably and delightfully so. His footnotes are as good as his text, and one finds in him that whimsical excess of information which shows a man superior to his system and amused at the ramifications of inquiry. For instance, in explaining the term "baloney dollar" in the present work, he tells us not only its inventor and its meaning, but also its value and the date of the decree establishing its gold contents. If you want to know the scope of the word *nylon*, you have only to turn to page 341 and learn

Born and schooled in France, JACQUES BARZUN came to this country in 1919. He was naturalized in 1933 and has been an Associate Professor of History at Columbia University since 1942. Critic and historian, he is the author of several books which have appeared under the *Atlantic* imprint, among them, *Teacher in America*, *Romanticism and the Modern Ego*, *Of Human Freedom*.

This is the first of a series of essays on life and letters which Mr. Barzun will contribute to the *Atlantic*.

about the DuPont Company's nurturing of "a whole group of synthetic polyamides." As for a brief history of osteopathy — but the truly marvelous thing is that all these facts, which could be as heavy as lead, and as gray, float and sparkle on a vast Mississippi of comment that sweeps us along and puts everything in its place.

And these waters, though deep, are tonic. For the satirical cast of Mencken's thought leads him constantly to exemplify the qualities of the language he describes. We find twice over, so to speak, the vigor, freshness, and exuberance of the American imagination. Clear, colloquial, astringent, Mencken's prose — like Mark Twain's — reveals its subject and conceals its art. The only ornament it tolerates is a figure of rhetoric which deserves to be called a Menckenism — something that ranges between irony and sarcasm, less premeditated than the first and more impassive than the second — but so sparing of effect that it almost always takes the reader unaware. How easy, for instance, to take "wilds" literally in the following sentence — but you mustn't, or you will miss the raillery about "Captain Basil Hall, who ventured into the American wilds in 1827 and 1828 and published an account of his sufferings on his return home."

Let me quote again — though in disregarding the author's spacing, one spoils the effect of his shots. Here a trailing phrase shows how soberly Mencken loves his country, even when accusing himself of partiality: "I permitted myself in a newspaper article a chauvinistic sniff, for it was impossible for me to imagine a British don getting to really close grips with the wayward speech of this great Republic." Again, though the American vernacular is his domain, he has a deft way with foreign, technical, or learned words: "Poe, whose *Tamerlane and Other Poems* had come out *pianissimo* in 1827. . . . Plans are now afloat to reset the work at the conclusion of World War II and its *sequelae*." At other times, the image involves a social judgment: "The Commonwealth Fund withdrew its support, Lamont turned to forms of the uplift less loathsome, and the hundred immortals were never actually appointed." (That is, no academy shall fix our language, with or without English help.)

But do not infer that Mr. Mencken will fraternize freely with the "assiduous members of Rotary and other clubs of organized lovey-dovey." He is not, like "Stuart Chase, busy with the salvation of humanity on a dozen fronts," nor will he democratically accept the "jargon that Dogberries in and out of office use for their revelations to the multitude." Yet he pays a sardonic attention to the complaints of Realtors, a title which "in its early days was frequently assumed without authority . . . [though] a series of legal battles that began in 1925 and ended triumphantly in 1936 disposed of this effrontery." For his journalistic confreres, Mencken has the affectionate contempt that comes of fellow slavery, and he lights it up with a verbal *trouvaille* too good to miss: "The commissioner's studio was abandoned to the *ecdysiasts* [strip-

teasers], their press-agent, and forty head of reporters and photographers."

The effect of Mencken's sallies against our culture can therefore be compared to the workings of a thermostat: it chills hot air and turns the heat on the Philistines, and with an even temper achieves an even temperature. But admirable as it is, this device of blowing hot and cold is often less than adequate to the reader's needs as a user of language, and this leaves him either bewildered or in the clutch of common superstitions. Since, as I believe, this neglect involves a threat to the language itself, I should like to say more about it.

2

MR. MENCKEN, as we know, defends the American vernacular and at the same time is ever ready to laugh at the follies of its makers. Are the fools, then, building better than they know? Or is there a standard by which we can pick and choose among the inventions of a verbally exuberant people? Most of the time, Mr. Mencken thinks there is not. Rather, he grows harsh or toplofty when he has to record the objections of living writers to specified new words. He denounces, with the support of learned philologists, the "vicious purism" that would prune or destroy, and he indulges a retrospective scorn for the eighteenth century, notably for Swift, Gray, and Johnson, who fought against innovations, some of them now part of our speech.

All this confirms the popular superstition I spoke of, which is that by the constant addition of new words language "grows," that the more it grows the more "living" and hence the better it is, and that usage being the only test of life among words, no one has a right to prejudge its verdict. Hands off, therefore, when a new term appears. Intervention is pedantry. For example, Swift at the beginning of the eighteenth century made war on the word *mob* — a slang shortening of the high-brow *mobile vulgus*. Today *mob* is a perfectly respectable word. Inference: Swift was a stuffed wig. More generally: to reprove any modern Americanism is almost as bad as infanticide, and absolutely like tilting at a windmill.

What is wrong with these notions? In the first place, usage is not the simple thing it seems. Its effect is not only to establish words but also to change their qualities. With the passage of years, *mob* has become disinfected, renovated; it has killed off possible rivals, buried its sordid origins, and acquired proper connections. It is strictly not the same word that Swift disliked — as we can see when we compare it with another short form, say, *rep* (for *reputation*), which Swift also condemned and which is just as tawdry now as then.

In the second place, it is not only the right but the duty of any author in any century to choose his words: that is what writing consists in, and Mr. Mencken's admirable diction proves that he knows this and acts on it. Why then shouldn't writers —

Swift or Shaw or Mencken — go one step further and give us from time to time reasons for their choice among the verbal novelties of their day? I say reasons, for in spite of popular belief it is both possible and important to reason out matters of language. It is important because words point to ideas and suggest feelings, which together constitute “style,” in the sense of moral and intellectual fitness.

Few things are better worth discussing. If the American Language is something to be proud of, the reason is that its words and turns of phrase record fine, great, true, or funny things. This is another way of saying that a language is not a gadget; it is a fund of embodied ideas, the first raw shape of poetry. Hence changes brought about by new forms and sounds in the web of its inner relations are as debatable as a piece of foreign policy or a bronze nude in a public square. I should like to illustrate this by treating of the evil passions wrapped up in the use of the verb *to contact*, but that is really a theme for a whole article.

3

HAVING shown the need, I return to the possibility, so often questioned, of rational argument about language. To appeal to usage, as do the enemies of such reasoning, is to beg the question, for usage is not an agent but a result — the result of innumerable “votes” cast over the years for or against a particular word. And the leaders in this popular choice are the men who write and speak professionally — the Roosevelts and Churchills, Hemingways and Audens. If, as often happens, such a man is also a theorist about his own art, he will tell us his loves and hates among vocables. As user and critic, he himself is the voice of usage, himself his own highest authority, with power of life and death over current forms. And as old words are not sacred and may be changed, so new ones are not sacred and may be liquidated. It is the one instance in which rational killing is no murder.

But the word “murder” reminds us that to speak of language as “living” is at best a slippery truth. Some languages continue to change while others do not or, like unspoken Latin and Greek, cannot. Actually, what makes a language live is that people speak it, whether or not their newspapermen spawn new expressions every morning. Indeed — and this reinforces the practical importance of arguing about words — it is not hard to imagine a tongue changing so rapidly and breeding so many new terms that it would “die” of overcrowding, confusion, and incoherence. Not every “addition” adds itself: it may displace a clearer, handsomer term or clutter up speechways until we find ourselves in a jungle barring communication. To put it abstractly, not all “growths” are equally fit for use, and there is no guarantee that the fittest will survive.

Mr. Mencken admits this in one place, and in a few others shows a willingness to pass judgment on some

of the monsters in his studbook. He speaks of words that seem to him “more urban than urbane” and of others whose Philistine or ephemeral attributes make them of doubtful value.

Among the latter one finds a product of Chicago journalism according to which a man-hater is called a *misterogynist*. It is not likely that the word will find favor and appear in future masterpieces by cynics yet unborn. But the fact of its coinage — or rather its counterfeiting — seems to me the symptom of a disease now attacking American speech. This hybrid word, which takes the Greek root for “woman” and tacks it on to *mister* out of a doped inkling of what *misogynist* means, does indeed betray an interest in words, but hardly an informed or a critical interest: it is the interest of pretentious illiteracy.

And daily experience, confirmed by Mr. Mencken’s collection, shows that this is no isolated state of mind. When a taxi driver, holding out his palm to the first drops of rain, says: “Another one fraught with precipitation!” or when a young soldier, joshing his fellows in slang, winds up with “Aw! don’t be unmitigated!” one should perhaps wonder whether spoken American is still the fresh, tough, imaginative vernacular we boast of, or actually past its prime and tricked out in frippery old and new.

This is the point where I feel that critical lexicographers like Mr. Mencken should give us some principles and rules of thumb. At one time the vagaries of the press or of the downright foolish could be ignored; we could trust to the common language used in print to keep our speech relatively fixed. But mass reading of mass literature has broken down the dyke. There is no main stream; rather there is a flood of mixed jargons. “Entertainment” and topical books are couched in a slang that will be unintelligible twenty years hence; next to these are their counterparts in academic, pseudo-technical, or coterie prose. Pick up for comparison with either sort a mid-Victorian book — say Carlyle’s *Frederick the Great* — and you get, not the “stuffiness” that you expect, but genuine colloquial English mixed, like sparkling water, with a little Scotch.

To be sure, there have always been cant words, slang, and academic must; that is precisely the point: they existed and were consciously neglected or attacked. Today we multiply their kind and wallow among them indiscriminately. Only think of the needless enormities we have fashioned and got used to in the last few years: *evaluate* (everything at every turn); *collaborationist*; *specialistic* (throughout the Harvard Report); *absenteeism* (misused for absences from work); *nourishments* (that is, snacks between meals at military hospitals); *issuance* (usually in *pursuance* of somebody’s — not order, but *ordinance*); *radioitis* (and other *-itis* words, quite meaningless); *vis-à-vis* (“be careful *vis-à-vis* the steam table”); *finalize*, *directive*, *to implement*, *cheeseburger* — the list stretches on: read Mr. Mencken.

To trust to the digestive powers of usage alone seems, in these conditions, rather too blithe. It

amounts to fatalism, a gay and even perverse fatalism, since its adherents call any attack on these parasitic growths meddlesome and inimical to "life" — as if life in a language were not simply the power to remain intelligible over wide areas and reasonably long periods of time. This is the problem, at any rate, for an imperial language; yet from learned as well as secular quarters the one solution proposed is the superartifice of a so-called Basic idiom — a kind of linguistic contraception — which not even the inventors' fellow citizens can understand without study or study without laughter.

4

ODDLY enough, the same Americans who do not hesitate to confuse, misuse, duplicate, and miscegenate words remain absurdly conventional about grammar, especially in print. On second thoughts, there is nothing odd about it, for it is part of the same uncertain desire to show off knowledge, fostered in this case by the etiquette of the "Write It Right" books and editorial style sheets. Yet when everybody "knows enough" not to split an infinitive, or makes some similar bugbear equivalent to a knowledge of the mother tongue, it is perhaps time to reconsider what the schools and the books should teach as good English.

In the last edition of *The American Language*, Mr. Mencken had a chapter on "the Future of the Language," part of which dealt with the vernacular as against the "correct" grammar. This chapter is to be amplified in the forthcoming Second Supplement, and it will be interesting to see whether he considers any of these deviations to have become good usage.

For my part, I should like to see war made on dinosaur words (clumsy and obscene) like *misterogynist*, and generally on the impulse to make up a new and special word for each minute variation in common experience. But I should even more strenuously attack the conservatism that refuses to sanction well-established popular usages in grammar. Vernacular grammar not only simplifies; I also think its reasoned acceptance would teach us something about the genius of the language that is obscured by our shoddy and excessive word-making. For example, preferring *aint I?* to the prissy *am I not?*; getting rid of *whom*; and accepting *he dont* (with no apostrophe in this or similar contractions) would really be "modernizing" in a fashion tolerably practical and democratic.

Everyone will at once think of other forms also pressing for recognition — the use of *like* for *as* with verbs, first of all: it is current in the South, in England, in Suburbia; precedents for it exist in the prose of poets from Shakespeare to William Morris and Day Lewis; it is simple, sharp, and clear; and what is perhaps just as important, the enforcement of the "correct" usage has begun to generate absurdities. Last year I read in a dispatch from the front: "As the English, we attacked at dawn."

The same considerations apply to two other stumbling blocks: the right adjective or pronoun to follow *everyone*, *anyone*, *nobody*, *everybody*, and the like; and the use of adverbs with verbs expressing motion or condition: "Pass it quick" — or "quickly"? As to the first difficulty, it seems to me clear that good sense requires us to say "Everybody took their hats and filed out." *His-or-her* is idiotic. Cardinal Newman did not disdain the plural, and it recurs throughout the recently published literary remains of a fine American stylist, F. Scott Fitzgerald. If *everybody* aren't plural now, it's high time they were.

As to the second, the right impulse is equally plain: whenever possible use the short form — and do it quick. New England will hold out to the last, very likely, with its ingrained habit of "rest easily," and "I feel terribly" (which *ought* to mean, respectively, "be lazy" and "I am numb") but the overwhelming tendency is shown by "drive slow," "he talks silly," "don't act insane." Here again, sense and simplicity go together. If the *New Yorker* tidbits bore the caption "This item from Dubuque is reprinted *entire*," we should be spared the pompous "in its entirety" as well as the ghostly presence of "this item, reprinted entirely."

Other concessions to instinctive practice might be made which I cannot argue here. I think we fuss too much about dangling participles. Only a few are ludicrous or reprehensible. Let us also have the so-called "fused" form — "I can't stand him grumbling"; it is not quite the same as "*his* grumbling" and distinctions are worth having. Contrariwise, I should be willing to forget the differences between those erratic duplicates, *lie* and *lay*, *sit* and *set*; though I am not yet willing to die a martyr to this cause.

To deliberately adopt some of these new habits, new though ancient in "bad usage," would naturally seem to many a piece of self-inflicted violence. Yet that is how change, "growth," improvement, simplification, and all the kindred merits we vaunt in our speech must come about. And in making the suggestion I am not merely having my say according to the privilege I claimed earlier for conscious writers. I am also trying to reinforce the choices already expressed by those whose ways of speech unconsciously follow some felt need *in the language itself*.

This is an important difference. The coiners whose words I attacked respond to needs outside language: the advertiser wants to sell; the journalist wants to astonish; the bureaucrat wants to impress. You may say the writer similarly wants to charm or persuade, but presumably as a craftsman he cherishes language and follows rules arising from his daily handling of it — rules that are often hard to state, but which those other improvised tinkers do not even suspect exist. Neither does the neutral public that endures when it might be made to judge. Hence my regret that Mr. Mencken, the satiric guardian angel of our national soul, should not hold it a part of his great task to exhibit formally, side by side with his own genius, that of our language.

WIND—120 KNOTS

by CPL. WALTER CABOT PAINE

1

OKINAWA, October 12, 1945

DEAR MOTHER AND DAD: I know you must be worrying. We are all, by a miracle of luck, *alive!* This has been, and probably will remain, the most tremendous experience of our lives, so I will try to tell you a little of what took place. Today is Friday. We are back at our anchorage, having come in this morning.

Last Sunday morning we got the first warning. The skipper was ashore, but ordered "Steam up" by radio; he returned by helicopter. We lashed everything down and put to sea, heading north up the Okinawa coast on the China side. She rode well Sunday, and Monday we rounded the north end of the island, heading back on the Pacific side. We were halfway down the island and 85 miles to the east when it happened. The typhoon which started at Guam and described a large semicircle toward the East China Sea recurved unexpectedly. We already knew from reports how bad it was, but, heading south as we were, expected it to pass without doing much harm, going northwest on the other side of the island.

We got no warning till too late. It recurved. The Navy told us to take a southeast course, but the typhoon curved till the center was sure to pass between us and the island. It was a sharp curve; usually they buffet out on the China coast.

All Tuesday morning the wind and the sea rose gradually; the barometer jumped erratically. By noon the sea reached 15 feet, and the wind was around 50 miles per hour. All meals ceased and sandwiches started. She began to pitch heavily (we were heading right into it). Premature darkness fell at 4.00; the sea was streaked with off-white froth, and some waves were starting to break on themselves. All watertight doors were closed, all portholes clogged; all men were ordered below or, if on deck, to wear preservers. Some of us who knew what was coming were afraid; others laughed, saying it would be just like the last four. (We thought we were used to them. Later those same men were on their knees!)

A Bostonian, CPL. WALTER CABOT PAINE of the USAAC, after serving as a gunner aboard a Liberty ship converted to an aircraft repair unit, is now at Okinawa as Educational Adviser for the Army Educational Program of the Eighth Air Force.

At 8.00 p.m., the wind started its rise from a howl to a tearing screech. She started to shudder, rolling heavily, but, because we are fairly light, riding, not plowing, the seas. I never sleep below, but have a sack on a steel shelf under the flight deck protected by another shelf over my head and raised above the main deck. It used to be used for carburetor repair; now I inhabit it.

She started to roll frightfully at 9.00, almost dipping up water in her rails 40 feet above the sea. Some large oil drums near me broke loose and started to careen crazily about the decks, spilling their contents and making kindling of 4" x 4" timber benches that we use for repair stands. Several of us succeeded by flashlight in trapping and lashing all but two. Those two did untold damage all night. Originally they were secured with 1½-inch manila rope; believe it or not, such was the snap of her roll, they broke loose!

After securing the drums, I glanced at the rails. We had to crawl about — she would have thrown us and broken every bone if we lost our balance. Oil, 100-octane gas, and acetone covered her forward. All smoking was forbidden. Seas, huge beyond anything I had ever dreamed, hung over us, broke, buried us in froth, and streamed down the deck. After each, she slowly shook herself all over, the tremble starting at the bow and running along the keel till the screw came clear out of the water as she plunged to meet the next one. I couldn't stay on my sack, but got up, crawled and clawed my way to the waist, avoiding the drums and 500-pound rolls of cable that charged around on deck.

Every roll she made brought more cans of paint and other inflammables down from their storage under the flight deck; they have to be put there, as you cannot have inflammables below on a ship. The roll was 35 degrees each side. We could not understand why we didn't go right on over. We heard one good reason later — the skipper let sea water, 1000 tons of it, into two of the oil tanks, cutting down our fuel but probably saving our lives and the ship.

Terror had most of the men by the throat. I was scared, but knew she would be O.K. if only he could keep her into it. Somehow I reached the bridge ladder — this was around 12.00; the center was supposed to

be upon us at 1.00 or so. With a hell of an effort I made it up to the flying bridge and was stunned by what I saw. Thank God the men below could not see it. Our bridge is about 60 feet off the water. As I looked out, the air was filled with driven foam and those wave tops were breaking, curling, and reaching for us level with my knees!

Every plate in her groaned, and the twisting, shuddering, suffering of the hull could be heard over the gale and the bullish rushes of shifting cargo. We did a drunken polka between mountains of water. Never have I tried to hold to such an elusive deck. On every step and crawl it went out from under, left me fallen forward on my chin, with my nails digging into the tar covering.

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MY FRIEND Reno was on the wing in great peril of his life answering the SOS of a wretched LST ahead which lost a screw and its front doors. While he worked the blinker, stabbing, in between the mountains, then waiting till they passed, another man knelt behind him, arms around his legs, holding him on. It's easy to tell this now — calm, sitting in the harbor — but at the time, I cried and choked inside to see the courage of these men. I wanted to see them all, their faces, and hear their thoughts. Losing my footing on the ladder (I had oilskins and boots on) I swung out, but only for a moment.

As I entered the bridge wheelhouse, the binnacle light reflected off several tense faces.

The Captain stood next the helmsman, saying, "What's she heading now?" He would reply, "One hundred and twenty-five degrees, sir."

The Captain would say, "More right rudder."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"What's she heading now?"

"One hundred and twenty-two, sir."

"My God! My God!" Almost in a whisper, he would say it over and over, till finally the rudder would be in the water long enough to take hold and she would painfully put her nose into the wind again.

At times three men would grab the wheel. No matter how far right they spun it, she would still keep falling off till in your heart you *knew* she was going sideways, done for. You closed your eyes — silence from all — till you felt her suddenly lurch, shake herself, and wearily face it for the hundredth time! She is brave, this ship, but no more so than these men, who with SOS's all around, kept *her* from throwing in the sponge.

The wind instrument was playing "Oh, Promise

Me" at 120 knots! I heard the Captain say as the canvas flying-bridge cover left us, "In all my thirty-seven years of sail and steam, I've never seen a worse one. I tell you, if she throws the screw, we're done."

You see, we couldn't speed her up, because the screw spent most of the night out of the water racing the air, and would have vibrated off if we were to try to make more headway. I stayed on the bridge and in the radio room for the height. What I heard over the radio was an agony I couldn't bear — good men and ships calling for "immediate assistance — I'm sinking."

As I left the bridge, the worst had passed, though I still could not see the main deck for spray and flying parts. Passing the Chaplain's office on the main deck, I saw a wonderful sight. There on their knees, hands clasped, were two men. The Chaplain held the men upright and read from a little book. One was a Catholic about thirty years old. He told me next day he thought the last was at hand and had made a confession. Poor Chaplain — comes from the Midwest and was probably as terrified as anyone in the ship, but he held services.

About 3.00 the wind let up — to around 90! Sea was still what the Navy called "phenomenal" — over 45 feet. I hit the sack, and even amid the crash of gas drums, paint cans, crocks raining acid, shattering wood, was able to sleep. My berth on the shelf was far enough above the deck to avoid all but the highest waves that might wash over her. A few did — one carried my shoes away, but I retrieved them after 15 minutes of feeling around.

Dawn came. I got up and went below. The shops defied description — huge lathes had come loose; welding rods covered every square inch of floor. Test instruments broader than they are high lay uprooted on their narrow sides. Oil and gas covered the whole interior with a slick film. But she stood it with about \$50,000 damage and no lives lost. Magnificent seamanship and luck pulled us through.

We heard the island's fate today, after cruising since Tuesday. In the whole six days we made one complete circle of the island. The news (as you probably have it) is 90,000 homeless on the island and all construction destroyed. The dead number over 100; seven ships (so far unknown) went down with a loss of 85 officers and men. Bodies are washing ashore. It looks now as though most troops may leave the island, leaving only 36,000, as there's no food here, and no tents. Everything must be flown in by B-29 from Manila and Guam. Looks as though we shall go to Guam very soon.

Much love,

WALTER

THE MEDICAL USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY

by ROBLEY D. EVANS

1

For twelve years now, nuclear physicists have been able to produce in their laboratories a slow release of usable amounts of atomic energy, by transmuting stable atoms of the ordinary chemical elements into artificially radioactive forms of the same or different elements. The atom-smashing experiments of the physicists, carried out in many laboratories throughout the world in a coöperative quest for a better understanding of nature, have produced a new scientific tool, artificial radioactivity, which already has found wide applications in all fields of science and technology.

Biologists and physicians quickly saw that many of their unsolved problems might yield to attack with this new tool. Physicists took time out from their studies of fundamental problems in nuclear physics to collaborate with workers in the life sciences in basic studies of the process of living. In the hands of these teams of scientific investigators in the physical and biological sciences, the use of artificial radioactivity has resulted in a series of medical discoveries and in the development of new therapeutic techniques which have saved thousands of lives.

The use of atomic energy did not interest statesmen or Congressional committees in the 1930's, when these discoveries were being made. But the sober truth is that through medical advances alone, atomic energy has already saved more lives than were snuffed out at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

We must understand something of the nature of the atom before we can understand the use it will have, say, in medical research. In modern scientific activities, only the engineer deals with objects whose dimensions can be readily appreciated by the human mind. The height of a man, the length of a bridge, the weight of a turbine, or the speed of a motorcar are all magnitudes that we can appreciate readily through our five fundamental senses.

This domain lies midway between those with which the astronomer and the nuclear physicist must deal.

On the one hand, the astronomer is concerned with distances and masses and times so vast that we cannot appreciate their size, as compared with the experiences of everyday life. At the opposite end of the scale, in the domain of the atomic and nuclear physicists, the dimensions are so minute as to challenge comprehension.

Being small, atoms are also numerous. A glass of water contains about 20 million million million million atoms. If we could increase the size of each atom in a glass of water until each atom became the size of a grain of sand, say one millimeter in diameter, then the atoms from a glass of water, if they were spread over the entire ocean and land surface of the earth, would cover the earth to a depth of over 300 feet.

Atoms are mainly empty space. Each atom of any chemical element consists of a small, dense, positively charged nucleus surrounded at relatively large distances by a small number of electrons, more or less as our sun is surrounded by its planets. And each of these sub-atomic particles, the nucleus and its attendant electrons, has only about 1/100,000 the diameter of the atom. Only the very outermost electrons are involved in ordinary chemical and biochemical reactions. The inner electrons, as well as the atomic nucleus, remain relatively unaware of the chemical or biochemical activity of the outer, or valence, electrons of the atom — during even the most violent explosions of the non-atomic variety.

An explosion represents a sudden release of energy, which the physicist defines as the capacity for doing work. Every day, each of us makes use of many forms of energy. The group of devices and accessories which is the modern automobile is a striking example of the conversion and use of many forms of energy. Chemical energy in the gasoline changes through combustion in the cylinders to thermal energy. The pistons convert this energy of heat into mechanical energy, which drives the car along the road and runs the generator to produce electrical energy. The electrical energy changes to luminous energy in the lights, acoustical energy in the radio, mechanical energy in the windshield wiper or fan, and chemical energy in the storage battery.

There are still other forms of energy, one of which

A native of Nebraska who was educated at California Institute of Technology, ROBLEY D. EVANS was the winner in 1937 of the Theobald Smith Medal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Since 1934 he has been engaged in teaching and research on radioactivity at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he is Professor of Physics.

is mass itself. A mass of 454 grams is attracted toward the earth by gravity with the force of one pound. Mass is the fundamental property of weighable material. Over forty years ago Einstein explained theoretically the quantitative equivalence of mass and other forms of energy. Mass represents the most highly concentrated form of energy known. If we could convert one pound of matter — that is, 454 grams of mass — completely into electrical energy, we should obtain by this conversion 12 billion kilowatt-hours of electrical energy, which is more than the total monthly output of the entire United States electrical power industry in 1939. This is more than a million times the amount of energy or work which can be obtained by burning a pound of some such fuel as gasoline or coal.

The conversion of mass into mechanical or kinetic energy, and the reverse process of the conversion of various forms of energy into mass, have been routine procedures in the laboratories of nuclear physicists for decades. We do not know how to convert all of a given mass into other forms of energy. The best reactions result in only a slight reduction of the mass of the starting material.

Even in the A-bomb those atoms which go through fission lose only one tenth of one per cent of their original mass. Most nuclear reactions which involve the interconversion of mass energy and other forms of energy manage to change the mass of the reacting component by less than one part in a thousand. The reason is that the atoms involved are never totally destroyed, but are only changed to other slightly lighter atoms or fragments, and the reduction in mass is but a minute fraction of the total mass originally present. Even the energy liberated in ordinary chemical reactions, such as the burning of gasoline, comes ultimately from a slight loss of mass of the total reacting components. The change of mass into energy is only about one-billionth as great in chemical reactions as it is in nuclear reactions.

In chemistry, an element is defined as a substance which cannot be decomposed by ordinary chemical processes into a simpler chemical substance. Common and well-known chemical elements are such materials as hydrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, iron, gold, radium, and uranium. In 1940 there were 92 known chemical elements. Two additional synthetic chemical elements, neptunium and plutonium, have been produced since then by the nuclear transmutation of uranium.

The simplest atom in nature is that of ordinary hydrogen, whose nucleus consists of a single "proton" (a particle carrying a positive charge) and which has but one atomic electron (a negatively charged particle). The next atom in the series is that of heavy hydrogen, whose nucleus contains one proton and one neutron (neutral particle). In heavy hydrogen too there is but one atomic electron; hence the chemical properties are those of hydrogen, although the chemical atomic weight is about twice that of ordinary hydrogen.

Since the chemical properties of the various elements are dictated by the number and configuration of the electrons, these two types of hydrogen atoms will behave identically. They are therefore called "isotopes"; that is, they have the "same place" in the Mendeléeff Periodic Table of the Chemical Elements. Some elements have only one stable isotope, while others, such as tin, have as many as ten stable isotopes.

The most complicated nucleus known in nature is the heavy and more common form of uranium. This nucleus contains 92 protons; hence uranium has an atomic number of 92 and the neutral uranium atom contains 92 electrons. This nucleus also contains 146 neutrons, making a total of 238 particles in the nucleus; hence the atomic weight of the common form of uranium is 238 — an atomic weight which, since August 6, has become familiar to readers of newspapers.

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URANIUM, like several other heavy elements, such as thorium and radium, is not a completely stable nuclear configuration, possibly because of its excessive weight and complexity. It can become more nearly stable by splitting off from itself and expelling a nuclear fragment called an alpha particle. This effort toward stabilization constitutes the alpha-ray radioactivity of heavy elements, and the swiftly moving alpha ray has great usefulness as an atomic bullet in nuclear transmutation experiments. When an alpha particle splits off and is expelled from its nucleus, careful measurement discloses that the mass of the products of the disintegration is smaller than the mass of the uranium atom. This reduction in mass appears quantitatively as the kinetic energy — the energy of motion — of the expelled alpha particles.

Some other heavy nuclei exhibit other types of nuclear transformation in their efforts to become more stable. Thus the form of lead known as radium-D, which is a decay product of radium and is found in all uranium ores, emits beta rays. In such cases one of the neutrons in the nucleus changes into a proton. This transformation, if it were all that happened, would result in the appearance of a new unit positive charge on the nucleus.

But the conservation laws of physics preclude the possibility of the creation of electrical charge of one sign only, and permit only the simultaneous appearance of equal and opposite amounts of electrical charge. Consequently, when the neutron changes into a proton, we must expect that at the same time one unit of negative electrical charge — that is, an atomic electron — will be created. The excess nuclear energy which originally induced this transformation to take place is now given to the electron, which is expelled from the nucleus and from the atom with a relatively large kinetic energy of motion. Here again, the total mass of the products is less than that

of the original atom, and the difference appears as kinetic energy of the fragment.

Some nuclei, after undergoing a primary radioactive transformation, release still further amounts of nuclear energy through the emission of electromagnetic radiation, similar in fundamental character to light and X-rays. These are known as gamma rays.

In a naturally radioactive element like radium there is going on continuously, and at a rate which man cannot alter, a slow conversion of mass to kinetic energy of motion of the disintegration particles and to gamma rays. These atomic "bullets" are emitted at a tremendous velocity and are destructive to any atom through which they pass.

Many decades ago, it was discovered that these radiations are more destructive to organic tissue of rapid growth, such as cancer tissue, than they are to normal tissue. On this basis, radium and other radioactive substances found an early and continuing use in the therapy of malignancies. The energy which is used to destroy the cancer tissue is strictly atomic energy released by the slow conversion of a small fraction of the nuclear mass into kinetic energy of the disintegration radiations.

Various electrical instruments have been developed which can count one by one the disintegration particles from a group of radioactive atoms. Measurement is possible because the swift motion of the disintegration particle through air or other gases smashes a number of atoms of the gas into a free electron and a positively charged atomic residue, or ion. The presence of these electrified particles makes the gas a conductor of electricity. Sensitive electronic instruments, such as the Geiger-Müller counter, can therefore report the presence of the particles, as electrical pulses in the output circuit of an electronic amplifier.

The detection instruments now in use provide a previously undreamed-of sensitivity in the determination of minute quantities of chemical substances which happen to be radioactive, because they permit the counting of atoms individually, instead of requiring, as in the case of weighing with a chemical balance, the accumulation of millions of billions of atoms to obtain a minimum weighable quantity.

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AS FAR back as 1913 Georg von Hevesy and Fritz Paneth found that the chemical properties of the radioactive substance radium-D were identical with those of lead. Moreover, when a small amount of radium-D was mixed with a sample of lead, it was impossible by any chemical means to separate the two. Historically, this was one of the earliest proofs of the existence of isotopes, for radium-D is simply a beta-ray-emitting heavy radioactive isotope of lead.

The inability of these workers to separate radium-D from lead was a small but important scientific advance. It was like so many other small advances along the frontiers of fundamental science, which

when taken together represent the advancing wave of our understanding and conquest of nature.

It occurred to these workers that a small amount of radium-D could be added to lead, and that subsequently the highly sensitive radioactive determination of radium-D could be used as a quantitative measure of the amount of the lead sample present even after elaborate chemical or biological reactions had taken place. They performed, then, the first deliberately planned experiment using a radioactive "tracer," and subsequently they and their students used the method of radioactive tracers in studies of the biochemistry of lead, the mechanism of chemical reactions, the properties of colloids, surface adsorption, and many other matters.

There are 39 naturally occurring radioactive isotopes of the elements having atomic numbers between 81 and 92, and all these isotopes are found in minerals containing the parent radioactive substances uranium and thorium. Stable isotopes, however, are possessed by only three of these chemical elements: those with atomic numbers 81, 82, and 83, which are the chemical elements thallium, lead, and bismuth.

For this reason the practical use of the method of radioactive tracers was at first limited to those fields of science and those problems in which thallium, bismuth, and lead were concerned — either directly, or indirectly in combination with other chemical elements which would react with them. Although this was a severe limitation, many important investigations were carried out with minute, unweighable amounts of these elements.

Twelve years ago, in the early part of 1934, Irène Curie and Frédéric Joliot announced their accidental discovery of the artificial production, through nuclear reactions induced by alpha-ray bombardment, of radioactive isotopes of three light elements — nitrogen, silicon, and phosphorus. By this time the cyclotron had been developed into a powerful and fairly reliable machine. Using the cyclotron and other atom-smashing instruments, physicists found in a few years that all the chemical elements could be transmuted, and that radioactive isotopes of all the chemical elements could be artificially produced. By 1940 there were known some 370 radioactive isotopes of the 83 stable chemical elements.

In the production of nearly half of these isotopes, the cyclotron remains the most prolific production machine. More than 200 of the 370 known radioactive isotopes can be produced by neutron bombardment of stable chemical elements. The greatest yields of radioactive materials involving these elements are obtained through the use of the uranium piles developed in the atomic bomb projects.

As soon as radioactive isotopes of elements having physiological importance, such as carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, iron, iodine, and others, became available, medical men were quick to join with their physicist colleagues in putting the exquisitely sensitive methods of radioactive tracers to work in the solution of a wide variety of mysteries in the physi-

ology and pathology of plants and animals. The great merit in the use of radioactive tracers is that it literally provides a way of marking a few atoms and of following these atoms as they proceed through even the most complicated metabolic processes in either diseased or normal organisms. At last we could distinguish between, for example, atoms of phosphorus in the enamel of a rat's incisors, which had been there for months, and atoms of phosphorus which the animal had drunk in its milk at a particular meal very recently.

In the method of radioactive tracers a new analytical tool of unparalleled sensitivity became available to medical men. The method is to be classed with other analytical techniques now widely used by workers in all fields, but coming originally as by-products of fundamental research in physics. These have included such well-known devices as the analytical balance, the microscope, the X-ray, the spectograph, the electron microscope, and others.

Once it has been produced, each of the man-made radioactive isotopes — like those that occur in nature — disintegrates with a rapidity which is determined solely by its own internal constitution. This rapidity of disintegration is not altered by any chemical or physical processes to which the isotope may later be subjected. Some radioactive isotopes have extremely long lifetimes, requiring a span of a thousand years for the disintegration of half the atoms produced. Others have "half periods" of a few years or days or hours. Still others have half periods of only a few seconds, and are of interest only to physicists, because their half periods are too short to permit them to be used in protracted tracer experiments. Happily, most chemical elements have at least one radioactive isotope with a reasonably long half period.

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DURING the war one group of American physicists and several groups of the biochemists, hematologists, and physicians working in medical centers throughout the United States and Canada were teamed together in a successful attack, by the method of radioactive tracers, on the problem of preserving whole blood for long periods and under such conditions that it could withstand the rigors of air shipment to our distant battlefronts.

When the war began, many blood banks were in operation in which human blood could be stored for periods up to five days and then transfused safely into the sick or injured. In the treatment of certain battle casualties and in the prevention or management of some cases of shock, transfusions with whole blood were required. It was undesirable to obtain this blood by bleeding of reserve troops, especially in the Pacific theater, for a variety of reasons, including the possible transmission of tropical diseases, such as undetected malaria. The armed forces called for a blood preservative solution which could be added to freshly

drawn whole blood and which would keep it in excellent condition for a minimum of twenty-one days.

The crucial test of a satisfactorily preserved blood is that the transfused red cells remain in circulation in the recipient's blood stream so that they can transport oxygen to the tissues. In testing a sample of preserved blood it was necessary to distinguish between the recipient's own red cells and the red cells which he had received by transfusion. A method of marking without injury to the stored red cells was therefore required. Radioactive isotopes of iron were used for this purpose.

The process was this: a small fraction of manganese was transmuted into a radioactive isotope of iron, which has a half period of about five years. The bombarded manganese target was turned over to the chemists in the radioactive scientific team. Mixing a few milligrams of ordinary iron with the dissolved manganese target, they then separated chemically a small quantity of iron tagged with the radioactive isotope of iron.

It must be emphasized that the radioactive tracer atom behaves normally and is chemically identical with all other atoms of the same element until the radioactive transition occurs. The radioactive isotopes are actually spies which go around unrecognized in the company of normal atoms of the same chemical type and at a later time reveal in detail the movements of the normal atoms which they accompany.

Having obtained a few milligrams of iron tagged with the radioactive isotopic tracer, the chemists then synthesized this iron into ferric ammonium citrate. After sterilization, the ferric ammonium citrate was turned over to the medical members of the scientific team, who made intravenous injections of small quantities of it in the volunteer human subjects who were subsequently to act as blood donors. These donors utilized the iron received by injection in the formation of hemoglobin, which they incorporated into the new red cells entering their circulating blood. In this way the donors' red cells became tagged by the radioactive iron atoms in the hemoglobin molecules of the red cells.

The donors then gave the standard 500 cubic centimeters of blood, and to this blood was added one of the many chemical preservative solutions whose merits were being studied. After storage at a predetermined temperature and for a specified time, this blood was transfused in a human recipient. Beginning immediately after the transfusion, small samples of the recipient's blood were taken at regular intervals. These blood samples were then measured for radioactive iron, using highly sensitive Geiger-Müller counters to measure the radiation emitted.

The degree of radioactivity of the recipient's circulating blood gave a direct measure of the survival of the transfused red cells in his circulating blood stream. The National Standard of a satisfactory transfusion, as established for this work, is that 70 per cent of the transfused red cells shall remain in the recipient's

circulation for at least forty-eight hours after the transfusion. Actually it was found that those red cells which had been damaged by storage or shipment were withdrawn from the recipient's circulating blood in the first two hours or so after the transfusion.

These methods served to screen out many preservatives which proved to be inferior, and led to the selection of a preservative known as ACD-1, which much more than meets the military requirements.

5

JUST at the time when the war was closing down fundamental research, another group of scientists were concluding the preliminary parts of a study of carbohydrate metabolism. Carbohydrates are thought to enter the blood as simple sugars, and any surplus is converted and stored in the liver as the animal starch glycogen. This glycogen provides a reserve supply of food which may be called on between meals, when the glycogen is changed back to blood sugar as needed. In the process, liver enzymes and insulin from the pancreas play important roles.

Sodium lactate in which particular carbon atoms had been tagged by using radioactive carbon atoms to synthesize the lactate was administered to a series of animals. Information on the details of the chemical reactions leading to the formation of liver glycogen as a result of the administration of this tagged lactate was sought by radioactive analysis of the new glycogen appearing in the livers of the experimental animals. The situation was found to be vastly more complicated than had been believed previously. In fact, it could be shown that a large proportion of the carbon atoms in the newly formed glycogen were actually from carbon dioxide being carried by the blood stream to the lungs for exhalation.

These and many other metabolic experiments have recently disclosed an extremely general, rapid, and widespread turnover and interchange among the molecules in the living body. Enzymatic equilibrium or steady-state reactions occur everywhere all of the time in the body. The isotopic tracers provide a unique method for investigating a normal animal or organism under equilibrium conditions. Calorie balance and nitrogen balance can be maintained rigorously during the entire course of the investigation.

That this procedure is a great step forward can be appreciated when we realize that our previous knowledge of intermediary metabolism had to come mostly from experiments performed under abnormal conditions. It was necessary to use organisms which were sick or poisoned, or from which certain tissues or organs had been removed. Abnormal or unnatural compounds had to be administered, or diets employed that were unduly enriched or impoverished in the test substances. It is small wonder that the results of such experiments were necessarily fragmentary and often incompatible with one another.

The entire field of physiology and biochemistry is

being re-examined with the powerful aid of the method of radioactive tracers. In many cases the new results already obtained are contrary to previously accepted points of view. These new results serve to clear away much deadwood and to give valid reasons for discarding many alternative or conflicting interpretations of old observations. The new results are establishing a firm basis on which biochemical and physiological knowledge can be rapidly and consistently enlarged.

Vitamin B₁ has been synthesized, using radioactive sulphur, and studies of its storage, utilization, and excretion have shown that 10 per cent of the vitamin B₁ in the human body is destroyed every twenty-four hours. Based on such definite evidence, dosage intervals and levels in human nutrition can be made on a much more scientific basis.

The thyroid gland plays a fundamental role in the regulation of growth and of body heat. Its principal hormonal secretion, thyroxine, is rich in iodine. The metabolism of this compound, which appears to be of basic importance in the proper functioning of the thyroid, has been studied in several laboratories over a period of years with the aid of radioactive iodine. The conversion of inorganic iodine into di-iodo-tyrosine in the thyroid gland and the subsequent formation of thyroxine from this chemical have been traced in quantitative detail in both normal and diseased thyroid glands.

Both normal and diseased thyroid glands take up iodine from the blood stream within a few minutes after administration, but the uptake is much greater in the case of an overactive, toxic, or hyperplastic gland. Both normal and hyperplastic thyroid glands take up a larger fraction of any single dose of iodine if the size of the dose is small. In patients with toxic goiter, the thyroid gland may take up as much as 80 per cent of a single orally administered dose of sodium iodide if the total amount of iodine in the dose is one milligram or less.

When X-rays are used for radiation therapy, the X-rays knock individual electrons from some of the atoms in the irradiated tissue and project these electrons forward with high velocity. These high-velocity electrons then interact with a large number of other atoms in neighboring tissue cells to produce effects which are highly damaging or lethal to the cells traversed by the secondary electrons. This is the essence of the physical phenomena involved in the therapeutic use of X-rays.

But the beta rays given off by radioactive isotopes are also high-speed electrons. Physically, they are indistinguishable from the secondary electrons produced by X-rays. Therefore the beta rays of radioactive isotopes could be used for therapeutic purposes provided that they were present in sufficiently great numbers to produce a radiation effect. Through the use of the cyclotron and the uranium pile developed for use in the A-bomb, sufficiently strong sources of radioactive isotopes can now be obtained.

In the case of toxic goiter in human beings, as I

have said, a small, orally administered dose of iodine is rapidly concentrated in the thyroid gland alone. By using an accurately controlled amount of a radioactive isotope of iodine, it is possible then to deliver to the thyroid gland an amount of radiation which is equivalent to X-ray therapy.

Indeed, a much larger radiation dose can be readily administered in this manner than is possible with X-rays. When X-rays are used in treating the thyroid gland, these rays must pass through the skin and overlying tissue and nerves before reaching the thyroid, and the thyroid dosage often has to be limited in order to avoid doing irreparable damage to the overlying tissues. But radioactive iodine supplies the radiation from within the thyroid gland itself and produces substantially no effects in the surrounding tissues. Although the work is still in an experimental stage, encouraging results have been obtained in two medical clinics using radioactive iodine as the only therapeutic measure in the treatment of toxic goiter.

Through the use of radioactive phosphorus it was found some years ago that an administered dose of phosphorus is initially concentrated in the blood-producing centers. This discovery has formed the basis for the treatment of certain blood dyscrasias, notably the leukemias, and polycythemia vera. A large number of cases have been treated in many medical centers throughout the United States, and the results so far obtained indicate that radioactive phosphorus therapy is the only known satisfactory cure for polycythemia vera. No permanent cure is known for the leukemias, although several modes of treatment produce improvement. Among these is radioactive phosphorus, which is judged to be at least as effective as any other known therapy.

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THE therapeutic application of radioactive isotopes is a broad field for future research. Its only requirement is that some molecule be found which the body will concentrate in the diseased tissues needing radiation. It is then only necessary to synthesize this molecule, using a sufficiently strong sample of radioactive isotope. Naturally the quest for a desirable molecule is best carried on by using radioactive isotopes in the more minute amounts characteristic of tracer applications.

In all these therapeutic applications it is evident that the radiant energy actually used on the tissues is the kinetic energy of the disintegration particles from radioactive atoms. In many instances this atomic energy was stored in the atoms of the radioactive isotope as a result of the nuclear bombardment by which the material was produced. This mass energy is then converted at the time of the radioactive disintegration into useful radiant energy.

There is no question that the slow release of atomic energy in radioactive isotopes will have many and varied applications in medical research and in the treatment of disease. Fundamental investigations are needed in nutritional studies, in the behavior and improvement of drugs, in the mode of operation of various types of anesthetics, in the growth and treatment of malignancies, and in the mode of transmission of insect-borne diseases.

The wide need for adequate supplies of radioactive isotopes of the various chemical elements will quickly stimulate their industrial production. These materials ought to be commercially available to all types of laboratories in the near future. The specialized types of detection devices are beginning to be produced commercially by several competent electronic manufacturing concerns. This equipment should be sufficiently reliable to permit its being successfully operated by technicians and others having a minimal experience in the intricacies of the electronic circuits involved. It should be possible to bring these instruments to nearly the same state of universal usefulness as a household radio.

The problem of personnel is at the moment more difficult. So far, the most fruitful applications of these new techniques have been the results of teamwork between physicists and other scientists. There is need for a number of hybrid Ph.D.'s who can bridge the gap between physics and the other scientific fields and whose breadth of knowledge fits them to act as key men in the coöperative research teams of the present and future. At the moment such people are rare, and their scarcity is one of the educational deficits which our country has accumulated through its failure during the war years to permit the continuance of the scientific training of talented young men and women. The new tool of nuclear energy lies ready at hand for the infinite uses of peace, but the workmen have lost irreplaceable time through the stupidities of war.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

WAVES OF DARKNESS

by CORD MEYER, JR.

THEY lay in a hole just wide enough to lie in side by side, and not more than a foot deep. They had arranged that one should keep guard while the other rested. Every two hours they changed.

Lying on his stomach the lieutenant was able to prop himself up with his elbows to see over the mound of dirt. He held the Thompson gun in his arms and kept two grenades in readiness by his right hand. The even breathing of his friend comforted him with the knowledge that he was not alone. During the day, physical action and the necessity for decision occupied his mind. Now he had nothing to do but wait and watch. Each minute of waiting made the next more difficult.

He tried to remember the surrounding terrain as it had looked before the light failed. He looked for the broken stump of a coconut tree and the large boulder whose relative position he had deliberately impressed on his memory as he dug his hole. He had memorized the harmless shadows so that he might know the shadows of the real enemy for whom he waited. A heavy layer of clouds obscured the tropic stars and he could see nothing but the formless night, isolating in worlds apart each small hole with its occupants.

He continued to stare into the blackness with wide-open, unblinking eyes, and found fear crouched menacingly at the end of every corridor of thought. He deliberately attempted to lose his fear, and the hys-

teria that mounted in his heart, in another emotion, and strove to awaken lust by summoning up pornographic memories. It proved a poor substitute, and he could find hardly a passing interest in the indecent scenes that he paraded before his mind's eye.

Then he attempted to rationalize his fear. What was he afraid of, he asked himself. Death, was the simple answer. He knew that it might come at any moment out of the dark, carried on the bayonets of a banzai charge or dealt skillfully by the well-placed hand grenade of an infiltrating scout. He could not deny this fact on which his fear nourished and grew. It was inevitable that the enemy would attack during the night. They must know how thinly the line was held and that they would never again have such an opportunity. It was merely a question of time.

Most of his companions had a superstitious faith in their own luck. No matter how great the odds, the vast majority of his men always preferred to believe that though others might fall, they would not. It was only on the basis of this conviction that they found the courage for the risks they had to take. He preferred to think death inevitable. By absolving himself of all hope prior to each battle, he had found himself prepared for the most desperate eventualities. Now, with an effort of the will, he urged his mind down this accustomed path of reasoning. He stripped the night of its hideous pretensions to find only death, an old familiar companion. Though his fear remained, it became controllable, and this was all that he asked.

He turned his head sharply toward the sound of a gun fired offshore. An illuminating shell burst overhead with a soft popping sound, like the breaking of a Fourth of July rocket. For fear of being silhouetted against the light, he allowed only his eyes and the top of his helmet to project above the rim of dirt. He knew the shell was fired from a friendly destroyer lying off the beach, but it must have been ordered

With the phrase *An Atlantic "First,"* we shall hereafter signalize short stories by writers who are making their debut in the *Atlantic* — newcomers who seem to us of exceptional talent.

CORD MEYER, JR., who graduated from Yale in the class of 1943, was the leader of a machine-gun platoon in the 22nd Marine Regiment during our capture of Eniwetok and Guam. He was severely wounded, was decorated with the Bronze Star, and after his convalescence served as an aide to Commander Harold Stassen at the San Francisco Conference. Readers will remember his article, "A Serviceman Looks at the Peace," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for September.

because of the suspicion of enemy movement. With a scarcely audible hissing the flare settled slowly down.

The blasted coconut trees cast deceptive shadows that danced in slow rhythm as the flare swayed to and fro in its descent. The unearthly, pallid light accentuated rather than dispelled the threat of horror that the night held. It was impossible to distinguish shadow from substance. Every small depression in the ground was filled with darkness, and the line of thick jungle growth some sixty yards ahead presented an impenetrable question. He could make out nothing for certain. Each natural object assumed enormous and malevolent proportions in the shadows that lengthened toward him. He felt as if he were lost in the evil witch forest of some ancient folk tale and he shivered involuntarily.

With his finger on the trigger, he longed to let go a burst of fire in defiance, but restrained the impulse. In the game he played, the one who first revealed his position became the hunted and was lucky to escape with his life. The flare settled on the ground and burned up brightly for a moment. Then the night surged back. It was as if he sat in a theater where the scenes are silently shifted in the dark. Even more than before, the darkness seemed a curtain behind which some fantastic tragedy waited. Again the destroyer fired and a shell burst.

He glanced behind him and saw the village they had paid for so dearly during the day. It sprawled desolately beneath the uncertain light. No roof remained, and only a few of the walls stood upright, like the remnants of a decaying skeleton. It seemed an archaeological curiosity from the long-vanished past instead of a place where men had lived forty-eight hours ago. When the naval bombardment began, the natives had fled to the hills and left their town to the foreigners who fought in a war the inhabitants could not understand and the outcome of which could leave them no different than before. He guessed that there were many who had fought bravely, on both sides, who understood it all no better than the natives and had as little stake in eventual victory. The flare sank to earth behind the village. Ghostly, still as the dead that lay among its wreckage, he saw it in the flare's sick light as the symbol of all war.

The ship fired three more shells at irregular intervals. He waited for the fourth in vain. Each silent minute seemed a tiny weight added on a scale that slowly tipped toward destruction. He allowed himself to think of the dawn and looked hopefully for the long, thin streak of gray in the east, as if by some special dispensation the sun might rise six hours early. The day appeared infinitely remote, and he thought of it as one dreams of some distant and charming country which one has no real hope of ever seeing.

The small sound of a stick broken near-by focused all his senses. He twisted his body quickly and

brought the Thompson gun to bear in the direction from which the sound came. He held his breath and the blood drummed in his ears. His friend felt the movement and inched over onto his stomach. Together they stared fruitlessly into the blackness. Gradually the tension left his limbs, and he allowed his breath to escape softly.

"Guess it was nothing."

"Sand crabs probably. What time is it?"

Cupping his watch in his hands, as if the slightest wind might blow out the light, he made out the tiny green figures. It was four minutes past one.

"Past time. Your turn," he said.

He felt for the two grenades and put them into the hands of his friend. Without words they traded weapons.

He rolled over on his back. Unbuckling his chin strap, he rested his head in the leather harness of the helmet and stretched out his legs. There was hardly room for them, and he pushed his feet into the soft dirt at the end of the shelter trench. His breathing came easier. He was aware that there was just as much danger as ever, but he liked the feeling that he was no longer directly responsible. There was nothing now that he could do to prevent their being surprised, and his eyes closed. He did not attempt to sleep. Perhaps after two or three nights like this one, he thought, he would be tired enough. But not yet.

A cold, thin rain began to fall. He buttoned his dungaree jacket to the throat and hugged his body. There was nothing to do but lie there under the open sky. The earth in the narrow hole turned slowly to a sticky mud, and his clothes clung to him. A long spasm of shivering shook him. He wondered whether it was caused by cold or fear. The rain seemed a wanton addition to his misery. Slanting down, it pinned him to the earth.

For a moment he was overwhelmed by self-pity.

But gradually the rain no longer seemed directed especially against him. He felt its huge indifference and imagined how the tiny drops fell on all that lay without shelter beneath the night. The rain merged with the saltier oblivion of the sea, each drop leaving a transient ripple on its broad impassive face. It seeped down to the roots of the tropic plants and nourished that abundant life. With an equal carelessness it streaked the dirt on the faces of the living and washed the blood from the bodies of the friends he'd lost. He imagined the rain falling through the dark on their upturned, quiet faces.

2

SLOWLY he went over in his mind the names of the men of his command. Of the platoon of forty-four who had climbed up the steep beach in the morning, thirty remained to dig their holes in the evening. The bodies of the others lay behind to mark the path of the advance.

The lieutenant could form no continuous picture of

what had happened. With terrible clarity a particular scene would present itself, only to be replaced by another equally sharp but unrelated vision. It was as if he watched magic-lantern slides whose logical order had been completely disarranged.

He saw himself crossing a rice paddy and signaling his first squad to follow. There was the familiar whistle of an approaching shell and he flattened himself. When he looked up, the three men who had been carrying the machine gun lay sprawled in the open field. He ran back but they were past help. In the awkward attitudes of death, they looked like small boys who had flung themselves down to cry over some little sorrow. He wondered at the brute chance that chose them and left him alive.

He saw again the still body of one of the enemy collapsed against the wall of a trench with his head thrown back. The man was obviously dead, but in a moment of childish bravado he lifted his carbine and fired a bullet through the throat. The body did not move, and the high-cheekboned Oriental face continued lost in its impenetrable dream. A thin fountain of dark blood sprang from the hole in the throat and spilled down over the wrinkled uniform.

He stood staring and ashamed, feeling that he had wantonly violated the defenseless dead. One of his men walked past him and stood over the corpse. Casually and with a half smile he swung his rifle butt against the head, which wobbled from side to side under the impact. Jocularly, as if death were an intimate joke they shared together, his man addressed the corpse. "You old son of a bitch," he said, and there was a note of admiration in the remark.

He remembered standing behind a tank trying to direct its fire. A great bull whip seemed to crack by his ears and he fell to the ground as if some enormous hand had jerked him roughly by the shirt front. Scrambling to cover, he ripped open his dungaree jacket and found only a small welt. With resignation, for he understood that he could not continue to escape, he climbed to his feet. The bullet had torn through his breast pocket and cut the tip of the cigar he carried there. Though his fingers trembled, he lit the cigar with a melodramatic gesture and pretended a courage that he did not feel.

The day came crowding back. Again he was lying beside Everett, the youngest man in his platoon, under the remorseless sun. The boy had been shot through the abdomen and chest. A medical corpsman joined him and together they attempted to stop the flow of blood. Because of the continuous enemy fire, they had to keep close to the ground while they wound the bandage around the body. The flies gathered. The boy's head arched backward. His mouth was wide-open, gasping for air. Both the lieutenant and the corpsman knew in their hearts that there was no hope for the wounded man, but they tightened the bandages mechanically, as one might shut a house at evening to keep the night out.

"I've got to leave," he said to the corpsman, who kept waving the flies away with one hand while he

felt the failing pulse in the boy's wrist. "Has he got any chance?"

"Always a chance, Lieutenant," was the cheerful reply. "Now if we had him on a good clean operating table we'd bring him round in no time." The corpsman smoothed the hair back from the wet forehead with a tender gesture. Then, realizing there was no operating table and no need for professional optimism, he shook his head wordlessly and finally added, "I'll keep the flies away. They bother him."

When some time later the lieutenant returned the corpsman had gone to other duties and Everett lay dead and alone, the bandages dark with his blood. He had liked Everett best of all his men, and because of the boy's youthfulness felt particularly responsible for him. He remembered a letter he'd had to censor, which Everett had written to his mother just before the landing. It was full of hope and assurances that there was no need to worry. Now the body was covered with flies and already he thought he could detect the odor of decay. He caught the slight form under the armpits and dragged it to where a low bush cast a dark pool of shade. The feet, dragging limply, left two furrows in the sandy soil. Opening the pack, he took out the poncho and wrapped it carefully around the body, and stuck the rifle, bayonet first, into the earth as a marker for the burial detail.

Out on the oil-smooth sea the battleships and transports stood silhouetted against the burning sky. As he stared at them, he was surprised to find his vision blurred with tears. An unreasoning indignation shook him against all who had placed Everett where he lay. For the frightened enemy that shot Everett and was probably already dead he had pity. "But I wish," he thought, "that all those in power, countrymen and enemy alike, who decided for war, all those who profit by it, lay dead with their wealth and their honors and that Everett stood upright again with his life before him."

3

THEN the present claimed him. His friend was shaking him gently by the shoulder and whispering, "Listen." The rain had stopped but the earth still smelled of it. Then he heard. Overhead there was the beating of tremendous wings. He twisted quickly onto his belly and pressed his face into the dirt as the night's stillness exploded. The shell landed well to their rear. Then, like pond water gradually rearranging itself after it has been disturbed, the fragments of silence fell back into place.

Quickly he buckled on his helmet. He listened. Sharp and distinct came the sound for which he waited. It was the crack of a gun, but the pitch was higher than that of the destroyer's and the sound came from inland. Slowly he counted the seconds before the shell reached them. Then again the great wings beat overhead, only this time louder and more insistently. "The angel of death passing," he thought. The shell crashed to their rear still, but closer.

"Goddamn them, George. They're walking the stuff in on us."

"Must have somebody spotting for them right near," was the almost inaudible reply.

Because the unknown and imagined were more terrible than the known, he found relief in the certainty that the enemy's plans were no longer a total mystery. After adjusting their artillery fire onto the thinly defended line with a single gun, they obviously intended to open a barrage with all their batteries and probably follow it closely with a banzai charge.

The distant gun fired once again. The enforced inaction became almost intolerable. They must cower in their holes while the invisible enemy deliberately found the mathematical formula for their destruction. Each explosion closer than the last was like the footfalls of some enormous beast. The shell crashed in front of them this time instead of behind. The trap was set. In order to spring it the enemy gunners had only to split the difference between the range settings on the last two shots.

"Bracketed," George said.

It did not enter his head to pray. His mind was washed vacant by fear, and long fits of trembling ran through his body as he clutched the wet earth. The enemy batteries opened fire simultaneously and sent their shells curving through the night. Enough presence of mind remained for him to raise himself just off the ground with his elbows and toes in order to avoid the dangerous shock of a near miss.

The barrage fell on them. It ripped and plowed the earth into smoking craters and lit the night with the hot flash of the explosions. The deep roar of the shellbursts mingled with the high, despairing wail of jagged splinters of steel flung at random against the night. Indiscriminately the shells dropped.

A near miss erupted in a geyser of flame and sound close to their hole. His head rang with the concussion, and the fine earth sifted down over their bodies. The stinging smell of the high explosives lingered in his nostrils for a moment to remind him how tenuous was his hold on life. The casual purposelessness of the destruction appalled him. One moment you lived and the next you were snuffed out like an insect — no courage, no skill, no strength, could make one iota of difference. He pinned his faith on the narrowness of their small hole and endured, helpless and insignificant.

As suddenly as it had begun the barrage lifted. Softly he worked the bolt of his weapon back and forth to assure himself it was ready. "If they're going to come, they'll come now," he thought. By contrast the silence was more profound than ever and stretched like a precarious bridge from minute to minute, until the beating of his heart seemed to fill the world. The darkness pressed down on him, and the air itself seemed too thick to breathe. Tightening his grip on the weapon, he noticed that his hand was wet and slipped along the smooth wood of the stock.

"What in hell are they waiting for?" his friend murmured.

He did not answer. With a detachment that astonished him, he found himself suddenly able to look down on the spectacle as if he were no longer involved in it. On the one side, he saw his countrymen lying in their scooped-out holes with their backs to the sea, each one shivering with fright yet determined to die bravely. On the other, the poor peasantry from which the enemy recruited his soldiers were being herded into position like cattle, to be driven in a headlong charge against the guns. For a moment it appeared impossible to him that what was about to take place could actually occur. Adult human beings of the civilized world did not slaughter one another. There must be some mistake which could be corrected before it was too late.

What if he should get out of his hole and explain the matter reasonably to both sides? "Fellow human beings," he would begin. "There are very few of us here who in private life would kill a man for any reason whatever. The fact that guns have been placed in our hands and some of us wear one uniform and some another is no excuse for the mass murder we are about to commit. There are differences between us, I know, but none of them worth the death of one man. Most of us are not here by our own choice. We were taken from our peaceful lives and told to fight for reasons we cannot understand. Surely we have far more in common than that which temporarily separates us. Fathers, go back to your children, who are in need of you. Husbands, go back to your young wives, who cry in the night and count the anxious days. Farmers, return to your fields, where the grain rots and the house slides into ruin. The only certain fruit of this insanity will be the rotting bodies upon which the sun will impartially shine tomorrow. Let us throw down these guns that we hate. With the morning, we shall go on together and in charity and hope build a new life and a new world."

4

A SINGLE rifle shot interrupted his imaginary eloquence. "What a fool I am!" he thought. Suspended in that last moment when the whole black wall of the night seemed a dam about to break and engulf him, he felt utterly helpless. All the events of the past seemed to have marched inevitably toward this point in time and space, where he lay shivering between an implacable enemy and the indifferent sea. To object or to struggle was like shouting into a big wind that tears the words from the corners of one's mouth before even oneself can hear them. He, his friend, his countrymen, the enemy, were all dying leaves cast on the black waters of some mysterious river. Even now the current ran faster and the leaves whirled toward the dark lip of destruction.

The echoes of the rifle shot were lost now, and the wave of silence mounted and hung poised. Catching his tongue between his teeth, he held himself rigid to prevent the trembling. Then, at last, the night was

fulfilled, and the listeners had their reward. A long-drawn-out cry of furious exultation rose from the line of jungle growth, wavered, then rose higher in barbaric triumph.

"Now," his friend breathed.

A crescendo of rifle fire swept down the line in answer. The steady rattle of machine guns sounded in his ears. Rocked by conflicting emotions, hoping all, fearing all, confused by the roar of sound, he knew nothing but that he must defend himself. An illuminating shell burst. In its brief light he could make out figures stooped and running. Smoke swirled from his machine guns and obscured the scene with monstrous shapes. Flame from the muzzles leaped against the dark. Holding his weapon ready, he could find nothing to shoot at. The strange foreign voices, high with excitement, seemed all about him.

A bullet snapped overhead. He ducked instinctively. Near-by, a man screamed in the universal language of pain and he could not tell if it was friend or enemy. All human thought and emotion withered and died. Animal-like, he crouched, panting. Like a cornered beast run to earth at last, he awaited the fierce hunters. He could hear them at their savage work, uttering harsh, short cries of triumph, and he imagined them plunging the long bayonets through the twisting bodies of his companions. He could see nothing.

Then a voice began shouting, running the words together in an incomprehensible stream of speech. The firing faded to sporadic rifle shots.

"They're falling back," whispered his friend incredulously.

It was true. The high tide of the attack had rolled to the edge of the foxholes, wavered while a few grappled hand to hand, and then drifted back into the dark. In the battalion combat report long afterward it would read, "In the Battalion's first night ashore, C Company repelled a local counterattack in its sector and suffered minor casualties." For him, there had been such noise, confusion, and terror that he knew nothing for certain except that by some miracle he survived. He had not fired a shot. Gradually the tension left his limbs and he was aware again, almost gratefully, of physical discomforts, the wet clothes and the mud. He would have been willing to believe the attack a fevered nightmare if it had not left behind it appalling evidence. The cries of the wounded rose in supplication or diminished to low continuous moans of incoherent agony.

His watch showed half past one, and his friend shook his head in disbelief. Settling himself on his back again he could feel his heart still pounding. It seemed longer than ever to the dawn. The enemy might well attempt another mass attack, and the danger of infiltration was continuous. Looking up into the apex of the night, he noticed that the clouds were thinning and that a few stars shone with a cold, implacable brilliance. Full of a sweet regret, gentler times came back to him when in another land the

stars had seemed close and warm. Now it appeared as far to that land as it was to the stars, and as improbable a journey.

5

ABRUPTLY, a heavy object bounced in the hole and rested against his right leg. It lay there and gave off a soft hissing sound. Though he moved with all the speed in his body, he felt in a dreamlike trance and seemed to stretch out his hand as a sleepwalker toward the object. His fingers closed around the corrugated iron surface of a grenade, and he knew that it was his own death that he held in his hand. His conscious mind seemed to be watching his body from a great distance as with tantalizing slowness his arm raised and threw the grenade into the dark. In mid-flight it exploded and the fragments whispered overhead. Another bounced on the edge of the hole and rolled in. He reached for it tentatively, as a child reaches out to touch an unfamiliar object.

A great club smashed him in the face. A light grew in his brain to agonizing brightness and then exploded in a roar of sound that was itself like a physical blow. He fell backward and an iron door clashed shut against his eyes.

He cried aloud once, as if through the sound the pain that filled him might find an outlet to overflow and diminish. Once more a long, rising moan was drawn from him and he lifted his hands in a futile gesture as though to rip away the mask of agony that clung to his face. Then, even in that extremity, the will to survive asserted itself. Through the fire that seemed to consume him, the knowledge that the enemy must be near-by made him stifle the scream that rose in his throat. If he kept quiet they might leave him for dead, and that was his only hope.

There was no time yet to wonder how badly he had been hurt. Like a poor swimmer, he struggled through the successive waves of pain that crashed over him. There would be a respite and then, again, he would be engulfed, until the dim light of consciousness almost went out. He pressed his hands to his temples, as if to hold his disintegrating being together by mere physical effort. His breath came chokingly. He allowed his head to fall to one side and felt the warm blood stream down his neck. There were fragments of teeth in his mouth and he let the blood wash them away.

It did not seem possible that anyone could have done this to him without reason. In a world on the edge of consciousness, he forgot the war and kept thinking that there must be some personal, individual explanation for what had happened. Over and over he repeated to himself, "Why have they done this to me? Why have they done this to me? What have I done? What have I done?" Like an innocent man convicted of some crime, he went on incoherently protesting his innocence, as if hoping that heaven itself might intervene to right so deep a wrong.

At last he became calmer. Hesitantly, he set out

to assess the damage done his body. The pain was worst in his face, but to investigate it was more than he yet dared. His right arm moved with difficulty, and blood slipped down his shoulder. It seemed that his ears were stuffed with cotton or that he stood at the end of a long corridor to which the sounds of the outside world barely penetrated.

From a great distance he heard a heavy thud on the ground, as of a fist pounded into the earth. There was another even heavier, followed by silence. He attempted to form the name of his friend with his lips. "George," he tried to whisper, but no sound came. He could see nothing, but in the loneliness of his pain reached out his hand. It seemed that a gradually widening expanse of darkness separated him from everything in the world, but that if he could only make contact with his friend it would be easy to find the way back. His fingers touched a dungaree jacket and felt the warm body beneath it. His hand moved upward, until suddenly he withdrew it. There was no need to search further.

A flood of the kindest memories obliterated momentarily the knowledge of his own misfortune. The empty body beside him had housed the bravest and the simplest heart. Between them there had been an unspoken trust and the complete confidence that comes only after many dangers shared together. If he had met him years later he would have had to say simply, "George." They would have shaken hands and the years between would have been nothing at all. Now, cold and impassable, stronger than time, stood death, and a hopeless, irremediable sense of loss flowed through him. The noise that at first had attracted his attention must have been the last despairing movement of his friend. Gently, he wiped the blood from his hand on his trouser leg. A long spasm of pain recalled him to his own condition.

Gratefully, he noticed that the edge of the pain was dulled. It continued to flow through his body, but his conscious self seemed to be slightly removed from it. The occasional rifle shots appeared to come from further and further away. His right arm had lost almost all power of movement. With care, he rested it across his stomach. While sufficient strength remained, he determined to know the extent of the damage done his face. Truth was never more terrible than at that moment when, fearfully, he raised his left hand to trace the contours of his personal disaster. As delicately as a blind man touches the features of one he loves, he ran his fingers over the lineaments of the face he did not know. Though there was considerable blood, the bones of his chin and nose seemed intact.

Then at last there was no choice. The fear whose existence he had refused to admit grew monstrous and possessed his mind. Tightly he cupped his hand, without touching the eye itself, over his left eye and suddenly withdrew it. He repeated the process with the other eye. There was no change in the even texture of the dark. It remained impenetrable, unrelieved by the slightest glimmer of starlight. One hope

remained and he clung to it as the condemned believe to the last in the hope of pardon. It might be that the clouds had returned and that the complete blackness was not his alone, but shared by all. There was a way of finding out. For a moment he hesitated, and then with cold fingers touched his left eye. There was no eye there, only a jelly-like substance peculiarly sensitive to the touch.

A long sigh escaped his lips. The evidence was undeniable and the sentence pronounced. He did not care to investigate the other eye. Even the idea of touching again that useless jelly revolted him. With slow reluctance his mind accepted the full meaning of his loss. The emotional portion of his being continually revolted against the real event and kept asserting the reality of a world where such things do not happen. It was an almost irresistible temptation to reject the whole experience as an illusion. He felt that he would almost welcome madness if it could save him from his empty tomorrows. But little by little his reason forced him to understand.

"Blind," he whispered at last. "Oh, my God, my God." It was not a prayer so much as the expression of the bitterest despair. In all its poverty his life as it would be appeared before him. All other things, he felt, — the mutilation of his face, the loss of his limbs, — would have been endurable, but not this: the dark dragging hours, the mocking blackness of his nights, the loneliness of a world where people are only voices which if beautiful are more bitter to hear, the unassuageable regret provoked by every memory of the lighted past, the cheerful self-sacrifice of kind relations to goad the sense of his own parasitic uselessness, and always the mind growing more deformed in its crippling attempts to escape the dark of prison.

6

THE memory returned of how as a boy he had almost drowned. It seemed that again he struggled upward through the black water. An illusory hope filled him that he could break the confines of the dark that pressed down on him as the ocean had so long before, but the excitement passed quickly. Above this ocean no sunlight flashed on white waves. It was infinite, and extended in blank perspective from that moment to the day of his death, when, he thought, one form of eternal night would be exchanged for another devoid of anguish and regret. Behind the sightless eyes, his mind would burn down like a fire in a room the guests have left until, mercifully, darkness was all.

There was nothing in those weary years that he wished to have, nothing for which he cared to wait. He felt a strange and brotherly companionship with the dead. The fact that such friends as he had known were gone seemed a warm assurance that death could be no terrible disaster. Their presence in that other world into which he drifted lent it a familiarity that the world of the living lacked, and took all fear from

the journey he was about to make. Deliberately, he felt for his weapon.

He could not find the gun. Perhaps the explosion had blown it out of reach. The difficulty he had finding it allowed him a moment of indecision. What a spectacle he would make in the morning! The others who had died had done so bravely in the performance of what they had considered to be their duty. Death crowned their boyish honor, but would remain his shame, for he perceived well enough that he wished to die because he could not endure the pain and feared the dark years to come. He guessed that many during the long war had endured a life more unbearable than his. If they had not been happy, they had been admirable by the courage that they brought to their misfortune, and the knowledge of his own weakness was bitter.

A solitary, stubborn pride refused him the oblivion for which he longed, just as so often before, far more than any fear of social disgrace, it had forced upon him the consistent series of decisions that led inevitably to where he lay. Why did he enlist in so dangerous a service? Why did he refuse the job with the artillery or with the regimental staff, where one could afford to hope? Asking himself these questions, he knew there was no logical answer.

Certainly he had always expected this, or something like it. Not because he believed the war was fought for any cause worth dying for. Rather, he saw the war clearly as the finished product of universal ignorance, avarice, and brutality. A little out of adolescent vanity, but more because he had failed to become a conscientious objector, as he ought to have done, he chose to accept the consequences in an effort to redeem by personal valor a lost consistency of purpose. From the monotony and occasional violence, he had saved only his courage intact, and now he stood to lose it in a final ignominious act. Giving up his search for the weapon, he accepted his dark fate.

7

THERE was no way to tell the passage of time. It might have been hours or minutes since he had been hit. Whenever he tried to move his right arm the blood would start running again. Body and mind seemed to be drifting further apart. It was not the pleasant sensation of slipping gradually off to sleep. He seemed to fight the slow effect of a drug that paralyzed his limbs but left his mind active.

Occasionally he would test himself by raising his left arm. It became heavier, and the translation of wish into action grew more difficult. All sounds reached him from very far away, as if he were listening on a faulty telephone connection. Like one dying of cold, he abandoned himself to the slow change that was taking place, and hoped that death would not be too long in coming. He was sure now that he was dying, and was grateful that nature would accomplish what he had hesitated to do himself.

In the certainty that he would soon leave the world, he looked down from a great height and was glad that he was done with it. With a new severity, he contemplated the few short years of his life to discover some strand of meaning running through the trivial sequence of days and nights stretching back to the earliest memory. There was nothing in those transient joys to interest him, and even the moments of love or insight that he had once valued seemed entirely inconsequential when weighed against the vast extent of the descending night. Life seemed so poor a thing that he smiled to himself at having feared to lose it.

There was no hatred in his heart against anyone, but rather pity. He considered the shortness of man's days, the pointlessness of his best hopes in comparison with the certainty and conclusiveness of death, and could see him only as a poor creature struggling for a moment above a forever escaping stream of time that seemed to run nowhere. It would have been better for man, he felt, if he had been given no trace of gentleness, no desire for goodness, no capacity for love. Those qualities were all he valued, but he could see they were the pleasant illusions of children. With them men hoped, struggled pitifully, and were totally defeated by an alien universe in which they wandered as unwanted strangers. Without them, an animal, man might happily eat, reproduce, and die, one with what is.

Above him he imagined the imperturbable stars swinging on their infinite wanderings to God knows what final destination, and the knowledge of how slight a ripple there would be when he slipped beneath the surface of reality reconciled him easily to oblivion. Part of a prayer from his schooldays returned: "When the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done, then in thy great mercy, O Lord, grant us a safe lodging and peace at the last." A safe lodging he would have as his body decayed to feed the rich jungle growth, and his mind the peace of nothingness as its precarious balance dissolved like a soap bubble into air.

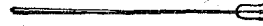
Without hope or fear, he waited for death. It was a long time later, he guessed, when he felt a tear run down his cheek. Where his right eye should be there was a smarting itch that made him wish to rub it.

Surprise awakened him from the dreamy state into which he had fallen. There must be more of his right eye left intact than he thought. In the depths of his consciousness stirred an indefinite hope. He tried to work the lid but there was no movement. The beating of his heart echoed the expectation he hardly dared admit. Starting to raise his arm he let it drop. What difference could it make? Bereft of all desire and convinced of the futility of existence, he had no cause now to disturb that profound indifference. It was his strength. Hope was weakness and could bring only a vain regret and the despair he had renounced. Reasonably he knew all this, but it did not stem the rising flow of excitement.

With gentle, inquiring fingers he touched the tissues of the right eye. It was swollen shut, but beneath the dried blood on the lid he could feel the rounded form of the eyeball. Hardly aware of the pain, he forced the lid open roughly and searched the blackness above him for a sign. Gone was all indifference. Light was life, and the possibility of hope both intoxicated and appalled. All that he was, hung poised in dreadful suspense on the frail miracle he awaited.

Then down the long corridor of the night it swam into his vision. Out of focus, it trembled for a mo-

ment hazily, and then burned steady and unwinking. Fearing that he might have created it out of the intensity of his wish, he let his lid close and then forced it open again. The star still lay in the now soft and friendly dark. It flooded his being like the summer sun. He saw it as the window to Hope. Another appeared, and another, until the whole tropic sky seemed ablaze with an unbearable glory. Joyful tears rose in his heart. Gently, he permitted the torn lid to shut. Warm on his cheek and salty in his mouth were the tears of his salvation.



A GODLESS THING

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THEY wanted a cross in place of the weather vane,
They planned to take the church's arrow down,
The times were full of freer ideas now,
They wanted to be like churches in the town.

The cross was really what the churches meant;
Their grandparents were men of narrow mind.
One farmer heard them, and his heart stood still,
Tears and anger suddenly made him blind.

Why, men for years, good men for generations,
Had lifted up their eyes because they must
Know where the wind stood when they went to fish
Or plow the land. Vanes were good things to trust.

The church spire was the highest point they had,
It stood above the highest balsam hill,
It sensed the danger in the upper air
When the Odd Fellows' roof was in the still.

They had not thought of death and agony,
They had thought God was guardian of good hay,
Of coming home, to bring the children food,
With boatfuls of silver herring from the bay.

The plowman sent his little son to see
If wind stood in a quarter that was fair,
And many a woman looked up to the church,
With men off on the sea, as though at prayer.

The lobstering man said, "Sonny, run and look
How she stands." The small boy, out of breath,
Came shouting shrill, "She's backing round no'theast!"
And saved his sire a twenty-fathom death.

They had no right to do this godless thing!
Why, this was turning their old folks out of graves!
A man was nearest God when, like a child,
He turned to God to know the wind and waves.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE LINDEN TREE

by MARY DEASY

THAT year the spring was late, but after the rains it was very fine, and we sat outside every afternoon in the patch of yard, behind the house, that Mrs. Atwater called the garden. It was damp and there was too much moss, but it was good to be out of the house. We sat on green chairs and looked over the walls of the houses at the sky and the sun.

Bartone said it was like sitting at the bottom of a well. "It's the moss," he said. "Or maybe it's the brick walls. How do they expect anybody to get well in a hole like this?"

"Why don't you go down to the hospital?" I said. "They have a sun porch there. You can sit in the sun all afternoon."

"The hospital," he said. He spat over the side of his chair on the grass.

He was bitter about the hospital because his disease was painful and he thought the doctors at the hospital were not making progress in their attempts to cure it. Most of the outpatients who lived at the Atwater were attached to their doctors and loyal to them; they used to have long arguments about their physicians' powers, and those who had the same doctor always seemed conscious of a bond between them, and took a great interest in the progress of one another's cures. I knew all about this because I had been living at the Atwater when I came to the hospital for treatments at intervals during the past four years, but it was new to Bartone and he was first astounded by it and then sarcastic and finally resigned.

"They are like children praying for miracles," he said, "only instead of praying to God they pray to

Dr. Miller, or Dr. Barnhorn, or Dr. Friedel. My God, one of these days they'll organize, and we'll have the Millerites, the Barnhorners, the Friedelites, each one with its own creed: 'I believe in Miller, the physician almighty, healer of arthritis and cancer.'"

"And you'll be the only infidel," I said.

"Maybe. But I hope not. Everyone is not so crazy as these people here."

"What about me?" I suggested.

"You? You are an old maid and a schoolteacher, which is worse. When you find a nice handsome doctor who will listen to your complaints, you will be as bad as any of them."

"There aren't many handsome ones," I said. "Maybe it'll be a long time before I can find one in the right line."

"You'll find one. You're getting to the right age. You'll find one now."

"One with a beard," I said. "That would be lovely. I've always wanted to have a doctor with a beard."

"Beard or no beard," Bartone said.

He looked depressed that afternoon. The doctors had told him when he came that the treatments would last for eight weeks, but now that the eight weeks were up they said it would be better if he stayed and had the treatments for another month. He lived in the country with his sister and her husband and it was June now and he wanted to go back there. He had lived in the city most of his life, but he said that the city was for the young, and now that he was old he did not like to live there any more.

I felt as if we were old acquaintances, though I had never met him until he came to the Atwater, because I had seen him many times in the viola section of the symphony orchestra where he had played until two seasons ago. He had the second chair of the first desk, and I liked him because he always looked fierce

Cincinnati born and a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, MARY DEASY has steadily asserted her skill in the short story — witness the fact that two of her best were reprinted in the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1945* and in *The Best American Short Stories, 1945*.

and serious when he played. He never looked self-conscious or complacent like some of the others, and he never looked at the audience except to frown at it. He told me later that he did not like audiences, because they always liked the wrong things, and when they did like the right things, they always liked them for the wrong reasons. It sounded complicated, but I knew what he meant.

The two elderly sisters who lived on the third floor came out clinging to each other and walking very carefully, and sat down with us on two of the green chairs. Neither ever went anywhere without the other, and Bartone had a joke about them: he said it was impossible to decide which of them was holding the other up. Outside of the joke there was nothing about them that he liked. They were always cheerful and one of them was obviously going to die in the not too distant future and they had a way of consulting each other seriously about even the more trivial details of their existence. It was the one who was not going to die that I was sorry for.

2

THE two sisters began talking about the new lady on the second floor, who had a tumor, and I saw Bartone shifting himself about in his chair as if he were making preparations to get up, when Miss Macleod came around the house from the front, returning from the hospital at her usual time. She had a basement room that was entered from the back of the house. She came around walking quickly and said good afternoon to us without looking at us for more than an instant, as she always did, and was walking straight on without stopping, when Bartone called to her.

"Miss Macleod."

She stopped and looked around; I could see the blood coming into her face all the way across the yard. She was a shy girl and not used to people, but when you got to know her it was better and she lost a little of the shyness and could talk to you without making you suffer so much from her self-consciousness. I knew that she had not had a good life and that there had been much sickness in it, — other people's sickness and now her own, — but I did not know any of the details because she did not know how to talk about herself. She stood looking across the yard at Bartone without really meeting his eyes.

"Have you just come from the hospital?" Bartone asked.

"Yes, I've just come."

"Did you see Dr. Morse?"

"Who?"

She did not hear him clearly, and turned her head a little in embarrassment. I knew she was twenty-five, but from that distance she looked older because she dressed badly and did not wave her hair. She was Scotch-Irish and had nice eyes with thick brown brows.

"Dr. Morse," Bartone said. "Or Dr. Byerson or

Dr. Frank. You should make it a point to see them when you go to the hospital. They are all in love with you."

She stood there smiling a little in order to make it clear to us that she understood it was a joke.

"All the nice young unmarried doctors are in love with you," Bartone said.

"No." She shook her head.

"I say yes. They tell me about it every day when I go to the hospital."

"How are you today, Miss Macleod?" I asked.

"I'm all right. I'm fine."

She never talked about her illness as the rest of us did. Mrs. Atwater said it was heart but I did not think so. Her color was not good, but she walked too quickly for a person with a bad heart.

I noticed that she was looking at the tree. The leaves were out now and it shaded the south part of the yard, the only part that received the sun. Looking up, you could see the sun on the leaves; but below, it was damp and shady.

"Isn't it a lovely tree?" she said.

"It's nice when it blossoms." I saw that she did not want to talk about herself. "It's a linden. The flowers have a wonderful fragrance."

She looked up at the tree. Her face when she looked up seemed very young and simple. The kind of experience that she had had in her life was the kind that can leave you old outside but sometimes young inside. From what I had been able to learn about her, I thought that inside she was very young indeed.

"When will it bloom?" she asked.

"Not long from now. A few weeks. Haven't you ever smelled a linden in bloom?"

"No."

"It's too strong," Bartone said. "My God, the whole place smells. You can't get away from it, night or day."

"Will you be here when it blooms?" I asked Miss Macleod.

"Yes, if it's before the first of July."

"It will be before the first of July."

"It ought to be cut down," Bartone said. "A tree that size in a hole like this."

"You're in a fine humor today," I said to him.

He turned to me.

"If I'm in a fine humor, that's my business. I'm not one of your pupils, Miss Faraday."

He was feeling very low and I was glad when he turned his attention on me instead of on Miss Macleod. He gave me a fine lecturing and afterwards he felt much better and apologized to me.

"You will probably not believe me," he said, "but in the country I am a very good-tempered man."

"I don't mind it for myself," I said. The two elderly sisters had gone into the house again, and the only other person in the garden was Mr. Gibney, who was too deaf to hear what we said unless we shouted. "But you oughtn't to talk to Miss Macleod like that. She doesn't understand."

"Miss Macleod," he said. He shook his head impatiently from side to side. "She is a stupid little girl."

"No, she's not stupid. She's only shy. She's a fine girl and you make her uncomfortable when you talk about the doctors."

"She makes me uncomfortable," he said. "With her big eyes and her bad clothes. What is she waiting for, anyway?"

"What makes you think she's waiting for something?"

"She is. You watch her."

I hesitated.

"Oh!" I said lamely, after a little.

"Not 'Oh!'" he mimicked me. "Old maids and their sentiment. You make me sick. You'll fix her up a nice little sticky romance and be happy about it. Sticky and with money in the bank besides. Then you'll be happy."

"Don't shout," I said. Mr. Gibney was looking over at us. He smiled and I smiled back at him.

"It's a fine afternoon," he said to me in his polite, toneless voice.

"Yes, isn't it?" I said. I nodded my head as I spoke, in case he had not been able to understand me.

Bartone was sitting back in his chair with his hands along the arms. He had brown, fine-looking hands and you could see the hard ridges on the fleshy tips of the fingers of the left one, which came from playing the viola all his life.

"Maybe she's waiting for the linden to bloom," I said to him.

He turned his head and looked at me.

"More sentiment," he said. "Old maids and their sentiment."

"You're the one who began it," I said.

"All right. I began it. Now I finish it."

Mr. Gibney looked over at us again.

"What was that?" he asked.

"You ought to stop shouting," I said to Bartone. "It confuses him. He thinks you're talking to him."

I went over and sat down beside Mr. Gibney and explained to him that we had been talking about the tree. He was pleased at my coming and we talked for quite a while, I in shouts and he in his toneless whisper, while Bartone sat and looked at the sky.

3

THE days went by that way. We were all cheerful and it became full summer and if there were days when we felt worse than usual we were careful to blame it on the weather. We sat in the garden every afternoon, in the damp, hot shade of the houses and the tree. One day it rained and we could not sit in the garden. I was in the house all day, and at nine o'clock I put on a coat and went outside and stood in the doorway, watching the rain and getting a little wet. It was cooler, now that the rain had come. I watched the traffic splashing by on the street in front

of me. The buses went by with the lights on, and I felt lonely watching the people sitting inside.

Someone came down the street under an umbrella, walking fast. It was Miss Macleod.

"Oh," I said. "You're out late today. Ought you to be out in a rain like this?"

She closed the umbrella and stood in the doorway beside me. She had on the brown coat she had worn all spring but no hat. Even in the light of the street lamp I could see that her color was bad.

"No," she said. "I don't think I ought. I wanted to get out a little."

The doorway was not deep enough for us to stand facing each other without getting wet. We stood side by side, flattening ourselves against the door and facing the rain.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," Miss Macleod said after a little while.

I was surprised. "Really? Are you going home?"

"No. I'm going into the hospital. I'm going to have an operation."

She smiled as she said it, as if she were apologizing for making it sound so serious. I tried to think of something to say quickly.

"When will you have it?" I said.

"The day after tomorrow. I'm going to the hospital tomorrow."

"That will be fine," I said. "The people who have the operations are the lucky ones. It's all over quickly then. The treatments take time."

"Yes," she said.

She stood looking at the rain. She seemed very young and I wondered if she did not have any relatives who would come to be with her when she had the operation. After a few moments she turned her head toward me.

"I'll come back here again afterwards," she said. She was still smiling, and I wished that she did not feel the necessity for it with me, but I did not know how to tell her that it was all right. "Dr. Miller says it will be only a week or ten days. I'll be back in time for the tree."

"Yes," I said. "It ought to be splendid then."

"I've never seen a linden in bloom," she said.

"They're not much to look at. The flowers are small and you don't see them well. It's the fragrance that's lovely."

"I'm glad I won't miss it."

"You won't," I said.

I wanted to wish her good luck, but we only stood there awkwardly for a little longer and then I said good night and went inside. I left her standing there in the doorway looking at the rain and the wet street in the lamplight. Bartone was right: she did look as if she were waiting for something.

The next morning she left early for the hospital and I did not see her before she went. The rain had cleared off during the night and we had another fine hot day. When I went out to the garden in the afternoon I looked at the tree and saw that it would bloom very soon now, probably within a day or two. I was

afraid that it would bloom too soon and that it would all be over by the time Miss Macleod got back.

4

Two days later, the day after she had had the operation, I asked at the hospital if I could see her. The nurse was polite and told me that she was getting along nicely, but the doctor thought it would be better if she did not have any visitors for a day or two.

"Will you tell her I was here?" I asked the nurse.

"Yes. If you like."

"Tell her I'll come again when she is allowed to have visitors."

"Yes. I'll tell her," she promised.

I went back to the Atwater and sat in the garden and had dinner and afterwards sat in the garden again. It was warm and damp in the garden and that was the first night that we could smell the linden blossoms. The fragrance was all over the garden. There was no breeze and it simply hung there in the air. Bartone said it gave him a headache, but I knew he said that only to be different from the rest of us.

"I'm sorry Miss Macleod isn't here," I said.

"So she could have a headache too?"

"She wouldn't have a headache. She'd like it."

"Maybe you are right," he said. "She is in training to become an old maid too."

The new treatments were not doing any better than the old ones and he was more difficult than ever to talk to now. We sat there without talking for a little while. It was just beginning to get dark in the garden. In a few minutes I saw Mrs. Atwater come out of the back door of the house. She came over to us and I noticed that she had her news-bearing look on.

"What do you think?" she said. We said we did not think anything, and when she had us where she wanted us she told us her news. "Miss Macleod passed away this afternoon."

"What?" I said.

"Miss Macleod. She passed away this afternoon at the hospital. Her aunt just phoned me. It was very sudden."

"Oh," I said. I felt as if something had hit me in the pit of the stomach. "I didn't know she had an aunt," I said.

"Oh, yes. She had an aunt." Mrs. Atwater looked a little disappointed because she had not made more of an impression. "She came down this afternoon from Bluefield. Dr. Miller sent for her."

"What did she call her?" I asked.

"Call her?" Mrs. Atwater looked puzzled.

"Miss Macleod," I explained. "Her Christian name."

"Oh." She thought a moment. "I think it was Dorothy," she said after a little. "Yes, I'm sure it was. I remember the name on the register now."

"I don't think I ever heard her Christian name," I said.

It seemed odd to think of her as anything but Miss Macleod.

The two elderly sisters came out of the house, clinging to each other, and Mrs. Atwater left us to go over and tell the news to them. I looked over at Bartone in the fading light. He was right, I thought. She was waiting for something. And maybe some day it would have come, like the linden tree. She had never known what a linden tree in bloom was like, and if she had lived a little longer she would have known.

I thought that there must have been many things she had never known, very many small things and a few important ones, and if she had lived she might have known them, but now it was too late and she could not know any of them any more. All she had known was being young and worrying about money and the people she loved, and one little town and a sickroom and then the Atwater and how it felt to be sick yourself. Maybe those were important things, but there was more to living than just that. Yes, a lot more, I thought to myself. I felt angry suddenly and I could still feel it in the pit of my stomach where whatever it was had hit me a minute ago.

I looked over at Bartone again. He was sitting there with his hands lying along the arms of the chair.

"It could have bloomed a few days earlier," I said to him.

"What?" He looked around at me.

"The tree. She could have had that anyway."

His face colored up suddenly.

"My God," he said, "is that all you want? Why don't you wish that the tree had purple leaves, or that the branches were seven miles long? Have you ever heard of the laws of nature, Miss Faraday?"

"Yes," I said.

"The tree blooms when it blooms because it is a link in a complicated chain of cause and effect," he said. He looked ill and very angry and I felt quite certain all at once that he would die soon too and that he knew it himself. "You can't alter one of those links without altering the whole chain," he said. "That's the way things are made for us. If you could alter one thing you could alter them all. You could take back the past and rearrange the present. Unfortunately the laws of nature are logical, and according to them you can't change a thing."

"I don't care about the laws of nature," I said. "It could have bloomed a few days earlier."

I got up and walked across the yard and went into the house, but that was no good either because the fragrance was there too. It was as Bartone said — you could not get away from it, night or day.

DEADHEADS AND THE HIPPODROME

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

I

UNTIL I was almost grown-up, I always went to theatrical or musical performances in a second-tier box. It was the custom for professionals to give other professionals boxes, and if Charles Frohman or the Metropolitan Opera Company was giving a production that my father wanted to see, he would merely ask for a box, and the managers in return would be shown the same courtesy for some concert that my father was conducting.

This arrangement made a happy and easy way to go to shows, and it was a great shock to my sisters and me when the time came that we found we had to pay. We had been deadheads for so many years that we had a sense of outrage when we had to give real money — particularly for music. Music had always been free, and the second-tier box was our inalienable right.

If the play was not very good or the pianist not popular, we sat in the first tier, but never in seats. We saw everything from the side, and with the sets of those days we also saw well into the wings. We could see the actor acting and, what was much more interesting, we could see him getting ready to act. When most of the audience thought George, the son, had gone forever and would never, never return, we could observe him in a torn overcoat standing outside waiting for his cue. We saw corpses come alive after they had been dragged off; we watched brokenhearted old ladies suddenly look into mirrors, straighten their hair, and get ready for a curtain call. This gave us a sense of security and also a sense of superiority. Those simple people in ordinary seats were believing it and blowing their noses. We were weeping also, but we were the only ones in the theater who could see it was all pretend.

One of the first plays that I ever saw was *The Squaw Man*, in which William Faversham played the lead. I had never known that life could be so sad or so romantic. I only knew about life from children's books, and suddenly one afternoon I received the

wonderful awakening that it would be poignant and lovely to be grown-up. I had never imagined a man like William Faversham. He was so heroic and so handsome, and above everything he suffered so. It seemed to me that I was the only one in the audience who understood his peculiar gallantry.

The Squaw Man tells a story of Honor and Love and Sacrifice. The first scene takes place at Maudsley Towers, where Henry Wynngate, Earl of Kerhill, lives with his wife Diana and his mother, Lady Elizabeth. Henry is obviously a wastrel and is making his wife unhappy. Captain Jim Wynngate — played by Faversham — arrives, and it is soon apparent that he and Diana really love each other but can do nothing about it because of Jim's loyalty to his cousin, the Earl, and above all to the family name. Henry, the Earl, is obviously troubled, and his mother asks him what is ailing him.

After considerable questioning it develops that Henry has, to put it bluntly, absconded with "the Regimental Funds."

Jim gets wind of this crime and makes the heroic gesture of announcing that for the sake of Diana he will leave England so that the guilt will fall on him — thereby preserving in some strange way the honor of the family name. He makes one condition — Henry must give up gambling, "drop Mistress Camille, shut up her establishment," stop all other "miscellaneous liaisons," and be generally nicer to Diana.

Captain Wynngate goes to America, to the Far West; changes his name to Jim Carston and becomes a tough if rather unsuccessful rancher of cattle, involved in frequent feuds, and always trying to forget the past. This is difficult because in the subsequent acts British officers appear in private cars and guess who Jim Carston is. They insult him and once refuse to allow him to toast the King. Jim whitens beneath his tan but never tells. A young Indian girl called Nat-U-Rich, with long black braids, who speaks only in monosyllables, shoots a man to save Jim's life.

The years roll by, seven of them; Jim's hair silvers a bit at the temples, but otherwise he remains his handsome, gallant self. Then one evening, who should come to the broken-down ranch house from England but Petrie, the old family solicitor. He

One of the four daughters of Walter Damrosch, GRETCHEN FINLETTER has had as festive and stimulating a bringing-up as one could imagine, whether in New York or abroad, in the realm of music. Over the past two years she has made an affectionate place for herself in the *Atlantic* with her series of reminiscences, which are to be published in book form early in the spring.

recognizes Jim after some piercing looks from under his shaggy white eyebrows. He then calls him "Milord" and says he has made this long journey to inform him that Henry, the Earl of Kerhill, is dead.

Petrie urges Jim to return to England and assume his rightful place as Earl of Kerhill, head of the house. He hints that Diana is waiting.

From here on the play becomes very lush. The sky turns pink and the orchestra strikes up in tremulo a melody of Sordini. Jim gazes at the desolate ranch house and makes a broken speech on how homesick he is for England, for Maudsley Towers "with its thousand-year-old oaks," for the respectful servants, for all the little customs that only an exiled Britisher understands and yearns for.

At this moment a child's voice cries from off stage, "Daddy — Daddy," and a boy of about five with very blond hair and dressed in an Indian suit runs onto the stage and into Jim's arms. At the same time Nat-U-Rich, the Indian squaw, comes out of the door of the ranch house, gazes searchingly at Petrie, and then walks out toward the mountain with her hands crossed over her chest. We all shivered with surprise and shock at this development.

Jim tells Petrie, the solicitor, that this is his son Hal; that he married Nat-U-Rich so that Hal would not "be branded with illegitimacy," and this is the result of his loneliness. He can never leave. He is tied to the squaw.

Petrie, after his first horror at this turn of events, reminds Jim that Hal, though part Indian, is still the heir to the Earldom. Hal should return to England with Petrie and be educated as befits his rank.

After a brief and tortured struggle, Jim agrees and tries to explain to Nat-U-Rich in pidgin English that Hal is to be taken away from her. At this moment, Diana walks into the scene, having come to America as a surprise, and the unfortunate Nat-U-Rich, obviously upset by all these developments, pulls a revolver from out of her bosom and shoots herself. Jim picks her up in his arms, dead, while Diana murmurs "poor little mother" and puts her arms protectingly around little Hal.

As can be seen, it was a very unhappy happy ending. Diana, like Mrs. Pinkerton in *Madame Butterfly*, was not a sympathetic character, and something Fourth of July rebelled in me that an American squaw wasn't considered good enough to be an English countess. But I never blamed William Faversham. Through it all he seemed to me a complete hero.

I spent many hours thinking of his life with Diana and little Hal. I so believed the play that I imagined he was really back at Maudsley Towers with the respectful servants, walking under those thousand-year-old oaks. I had one picture of him that I had cut out of a newspaper, very blurred, with Nat-U-Rich kneeling at his feet. I clipped Nat-U-Rich out of the picture so that I might contemplate Faversham undisturbed by the squaw. This gave his extended arms a rather meaningless look — but not for long,

for in the hole I inserted a snapshot of myself. The proportions were askew, Faversham looking as though he had a midget in a sailor suit between his arms, but to me it looked — right.

One morning at breakfast I received in the mail a glossy picture postcard of Faversham, shirt open at the throat, and across it written in black ink, "To Gretchen, Ever Truly Yours, William Faversham." I was thunderstruck. How did he know my feelings? How did he even know of my existence? Perhaps he had seen me in the second-tier box and made inquiries. He was a friend of my father's. That must be the explanation. I asked my father in what I felt was a casual manner if he had ever happened to discuss me with Mr. Faversham. My father said he couldn't imagine in what connection, but I knew better. I analyzed and reanalyzed the meaning of the words "Ever Truly Yours." It was more intimate than "Sincerely." It went pretty far when one realized that it was on a postcard that anyone could read.

And yet though I kept that card on my bureau and looked at it morning and night, it was not enough to live on. When Alice told me several months later she had sent it, I no longer cared. Faversham had come to dinner and brought his handsome wife. He had talked to me about his children, who must be "about your age." He had been faithless to Nat-U-Rich, Diana, Hal — and me.

2

THE plays that we saw drove their points home very, very clearly. The characters paid for their actions, and the wages of sin were unmistakable and unvarnished. There were many bad men in the theater who remained untamed until the last act.

In *The Great Divide* I suspected early that Ghent possessed a noble heart, though he had purchased the girl Ruth against her will by throwing a bag of gold nuggets down on the table, and was about to drag her off with him, as his, by sale.

RUTH: But — *how* yours? Oh remember, have pity! *How* yours?

GHENT: Bought if you like, but mine! Mine by blind chance and the hell in a man's veins, if you like!

With sudden intuition I whispered to my sisters that he *really* loved her and I *thought* she was going to love him.

The Dawn of Tomorrow was the height of sophistication. One act was played in Oliver Holt's Chambers. Oliver was the gay and demoralized nephew of rich old Sir Oliver Holt and he was waiting hopefully for his uncle to die. He gave a party in his Chambers — exciting word, no American possessed that kind of home — and the first arrival was Lord Tommy.

Lord Tommy asked who else was coming. Oliver said Madge Delorne was expected. They analyzed Madge as they got out the champagne.

"In any case — she's a deuced clever woman — Madge Delorne."

When Madge arrived in a low-cut evening dress, the corks popped and Lord Tommy sat at the piano and sang "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

"They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note."

This innuendo about the expected inheritance was ignored by Oliver, who was kissing Madge's shoulder. Madge told him not to be a brute.

"You're rather a brute yourself, you know, Madge — in your own alluring way."

Then a little later the door of the Chambers burst open and Glad, the slum girl, with flaming red hair and dressed in rags, came in. Glad was the waif who had been kicked around but had never lost her hope. "I'm alive and there's always tomorrow!"

Glad was played by Eleanor Robson, and she brought reality and heart to the role. When she was on the stage she galvanized the scenes. The audience believed her loyalty to her slum companion, the Dandy, her naïve goodness to Sir Oliver. She turned a sentimental evening into something dramatic.

Occasionally the theater was used for improvement. My mother and father had apparently concluded that anything that was in verse, that was in costume, that was tragic, and that was *long*, must be educational. Also there were plenty of boxes available for this kind of show. My parents were too canny to let themselves in for an endless afternoon of rhyme, so we would be sent with Minnie, my father assuring us that he had seen the play a few years before, or as a boy, and that it was charming. What was the story? He wouldn't spoil it for us by telling the story. It would take away the surprise.

We saw in this way *Brand*, by Ibsen, and *The Sunken Bell*, by Hauptmann. Both were in five acts, and the plots were completely incomprehensible to us. Brand's efforts to throw off the heritage of wrong and atone for his mother's sin, illustrated by lengthy soliloquies overheard only by God, we could make neither head nor tail of. It wasn't our idea of a plot with a surprise.

The Sunken Bell was a little better because more happened. There was a character called The Nickelmänn, a water spirit who lived in a well. He always announced that he was coming up from the well by crying "Brekekekex!" We laughed at this loudly. There was a maiden called Rautendelein, who sat on the edge of the well combing her golden hair as she made a long speech to a bee: —

"Thou buzzing, golden wight — whence com'st thou
here? . . .

What? — loit'ring still? Away — away with thee!

Am I a rose bush? . . . Are my lips a rose? . . .

Hey! Chimney! Puff some smoke across the glade,
To drive away this naughty wilful bee."

My sisters and I looked at each other in an embarrassed way and Minnie groaned.

Heinrich, the bell-founder, had been stolen from his wife, Magda, by Rautendelein assisted by Trolchs and dwarfs. The story picked up considerably when Magda tried to get Heinrich back, the Trolchs being nice and bad. Minnie groaned several times in a different way over the Trolchs.

We acted *The Sunken Bell* at home, constructing a well behind the sofa. Polly climbed out with water on her face, saying, "Brekekekex — Brekekekex." Then we went on with the play in what we felt was improved and zippier Hauptmann dialogue.

3

THERE was one event to which we always went in seats — bought seats. This was the New York Hippodrome. The Hippodrome was the big treat of the winter. It was to us the finest form of entertainment. It was something to anticipate for months, to reflect on for the rest of the year.

In the first place it was such a satisfactory length. The matinee began about one-thirty — at least we were always in our seats by then — and at six o'clock it ended. You went into the Hippodrome in sunlight, and when you came out there were stars in the sky. But you had lived in those hours through a lifetime of adventure. You had been to foreign lands, at a circus, under the sea, in a balloon. You had watched battles, seen ballets, and laughed yourself into stitches over the clown Marceline.

When one entered the Hippodrome, two senses were immediately challenged. The lobby was decorated with great elephants' heads with gold tusks, and on the end of each tusk was an electric bulb — lighted. And coming up the stairs from the basement was a smell of real elephant. Here we always paused — to look at those gold and illuminated tusks, to reassure ourselves by the smell that all was right.

The performance was divided into three parts. It began with "A Spectacular Drama" in a number of scenes played in many parts of the globe. The cast was enormous, but the story was comparatively easy to follow. I particularly remember the year in which the drama *Around the World* was given.

The first scene opened at an estate on the Hudson where rich Mr. Burlingham in a frock coat and silk hat was giving a party for his beautiful daughter Cynthia. Among the guests were an English Lord, a French Count, and an American Naval Lieutenant. As the Lord had a monocle, the audience knew immediately that he was a comic character, particularly because when the monocle fell into his coffee cup he reinserted it into his eye wet and brown and then accused his host of being a Blackamoor. The Count, being French, was naturally a villain, and it was a pretty good guess that the Naval Lieutenant would become the hero. Mr. Burlingham invited the group, which included some other gentlemen and ladies, to join his daughter and himself on a yachting trip around the world.

In the subsequent scenes the Burlingham party had many adventures, but the wonder of the trip lay in the fact that every place the group visited looked exactly as one had been led to suppose it ought to look.

Scene II. The Yacht in Mid-Ocean.

Scene III. Garden Party at Windsor Castle.

The English Lord entertained the Burlinghams on the lawn, having borrowed the Castle and grounds for the afternoon.

Scene IV. Switzerland. The Alps.

Scene V. Egypt. The Sphinx. Daybreak in the Desert.

The French Count tried to kidnap Cynthia and the Naval Lieutenant knocked him down and rescued her.

Scene VI. The Sandstorm.

Real sand was blown over everybody.

Scene VII. Constantinople. Garden of the Vizier's Harem.

Scene VIII. India. The Durbar.

The English Lord borrowed the Durbar and entertained the Burlinghams on real elephants.

Scene IX. Italy. Venice — by Moonlight.

Here the French Count sat with a group of Italians in a gondola and serenaded Cynthia. Dark and apparently genuine clouds moved swiftly over the sky. Suddenly the clouds parted, showing an enormous crescent moon, on the end of which sat the Naval Lieutenant. A real American song burst from his lips, the first four lines being: —

“Moon, dear,
Don't shine too soon, dear,
When lovers spoon, dear,
Then shine your light.”

At the conclusion he threw Cynthia a rose which she caught.

Scene X. Spain. The Bull Ring in Seville.

The final scene was played in Ireland at Blarney Castle, with a Kissing Stone and a Wishing Well.

A jig was danced by a large group and in the middle of it, dressed in a green coat and stovepipe hat, whirled the American Lieutenant, who sang that he was really an Irishman and would Cynthia be his little Colleen. The audience broke into happy applause and — the curtain fell.

The second part of the performance was given over to a circus and entirely dominated by Marceline. He was a Spanish clown who played deaf and dumb, who was always in trouble because of an overwhelming desire to help the circus along.

When the men appeared to set up the ring, Marceline pulled each peg out as it was hammered down and ran ahead with it to the man in front. To the ecstasy of the audience the men never caught on and they would have to set up the ring three times. When the carpet was unrolled for the ponies, Marceline rolled it up again just before the ponies appeared. Marceline pulled a net out from under the highest trapeze artist as he was preparing to drop

down, and folded it neatly away, thinking the act was over.

The manager appeared in a red coat and high hat and protested in a loud voice. He gesticulated, he pointed up at the trapeze. Did Marceline understand! This was the Dip of Death! He must leave the net alone! Marceline looked at the manager's gestures, pointed at the figure above, pointed at himself, shook his head, then nodded and smiled. Yes, he understood.

The drums rolled again. The Dip Artist started swinging and then at the very moment he was about to plunge, Marceline jumped forward, pulled at a rope, and net and all fell on the manager in a wild tangle, knocking him over, while the trapezist by a lucky chance caught another swing. The audience rocked with laughter. Trust Marceline!

It was the third part of the Hippodrome that was the climax. Here was displayed the great feature, The Tank — truly described as the hydraulic marvel of the age. The stage was filled with actual water and the marvel lay in the fact that when human beings dived or walked down into the water, *they never came up again*. I do not expect to be believed for this statement, but I can only swear that my sisters and I would stand up in our seats to find out what had happened. We saw mermaids being chased by sailors, we saw them disappear into the water — a few bubbles, *and that was all*. No one floated up to the surface. The mermaids wore a good deal and the sailors possibly had weights in their pockets which may have accounted for their bodies' remaining at the bottom of the Tank. But it gave a ghoulish zest to the end of the show to think how many lives were being sacrificed.

The Tank was filled in the second intermission and we always cut short our visit to the animals in the basement when we heard the first sounds of gushing water. By the time the Tank was two-thirds full the whole audience was there waiting excitedly for the strange disappearances. Usually the water was used as a finale for a spectacle. Neptune floated in on a heavily decorated raft and blew a horn. Then down some great steps appeared his court, and in fours marched right into the water and out of sight. Before the final view I noticed that the water spirits wore a set expression around the jaw and took a deep breath. The climax came when Neptune, beard dripping, followed them down and was gone forever.

4

ONE of the earliest performances of the Hippodrome took place a few months after the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War. Throughout the country sympathy was weighted in favor of the Japanese. The demands of Tsar Nicholas II seemed excessive; he had grabbed Port Arthur and was about to seize Korea. The Japanese attempted a settlement, but the Russian government, anxious to distract their

masses from revolutionary activity at home, refused to negotiate and remained uncompromising. Americans did not like the Tsar and "his Cossacks," and made up a phrase which swept the country: "The Japanese are wonderful little people."

When Port Arthur fell to the Japanese, there was great enthusiasm. The Hippodrome saw its opportunity. It put on a big spectacle called *The Battle of Port Arthur* and used in it three regiments of soldiers, a naval ship, artillery fire, and for the grand climax a wild dash of live horses into the tank. The story of the spectacle was so important — and complicated — that the management presented in the program an outline of what the audience must watch for.

BATTLE OF PORT ARTHUR

The first scene shows the beleaguered city. Beyond the great wall are the snow-capped hills that are soon to be reddened with blood. A prison pen is crowded with Japanese women. The street is thronged with women begging for bread. They become riotous and a Cossack charge drives them away. The commanding general arrives with bread. Troops come in and drill and give exhibitions of wall scaling. The Cossacks and other cavalry indulge in the skillful sports of soldier horsemen. Japanese spies circulate among soldiers and peasantry.

A captured Japanese officer is brought in and imprisoned. A courier gallops on with a message calling for reinforcements. The troops are assembled and the spectator watches with wonder the march to the front, infantry, artillery, and cavalry. The gates of the city are closed and the spies release the prisoners. A bomb bursts in a small house, shattering it and leaving it ablaze. The attack grows heavier, roll after roll of musketry is heard above the rattle of machine guns. Presently there is a wild shout. The Russians are in retreat. Troops rush in still firing at the pursuers. An artillery piece is placed near the gate and belches forth a deafening fire. The hospital corps come on with the wounded. With a fearful yell the entire cavalry retreats through the gate while the attacking party presses on.

A THRILLING BATTLE FOUGHT IN THE RAIN

The second scene shows 203 Mitre Hill. The Russians are in possession. There is a fort at the top while beneath there is a rocky plateau, the edges of which

are washed by the waters of a lake. Here the enormous tank, at which engineers the world over have marveled, is shown to its best advantage. It is night. Sentries make their silent patrol while the troops, knowing naught of what day or dawn may bring, slumber uneasily among the rocks. An auxiliary gunboat floats about the lake, sweeping the hill with its searchlight. A Japanese party under a flag of truce discuss terms with Russia's commandant. They are refused.

"Let your Colonel come himself," says the Russian general.

"He will come," replies the aide, "and at his back will come the army of Japan!"

There is a call to arms. The hill is then crowded with soldiers. Wildly shouting, Cossack cavalry rushes across the rocky way for the assembly. A shot is heard and instantly the flagpole falls with a crash. A Japanese spy tries to stab the commanding officer but he is shot, and falling into the lake, *rises no more*.

The attack at long range becomes a hand to hand conflict. Japanese rush on, fighting over the rocks. Machine guns keep up a heavy return fire on the fort. A shell strikes the gunboat and it sinks with all on board.

Japanese infantry drive the Russians from the rocky fastnesses and, screaming their "Banzais," scale the wall of the fort and place the Mikado's flag upon its ramparts. It is raining like fury and the spectators are witnessing a battle fought in the rain. The Russians retreat and for a sensational climax the Cossack cavalry, in a mad gallop, cross the rocks and plunge into the lake. Cheers and deafening applause echo through the vast auditorium for the greatest battle spectacle of the age has thrilled as no theatric and mimic representation of the grandeur of war has ever done before.

As my dazed sisters and I stumbled up the aisle, having remained for every curtain call, we were all thinking the same thoughts. Which one of us had enough allowance saved to do a repeat on *Battle of Port Arthur*? Which aunt or uncle could be inspired to make the generous gesture? And how could we persuade my mother of the obvious fact that to be able to go to the same performance next week would be twice as wonderful as seeing it for the first time; we could anticipate the bliss ahead — the Cossacks drowning in the Tank.



ONE YEAR AGO

by CAPTAIN CHESTER W. MORSE, MC

DECEMBER, 1944. — As we came through the destroyed city square in Bonn, we saw about thirty Russian women slaves being driven along by a Brown Shirt guard. It was a bitterly cold day. The women were clothed in ragged coats and pieces of blankets, and their feet were wrapped in rags. One of them had a partial paralysis and an equilibrium disturbance. Here were women in much worse state than animals, but the civilians gave them scarcely a glance. Then, if ever, I knew why we were waging war. On almost every building yet standing were signs: "Final Victory Is Ours"; "We Will Never Be Slaves"; "We Fight for a Right to Live." And before these posters marched wretched slaves broken beneath the heel of Germany.

Two days later a group of Russian civilian laborers (so-called "voluntary workers") came here to be deloused. They were boys and men from twelve to seventy years old who had been seized in the German advance across Russia and offered the chance to come to work in Germany, or else. These men had had no bath for six months and never got any soap — filthy animals with not a whole garment among the hundred of them. Their rags were stiff with lice in egg and adult form. One child twelve years old had been doing a man's work for a year on the roads. They told us they had been sleeping on barges on the Rhine — men, women, and children in one big hold, so close-packed that they slept sitting up. There was no sanitation and not enough to eat.

We gave them what bread we had and thereby caused a riot. The guard beat them apart with his rifle. They grubbed like snarling animals in the ash cans to retrieve raw potato peels all covered with ashes. They licked out the empty cans. They waited here in the enclosure in the biting cold for over six hours before they were all deloused. Many lay down on the ground and huddled together for warmth. At 11.00 P.M. in a sleet storm the Germans marched

them fifteen miles. These men had received no food for over twenty-four hours.

As one intelligent German told me, the Party has succeeded in killing all the more humane, spiritual feelings of the German people. Suffering and abuse are bad only when suffered by Germans; animals are more valuable than human beings.

Several days afterward there came a group of about seventy-five Hitler youths of age group 8 to 15. It was a cold December day and yet many of these thin, pale young Germans had only shorts and no covering for their legs. They had been three months at the front digging trenches and now were being bathed and deloused before going to their fond parents for Christmas. I was convinced at first that they were Russian children, so wretched did they appear. Certainly Germany is using every man-ounce of energy she has. Newspapers are now exhorting the people to give up extra sheets, tablecloths, clothes — everything not in daily use.

About December 15 I got out of camp with the French to gather pine boughs and managed to get a good-sized tree which I pretended was a Georgia long-leaf pine. In the woods I found great quantities of silver strips dropped by airplanes to confuse radar calculations. These I combined with some cellophane packing from a British Red Cross packet. Then I bribed a German to get me a dozen wizened red apples which I strung and hung from the boughs. Over my table I had a spray of hemlock, the bark of which I wrapped with tinfoil. Near-by I made a V of more tinfoil. It gave my room a real Christmas atmosphere and smelled so good. Then we laid plans for Christmas.

December 24 and 25 were sparkling days with not a breath of wind. The nights were beautiful, starry and cold; they set up a whole train of happier Christmas seasons. On Christmas Eve an English Red Cross worker read a short sermon I had written on love and tolerance at this holy season, and on the many things we still have to be thankful for: the security of our families, our lives, and our futures. We sang some of the old carols, recited the Apostles Creed, sang "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Afterward we had a buffet supper of sandwiches — corned beef and cheese liberally spread with onions. Of course we had liquid Christmas cheer from the

CAPTAIN CHESTER W. MORSE, MC, tells us that he first began reading the *Atlantic* as a student at Phillips Andover in 1933 and that the habit grew on him as he continued through Harvard College and the Harvard Medical School. This interest prompted him to send to Boston the remarkable diary of his captivity in Germany, small bits of which he first hid in his straw mattress and then buried in a Klim can in the prison yard during the nightly air raids. On his liberation he returned to the razed prison site and dug up this memoir of German captivity.

black market, which reduced most of us to sodden lumps. We sang our hearts out and went to bed.

Christmas Day was tops. The weather was excellent. The Air Corps made vapor trail tracery all through the blue. A dogfight occurred about noon: a Yank chased a Jerry right over the camp so low we could almost touch him, and as the German changed direction, pumped him from stem to stern with fiery lead. We saw the German plane jump once, then plummet to earth — and a cloud of black smoke marked the spot.

About three o'clock, Christmas dinner was ready. After three weeks of planning and scheming and many disappointments it was a *fait accompli*. From the Germans, officially, we got black bread and sour cabbage soup. But in good Yank style we did better than German civilians. After moving out my bed, we put three small tables together, covered them with two sheets, and with a bit of planning converted my room into a banquet hall. We decorated the table with a few sprigs of pine, and for a centerpiece we covered a Red Cross carton with white tissue paper, putting several Klim cans in to fill as a false bottom, so that a few apples looked to be a great abundance.

For dishes we borrowed from the French, Poles, and everyone else, so at last each of the fifteen had some kind of crockery dish — one knife, fork, and spoon for every two or three men. Our cups were heterogeneous, most of them tin. But the spirit was there. We had been saving for four weeks and now we splurged. We said grace, and then the feast began. Fish, peanut butter, or pineapple sandwiches for hors d'oeuvres; then a thin soup of onions and soup powder; roast goose (done in a pan on top of a stove), mashed potatoes, stuffing, giblet gravy, carrots and peas, corned beef and onion hash; then fried fruit pies, cheese and crackers, coffee, cigarettes, and ten bottles of wine. I cannot imagine a better Christmas in prison.

Everyone made something — Lieutenant Glover (compound comminuted fracture of tibia-fibula) made the pies and they were delicious. When we had eaten all we could hold, we sat and sang the old songs of home for the next four or five hours. So we made the best of an otherwise bleak holiday in prison. I saved the feathers from the goose and made myself a present of a small feather pillow — far superior to straw.

Things went fine until December 28, when the air-raid siren sounded. The fog was so thick you could only grope your way along (I was in the dispensary building making evening rounds about six o'clock). I suggested to the American doctor who had just arrived that we take a look. As we gained the doorway, the hum of a large group of planes met our ears and we heard the whirring whine of falling bombs. "Quick — to the shelter!" I cried, and we ran. Flares seemed to spring up like mushrooms on the ground and the night became as day with exploding bombs, most of them brilliant incendiaries of mag-

nesium. We huddled in the shelter while the earth shook with explosions and the drone of motors continued overhead, punctuated by the sharp report of flak bursting.

When we came to the surface, we found our buildings ablaze — and with them our clothes. Realizing that no others would be obtainable, I broke a window and crawled down the corridor with a wet handkerchief over my nose. My room was filled with smoke, but by fumbling about I managed to secure most of my clothes. So I fared better than most. I lost all my underwear and socks but found a filthy pair of Russian longies which I boiled to kill the lice (and they were really creeping). Then I found enough rags to fashion some booties for my feet. At present I am wearing wooden shoes, socks made of old Russian rags, and dirty gray longies with the dead lice eggs still clinging, and I am filthy from lack of soap.

We bedded down on the floor of an empty building and felt that we had struck rock bottom. The buildings burned to the ground, all our cooking pots and dishes melted, all our Red Cross packages and medical supplies burned — we lost everything. Naturally we expected the German doctor to come the next day to see about the sick and provide evacuation for the camp. We had no bandages, medicine, light, water, blankets, or clothes.

One miserable week crept by and on the eighth day came the Feldarzt (German doctor in charge of prisoners) all nice and smiling. No bandages and no apologies for his lack of humane interest. He said that he intended to rebuild and that we must write Geneva for medicine and instruments. I countered that it would be six months before I received anything and that all our supplies seemed to be sidetracked. We had received nothing for some six months despite invoices and bills of lading. So we have scraped along till now using odds and ends — the other day I removed shrapnel from a boy's back with a razor blade and my finger.

We have been hungry since the fire. One ladle of soup a day; six men on a loaf of black bread; and a cup of ersatz tea a day. We have been out in the snow trying to catch sparrows in brick snares without any success. My new room is an eight-by-six cell with one window. The paint is peeling so much that no color predominates; and every time the door is slammed, flakes cover everything. The roof leaks and the wind comes in from all corners. Dirty, battered old wooden partitions; no light and no water. I have a charred stove — rescued from the fire — which is serviceable if not decorative.

My bed is a narrow pallet with a straw sack. For cover I have a couple of burlap Russian blankets (a Russian blanket is a cover formerly used only for Russians — it consists of two sheets of burlap with a paper lining between them). Today Joe has helped me cut a pair of shorts from an old piece of sheeting. They'd fit big Bertha, but they will serve. We people here on outposts have no contact with the Red Cross, so food and clothing are great problems.

One interesting thing here in prison is the rather primitive system of barter. Money has no value at all — I have several hundred marks which will buy not a solitary thing. But if one has cigarettes, he can obtain most things, depending on the abundance of the cigarettes in camp. Bread, black and sour as it is, costs 10 to 15 cigarettes a loaf. I bought a half pound of horse meat yesterday for 8 cigarettes. Last week I got a horse's kidney for 5 cigarettes, and 3 potatoes for 1 cigarette. When all cigarettes are gone, living will be almost impossible.

Naturally all these things are forbidden to prisoners and are black market. But the civilians and soldiers here are the most corruptible group I have seen. For a cigarette the guard will see nothing. The Germans have only synthetic tobacco, so they will do almost anything for the real thing. I am glad that I smoke so little, for it enables me to eat better. On my cigarettes (Red Cross) I have been able to do fairly well so far, though I am really getting low now.

So many men, Americans and others, lose their self-respect for one cigarette. I have seen twenty men pass one cigarette, mouth to mouth. I have seen them smoke grass and newspaper; I have seen men steal cigarettes; I have seen Americans sell their watches or rings for a packet of cigarettes; and I have seen them pick up butts in the latrine to smoke. A political cigarette here and there among the Germans will open many doors, and since I don't smoke much I can eat a bit more bread.

In prison one eats everything in order to survive. We ate one scrawny cat we caught, made into a stew with some begged potatoes. One incident will give you some idea of how hungry we are. A Russian from the outer camp killed himself in despondency by cutting his throat and was brought to the hospital to lie in a shed until a thaw should permit a hole to be prepared. He was old, thin, lousy; but we plotted using him as a source of meat. In the black of night, three of us, armed with scalpels, crept over to the shed.

We got to the point of touching him, but the feel of that cold frozen flesh in the inky darkness was too much. You could not see your hand before your face. It was a freezing, blustery, snowy night, and to complete the picture, the dogs quartered about the camp began to howl. It was no use; hungry as we were, we couldn't cut on that corpse, and I am sure we couldn't have eaten it in a stew. We were terribly hungry, and we had a perfect opportunity; yet not one of us was able to go through with it. Horse, cat, yes — but a man, never.

Many people seem to think that after years in these prisons men would become more tolerant and understanding of their fellow men; but if anything, their bitterness and cynicism become more refined and hatred for their brothers more prominent. Part of this bitterness is due to the fact that the struggle for existence is so keen here. Food and clothing are so scarce that charity is a costly thing. I sometimes

think many of my charities and ideals were products of American abundance. The Poles have often said that idealism and charity are luxuries developed only among the wealthy.

I know that many of these men here are filled with a hatred and bitterness that they will never overcome. It is a hatred easily directed to any scapegoat — Germany, Germans, Communism, Capitalism, or Judaism. After all our Red Cross packets had burned in the fire, we were hungry; one bowl of soup and two slices of black bread in twenty-four hours is not much. Yet a Pole who still had Red Cross food and who had lived five years on our charity said that we Americans were in Europe only to squeeze more money from poor Europe for ourselves. Such statements make one feel like letting the Poles rot here in prison.

I think, however, that part of this attitude is caused by the dog-eat-dog prison life plus incessant exposure to Nazi propaganda. The key to everything printed or thought in Germany is mudslinging at all high motives — this is essential in order to build up hatred against the world so that the war spirit may continue high.

The basis of the dog-eat-dog attitude is the cheapness of human life. Early in the week a Frenchman got an acute appendicitis. He was cared for by the French doctor. The officials were notified that his transfer to a hospital was an emergency. They replied that he could be admitted only to a prison hospital some forty miles away and no transportation was available. In the next five days the man got steadily worse; the appendix ruptured, resulting in peritonitis and death.

Death was due to a simple disease and man's neglect and callousness. Here we have no knife, much less clamps or sterile facilities. The body has been awaiting removal for about a week now.

Intelligent officers of French and Polish origin see no solution for the problem of Germany short of dismemberment as a nation and slavery for the people. Some of these men were first prisoners of Russia and then were exchanged for Poles of Russian origin. They believe that Russia is more dangerous than Germany. This Europe is such a mess of politics, balance of power, that I can see no hope for peace. There is not one nationality in captivity that has any use for another. Of course they all tolerate America as the great backer for all their wars. I am convinced that until man's social consciousness evolves and he learns something of brotherly love, no peace can come to this world.

The other day I had an interesting discussion with an intelligent German student who had been forced into uniform. He explained to me the combination of circumstances which brought the present group to power and which prepared the way for so much anti-Semitism. In early times Jews were forbidden to farm, own property or land, and so by process of elimination were driven into commerce, which was at that time considered a very unworthy field. So, as a survival process, there emerged the shrewd Jewish

businessman. Forbidden to hold public office, few Jews appeared in politics, yet this group amassed great fortunes.

After the First World War, Germany was in chaos, poverty-stricken and hungry. Her Jews were rich, but had been pretty well assimilated and there was little resentment. Yet these men were very influential and began to run the politics of the country. Unfortunately, at this time Russia had a drastic purge of Jews, and the German Jews, with fraternal democracy, opened the portals to these Russian immigrants. They came in great droves with their worldly goods in a knapsack. Their German brothers helped them, and in a very short time the poverty-stricken natives saw this horde of ragged Jews buy villas in the residential sections and live in them like kings.

Naturally the bitter, hungry natives developed a case of indigestion, and the scapegoat of their hatred became the Jews. Amid these conditions the National Socialist regime was born, and it used hatred and envy of the Jews as a unifying force. All this made me wonder a bit how we in America will react to our Jewish indigestion when our refugee population claims its own and our soldiers return from war to find no jobs available. Many of the most ardent Nazis are former soldiers who survived the post-war poverty in Germany.

January 15. — News of the last two days has been good, judging from the conservative tone of the newspapers. The Russians have opened their winter offensive, and the Americans have begun a drive in Luxembourg and Alsace. So we are in hopes of the long-awaited final great offensive. As prisoners we live from day to day, week to week, in hopes — most of them vain. But we know that the end is in sight — and so keep going. Yesterday was dark, cold, and rainy, and my mood matched the day. It gets dark here about 4.30 p.m. and is not light before 8.30 a.m. For three weeks we have had no light and the nights seem awfully long. We sit and talk by the stove, and sing quite a lot. It is a good sign when there is singing, though it often makes us homesick.

I guess things are difficult over all Germany. The Germans have no salt, no sugar. A person gets about a pound and a half of potatoes a week, one loaf of bread, and ten pieces of coal a week. I can't see how they go on. Maybe February will end it.

January 19. — The last twenty-four hours the weather has turned to be almost a hurricane — wind and snow. I thought for a while that this flimsy old building would collapse. The wind comes right through the walls. The building is of portable construction, and the walls are wooden sections as in a summer house. Yesterday the German Dr. Klein was here, and in response to my plea that we receive the old food supplement for the wounded, he said the bombing had made that impossible. He added that the Americans knew before coming to Europe that

there was hunger here, and perhaps it would have been wiser had we stayed at home, where it would not have been necessary to go hungry.

I was disappointed that a doctor, a high-ranking officer, should have so lost his dignity as to make such an unintelligent remark. It showed so little medical sympathy for ill men, and such a childish grasp of what makes war. Regardless of contributing factors, these men are ill and need care.

January 28. — One month ago tonight we were burned out. The last few days have been trying, for it has been cold and snowy, and I have seen some miserable Americans. About four hundred of them were captured December 20 and were kept up on the front lines working on the railroad. They were fed only the water drained from the Germans' potatoes, with peelings thrown in. Twenty men shared a loaf of bread a day. They had no heat, and most of their clothes had been stolen.

They worked twelve hours a day on the railroad; and if the evening shift quota was not met, they were driven out again. They slept on a cement floor and had no chance to wash. One fellow had his shoes stolen and was forced to work in his stocking feet. His feet were so frozen that he had little pain. Of course he will lose all his toes. The average weight loss was thirty pounds in the month. One young fellow, Weinstein of Brockton, went from 220 to 170 pounds. You could get two men into his trousers.

Two men were shot and killed because they did not work fast enough. A guard kicked another man in the leg, causing an abscess about six by four inches. His leg was swollen three times normal size on admission. Another man was set upon by a police dog because he urinated in the wrong place. One chap was struck by a tile that fell from the roof — he was moved to another room and lay there until he died three days later. Most of them have been beaten and starved so that they are like skeletons. I have rarely seen worse treatment.

Many have dysentery; one is completely incontinent. Three are critically ill with lobar pneumonia; I have forty men whom you'd never know as Americans. About half will lose their toes. One died last night; he had been beaten by the Germans — nothing left of him but a bruised sack of bones. Since his beating, his mind had gone and he was incontinent, spastic, and disoriented. He died a victim of criminal mistreatment.

I am doing everything I can to try to get some food for these men and get them in shape to move. They are heartbreaking to see — some are so weak they crawl on hands and knees. The Germans must see the handwriting on the wall, and yet they disregard the rules of the Geneva Convention outrageously.

These men say that the worst were left behind. Only those able to crawl were walked here and many had bayonet holes in their butts. Some of their fine fellow prisoners, the French in particular, whose country these men had bled for and freed — French-

men who had lived from American Red Cross for five years — now took of their surplus food (90 per cent American made) and sold it to these starving men through the wire. For a single packet of American Red Cross cigarettes they got a wrist watch (\$50). One American bar of chocolate brought 2000 francs (\$40). They sold a loaf of black bread for a soldier's sweater, shirt, and socks. That is gratitude and humanity. They squeezed those poor starved Yanks dry.

Indicative of the acute clothing shortage here, I may add that we all are wearing the apparel of our deceased countrymen. Not one stitch of clothing was wasted. Underclothes, socks, jackets, pants.

Yesterday in the outer camp I saw something interesting. A wagon load of turnips came into the cookhouse and about twenty Russians tried to steal raw turnips from it. While the driver chased one who had secured a turnip, the others returned, and in no time there was a riot — yelling Germans with great sticks, and starving Russians. I saw one successful thief, a great red welt across his face but a turnip under his coat, streaking off with a smile to a hiding place to eat his windfall.

Every day you can see six or eight Russians digging in the refuse heap in the outer camp: dirt, sweepings, ashes. Occasionally they find frozen potato peels or pieces of raw turnip. I'll never forget these experiences. I had not thought men could be so abased, so brutally treated, and yet live.

February 2. — A Polish friend of mine was here yesterday and was telling me of his trip to the Bonn hospital on December 28. The bombing was pretty horrible, and the consequent disorganization was complete. He said that the roads were all blocked with burning houses — dead and dying everywhere. One large shelter suffered a direct hit and they didn't even try to dig out the victims, but merely put up a sign — "Approximately three hundred buried here." In another place, the bomb landed in the entrance of a shelter; one hundred fifty Hitler youths were killed. Two men lying behind a wall near-by suffered only severe concussion — blood running from ears, nose, and mouth.

In the hospital there were about a thousand people awaiting surgery — they didn't have even paper bandages. The German soldiers who were wounded tore up the sheets for lack of bandages. They got soup and black bread once a day; dressings were changed once a week. Then at night, during raids, the wounded cried for the understaffed personnel to help them to the cellars. The Pole said that we are better off as prisoners than the Germans themselves are. This country is certainly in an awful state now, and yet they fight on. Poor fools, no matter how severe the peace, it could not be more intolerable than the present existence.

February 7. — On the night of February 5 we were bombed again, and what had not been burned in the

first attempt was either burned or blown down this time. It is a bit discouraging when, twice in a month, you are bombed out. Actually this time it was not so costly to me personally. The whole of the outer camp and all the German barracks were burned down. Our remaining building was damaged so that it was totally uninhabitable — all the windows were out and 50 per cent of the walls were blown out.

The barracks where the wounded were was hit at one end by an incendiary; and with no means of fighting fire, it burned completely. We had time to haul them all out. Many were thrown out of their double-decker beds, but fortunately none were killed. By luck I was near the cement shelter when the incendiaries started down, so when the heavy explosives came down I was in the shelter. They landed perhaps a quarter of a mile away, but walls were blown out and even some barracks of cement were flattened. My room had two-by-four beams mashed like paper. One side of the barracks dropped out — apparently they work on some kind of compression action. We crouched in the shelter, and the very cement shook as that *whooo-up* terminated the whirring whistle.

Once again it was a night of horror — the whole camp was burning. One French prisoner was burned in a building (Russians ate his legs and heart). Several of the German guards were killed. Sky ablaze, screams, people running madly, trying to salvage what they could of their few belongings. Germans gave me dirty looks and yelled that my countrymen were murderers.

There were some two thousand men left with no roof overhead. It was horrible. Then, as the fire burned out, it began to rain, and it has kept on raining for a day and a half. They marched the whole camp out in a downpour the next day. I stayed with the wounded, and their evacuation was horrible — men so ill they couldn't stand jammed in worse than animals, and then the tailboard of the truck rammed to; men standing on feet frozen to the ankles; men completely disoriented, incontinent, fever up to 105 or 106 degrees. I wonder how many survived the ride.

The next day I followed, and here I am in Hoffnungsthal. The place is a dingy, filthy hole — men slowly starving to death; pathetic, hopeless souls with amputated legs, withered arms, broken, maimed limbs; thin, pale, hungry. Some are sleeping out in tents, the rest are on the floors. I have never seen a more miserable, stinking mass of humanity. This is really a low point as far as I am concerned — never worse. It is not a good spot militarily either, for it is near Köln, right bang on a German Army camp, three airfields, and an ammunition dump. But after what has happened, I guess I can hold out yet a bit. News is still good — let's hope.

February 9. — It seems as if all of Germany's prisoners have been emptied into this place. They are sleeping in tents on the ground, everywhere. They make small fires, try to cook a bit. Food is very scarce and there are many sick, half-starved Ameri-

cans lying here. None is more wretched than these chronically ill or wounded men — bony; emaciated skeletons, eyes sunken, cheekbones out, ribs all out. Many have bed sores over their bony prominences from their hard straw sacks. They are lying in filthy, ragged blankets on rough burlap — no sheets, nothing to cover their nakedness. They have all traded off their watches, rings, and everything else of value for a bit of bread or potatoes.

Sometimes with all the disease, bombing, and lack of food I get pretty pessimistic about surviving. It gives one the jitters to have been bombed twice, and so nearly killed — my room both times was destroyed, once by incendiaries and next by explosives. Then since Friday there has been a constant vibrating rumble of artillery. The Americans have begun another drive — I pray it may be the final one. The front is only twenty-five miles from here; so we can hear the artillery day and night. There was aerial activity all last night, fighters, bombers, flares. We never know when they may drop something on our camp. We are near several airfields, and there seems to be lots of ammo stored here. There is plenty of activity constantly.

March 1. — A blustery, windy day. This place is showing few signs of spring as yet. But it is not too cold. We have been living on the crest of excitement recently, for there is a great battle raging only ten miles away as the Americans approach Köln. Day and night the rumble of artillery goes on, and some of the shells shake our whole building. It is thrilling, for we have waited so long and hope so much that we shall be recaptured here.

I think that it will be impossible for them to evacuate the hospital; there are no housing facilities, and three hundred wounded men present a transport problem which is almost impossible to solve at this point. Every five minutes brings a new wild rumor.

Work commandos are being evacuated here daily, and the camp is filled to overflowing. It is a horrible sight — these poor creatures, underfed, filthy, clothed in rags. Yet there is a tense, anxious feeling, for they know the momentous events that are in progress and they feel that deliverance is near. Often I cannot sleep nights for the excitement and noise. Six months is such a long time.

Apparently the long-awaited offensive has begun and we really had excitement here yesterday when the RAF carried out one of the heaviest raids in history on Köln. It is only four miles away, and this area got half a dozen heavy bombs. They sounded like an express train as they came hurtling down. The world seems to stand still a moment, and then all hell breaks loose. The trees quiver and shake, windows that are not open break from concussion, the buildings quiver and tremble, and we all lie on the floor and hope.

Each moment seems an eternity — and then that flood of relief as you realize it has missed you once more. Yesterday was dangerous because there were

so many clouds and those heavies may unload at any place. But I suppose they are really doing a wonderful job of softening. What little news we get is good, though things seem to move very slowly from our vantage point. But we keep tabs on our news and feel sure that the fighting cannot last many months. All we can do is to keep patient.

March 10. — Once more I am the last limb on a tree, left here in camp with a hundred or more seriously wounded men. The outer camp has gone, and all the Germans have left, except a small skeletal crew. Some of them I felt sorry to see leave, as they were fine people; it is hard to find much to recommend others. Of course there were the last-minute pleas from half a dozen Germans who wanted a letter of recommendation. I always think less of these men, but as long as I am a prisoner I can only write a very non-compromising note.

These days are filled with nervous tension — not fear of artillery or death, but of evacuation; for unless the Allies cross the river in the next week we shall be evacuated into inner Germany and conditions will become progressively worse and food almost non-existent. The war can continue for several months, but oh, the misery to the people of Germany. Prisoner life will be unbearable.

All of our sitting wounded were walked or carried to a horse and wagon; some of our men had no shoes — only slippers. Then they were driven to the station, where some waited two hours in a cold March drizzle until they were loaded into cold boxcars. No heat, no straw; sick men, half-starved, poorly clothed, facing a cold rail trip with only two days' food ration (half a loaf of black bread). Many of them will not survive the trip, for the Germans didn't know where they were going or how long a trip it might be. The last group of well patients waited three days in the railway station before they moved. As the group left, our long-range artillery was falling on the rail tracks. And so we wait, hoping each moment, each hour. Perhaps tomorrow.

As a prisoner with days going so slowly it is difficult to keep up one's spirits. The food is so bad; the living is primitive — and so different from the life I was used to, I often wonder how much this has done to me without my knowing it, and whether or not my attempt to keep the horror of war from hardening me has been successful. I hope that my sympathy for my fellow man will always be near the surface; yet I wonder. I have seen such atrocious abuse of human beings since I have been a prisoner that I am afraid it will be difficult to be patient with some of our neurotics at home.

I used to believe in the fundamental goodness of all people — yet here it is difficult to believe in that. I hope that I can profit by these experiences but forget the bitter ugliness of some of them. I want to come home much as I left it; but perhaps a bit more tolerant, sympathetic, and humble.



THE NETTLE PATCH

by CONRAD RICHTER

IT WAS Kinzie's fault in the first place. He came home without Star and Boss. Oh, he heard their bells all right. They were in the big swamp beyond the nettle patch. He had the Covenhovens' black and tan hound along. That swamp was a rich treasure place to a hound's nose. He ran so far ahead you couldn't see him. But when they went in after the cows, it sounded like something came for the dog through the brush. It made a monstrous racket. What it was, Kinzie didn't know, but the hound popped out a-yelping and hid behind the boy.

Then it was that Kinzie reckoned he better come home and get the rifle.

"You let your hands off that rifle," Sayward said. "Guerdon can go back with you. Why, that rifle's twice bigger'n you are."

"I kin handle it, Mam," Guerdon promised.

"You mean you'd let Kinzie shoot his self with it. When he's big enough he can have it."

"Uncle Wyitt had it when he was 'leven," Guerdon threw at her, but he didn't wait for an answer. It would do no good. She would never let Kinzie have it. Resolve was the only one she'd trust it to, for he was her favorite. Well, Guerdon reckoned, maybe he was just as well off. That rifle would be mighty heavy to tote all the way out there and back. He'd just as soon carry the corn cutter. Will Beagle had made it and he said you could lay an Indian's guts on the ground with it.

Guerdon took the corn cutter down from its peg in the log barn and went out the far door, keeping the

barn between him and his mam so she couldn't see what he carried. She'd be liable to make him put even that back.

Once they got to where Kinzie heard the noise, it was thick with brush and dark as candle time. The vines in here had butts like trees. It had places you had to watch out or the quicksands would get you, and other places called prairies, where no butts grew, only grass and weeds. But if it had any heavy, thrashing beast in the swamp any more, it kept mighty still, now that he had the corn cutter. All Guerdon could hear was the sweet lonesome notes of the swamp robin and the faraway bells of Star and Boss. He and Kinzie had to go through the bull laurel to get near them. It was something to see in June, the flower bunches big as your head and waxy white in this dark place.

Now why wouldn't those ornery cows come home? The flies were as bad in here as around the house. Besides, Sayward had them build a fire outside the house in fly time. The cows would stand in the smoke to get away from the pests, and when the smoke moved, they moved too. They had as much sense as a human. Some said that when cows didn't come home, it meant a spell had been cast on them. Then they forgot they ever had a stable to stand in or a master to milk them.

Guerdon halfways believed that. He was on ahead now. They were out of the bull laurel and in the nettle patch. He was all sweated and those nettles burned like fire when they touched him. He bent down to crawl the path under and between two big stands of nettles. He should have looked where he set his hand. He heard Kinzie holler behind him but it was too late. He thought he felt a nettle sting the end of his second finger. When he looked down, there the "spotted serpent" lay. Oh, never had he seen anything so fat and ugly. It almost made him

CONRAD RICHTER's stories of early American life, *The Sea of Grass*, *The Trees*, and *Tacey Cromwell*, have established him as a master of the short novel. In *The Trees* he wrote of those days when the great forests all but engulfed the pioneers' cabins in Indiana and Ohio; he wrote of the children brought up in the great dark corridors beneath the trees. One of them, Sayward, now grown to womanhood and married, reappears in this story.

puke to see it and think his hand had reached down by it. Now he had the mark of the beast burned on him, and already the poison was a-spreading in his veins.

"Did it git you, Guerdie?" Kinzie was hollering to him.

"Oh, it got me all right," Guerdon said.

"I never heerd it rattle," Kinzie called.

"It's a black-spotted one," Guerdon said. "Them kind never rattle."

Savagely he finished off the curled-up beast with the corn chopper. Then he backed out to a clearer space where it had more light to look at his hand. He could see the ugly twin marks. Hell's needles, they were, the devil's thumbprint. Already he reckoned the finger looked a little different, a mite fuller and more yaller. It was starting to swell and the yaller was turning black already. After his finger, it would go to his hand. And after that, his arm. He wished he was home. His mam would know what to do, but he was a good ways from home. He couldn't wait till he got back now.

He walked around with Kinzie following till he came to a log half as high as he was. It was stitched in moss, and green like it had been dipped in paint.

"Take this corn cutter, Kin," he said. Kinzie took it wondering. Guerdon laid the suffering finger on the top of the log like the neck of a gypsy fowl on the chopping block. "Now you kin cut it off."

Kinzie gravely studied the finger.

"Clear off?" he wanted to know.

"Just at the top knuckle. Not the hull finger."

"It'll bleed."

"I want it to. That's what'll git the pizen out."

"What if I miss it?"

"Go ahead. You kin whack at it agin."

"I mought chop your hand off."

"You won't. You kin see better'n that."

Kinzie stood stock-still. He squinted this way and that, lifted the corn cutter several times. But he didn't bring it down.

"I ain't good at this. I never done it before."

"Give it here!" Guerdon cried, exasperated. "If you kain't, I kin."

He shut one eye and measured with the corn cutter. Then he drew it back and struck.

"Now give me a piece from my shirt," he told him shortly. "You ought to be able to cut that off."

2

WHATEVER tarnal thing it had in the swamp before, its spell must have been broken when Guerdon killed the snake, for the cows started to come in by themselves just then. They walked high with their bells a-ringing, but Guerdon just about made home. He came to the cabin with the skin tight as a drum over his arm, a fire in his eyes, and the world spinning around. His pappy asked stern what he had been doing.

"Nothin'. I just got stung out in the nettle patch," he said.

His mam took one look at him and put him to bed downstairs, where she could tend him. First she unwound that rag from his aching finger and washed it with warm water from the kettle. She washed his face and hands and the rest of the arm, too. Never did he expect his mam's strong hand could be so easy. Not a word of scold for his finger or his shirt, and his pappy never quibbled over the whiskey she poured from his jug over the wound. She gave the boy to drink of it, too, and he didn't know which burned the harder, his throat or the stump of his finger. He felt he could sleep a little now, but do you reckon she would let him? No, she raised up his head every few minutes and made him drink water from the gourd. He drank so much she had to hold him up on his unsteady knees while he made his water hot and scalding in the old cedar bucket.

"It's good it wa'n't my first finger, Mam, or I couldn't fire off a rifle," he told her, and she nodded grave, like she'd let him take out the rifle every day if ever he overed this.

It was a sealed book, he reckoned, whether you overed a snake bite or not. Only God Almighty knew. Soon as folks heard about it, they came by to see how he was making out. He could tell he was pretty sick the way they looked down on him. They all had some cure they wanted Sayward to try, and his mam listened ca'm to each how it was done.

Molly Weaver said the best was to take him out and dig a hole in the ground and then bury his hand and arm in it up to the shoulder. Mrs. Covenhoven said she would kill a skunk, and failing in that, a cat, and put its hide warm on the wound, the bloody side under. A black cat was best. And Will Beagle said it had a stone some places, and if you put that stone on where a snake or wolf bit you, the stone would draw the poison out. All you had to do when it stopped drawing was turn the stone around to some fresh place. He believed he could find such a stone in the woods around here if he went and looked for it, but Sayward said she would stick to her own receipt.

Nobody that dropped in that evening left right off. They all hung around, you could tell, waiting to see what happened. They wanted to carry the news home he was either better or a gone Josie. Even Colonel Suydam stayed. When he first stopped in with his cane he said he wanted to see this boy who had the cheek to chop off his own finger. Guerdon could hear their talk coming to him. Sometimes what came through his head made sense, and sometimes it didn't.

Mary Harbison said when they first went up to the place they had now, many a day she looked out the door and saw a rattlesnake on the doorlog looking in. She said one time she gave little Salomy a bowl of milk from Zephon Brown's and went out to work in the corn patch. Something made her go back and look in the cabin. There was her baby still a-setting on the floor drinking at the milk and a spotted rattle-

snake lapping up what she spilled. She stood there not knowing what to do, for if she ran in, that snake might strike her baby. She waited till Salomy reached her spoon at the snake. Then she screeched before she thought, and the snake slid out through a hole in the chinking. She said she hated real bad to kill that snake. She felt sure it knew Salomy was just a babe and harmless, and she felt grateful to it for not hurting her.

Afterwards Mollie Weaver told about the woman she knew back in the old state. That woman's baby always cried in the morning because she had no milk for it. One night her man got awake and found a snake in bed a-sucking at her breasts, and that's why she never had any milk for her babe, because after her man killed the snake, she had plenty.

Now why did Colonel Suydam have to go and spoil that story! He said he didn't believe it. But he could relate one he couldn't explain. Back home somebody from the country fetched in a live rattlesnake with twelve buttons and the storekeeper put it in a hogshead where the boys had fun with it. First time the Colonel looked down at it, he didn't know what came over him. He saw those snake eyes a-blazing up at him from the dark hogshead and it made him feel faint all over. For the first time in his life he thought he was going to swoon. He believed he would have fallen in the hogshead if somebody hadn't helped him off. He judged that's how rattlesnakes put a spell on birds and small beasts with their eyes. No, Jake contradicted him, they did it with their smell. He once smelled rattlesnakes after a rain, and that was the orneriest smell he ever did smell. A woman would have passed out.

Guerdon believed he felt a mite better. It had worse things in this world than to lay here with nothing to do but have folks talk and worry over you. He couldn't get over how good his mam had been to him. She was so ca'm most times you thought she took you for granted and didn't give a whoop for you any more. But let something real like stone-blindness or black plague come along and you found out how much she liked you. Why, she'd chop off her own finger if it would help him any, he could tell. It gave him a feeling for her like old times. Every once in a while her face hung over him, seeing how he was. The rest of the time he was satisfied to lay there with the sociable feel of folks sitting around the cabin and the sound of their talk flowing over him soft and easy like the soapy water his mam had washed him with.

3

IT WAS Jake Tench who kept saying that rattlesnake bite was worse for a young one than a growed person. When Guerdon's mam and pap went to the door with Colonel Suydam, Jake came over and held Portius's whiskey jug to the boy's mouth. He told him he better drink if he wanted to live. "More," he said while Guerdon choked and sputtered.

"More," he kept saying, till Sayward came in and took the jug away from him.

When Guerdon lay back, the room purred like a cat from the whiskey. After a while the ends of the cabin started to go up and down like they were loose, and the loft like a cradle rocking. That whiskey was fighting the poison now, he could tell, for he felt a heap better.

"My lights and livers!" he yelled before he knew it, sitting bolt upright in his bed.

The company talk stopped short.

"Yi-i-i-i-i!" he shrieked like he was in pain.

"What's wrong, Guerdon?" his Aunt Genny wanted to know.

"Hallelujah and salvation!" he howled at the top of his voice like he heard the circuit rider do. "Hallelujah and amen!"

The folks were staring.

"He's gittin' religion," Mary Harbison said.

"I'm runnin' out the devil!" he hollered. "Vamoose! as the Lord said to the white-whiskered man. Git out, you dod-rotted, long-haired, long-eared, long-horned devil!"

"Guerdon!" his mam said sharply.

He felt too good to stop now. He yipped and hooted. When he saw Huldah, Libby, and Kinzie looking down at him from the loft hole, it only set him on.

"I'm a peddler!" he shouted. "I'm come from Maytown. I'm a-tradin' razors and breastpins. See this here fine whisker cutter! It'll cut your meat and slice toenails! All you got to do is buy it and put it in your pocket! You'll wake up with a clean shave and a clean shirt in the mornin'. And five shillin' in your pocket!"

"The pizen's put him out of his mind," Mrs. Covenhoven said.

His mam made him lay back. All were staring at him save Jake Tench, who was laughing fit to kill.

"He's drunk, that's what he is!" Aunt Genny said finally.

Soon as his mam let him loose, Guerdon heaved up again. What his Aunt Genny said put him in mind of a catch she sang when company came to the Covenhovens. It had plenty of verses, and he only knew a few. Now he yelled those verses at the top of his voice, keeping time with his head and hand at the same time:—

"That night I come a-ridin' home
As drunk as drunk could be.
I seen a head on the bolster
Whar my head oughter be.

"Come here, my dear sweet Ellin,
I married lawfuller,
How come a head on the bolster
Whar my head oughter be?"

"You blind fool, you drunken fool,
Kain't you never see!
It's nothin' but a cabbage head
Your granny sent to me."

"I've traveled this wide world over
A thousand miles or more.
But a mustache on a cabbage head
I never did see before."

A slew of laughing followed that.

"He knows it nigh as good as you, Genny,"
Mollie Weaver spoke.

"He ought to. He's heard it oft enough," Aunt
Genny said.

"You kin tell singin' runs in the Lucketts," Will
Beagle said with a look at Genny, for, though she was
married, never had he given her up.

Sayward pushed Guerdon flat in bed again.

"Now lay down and hush up," she told him, but he
thought by her eyes that his tomfoolery made her
laugh like the rest.

Jake Tench came across and looked down.

"Looks like he's overed it," he said like he was dis-

appointed. "He ain't a-goin' to die after all. I
reckon me and Will kin go home now. We won't have
to take the measurements for his grave box. Of
course, you never kin tell. Sometimes they take a
turn for the worse. I knowed a boy once —"

"Now let him alone, Jake," Sayward said sharply.
"You done enough to him."

"All that saved his skin was the whiskey," Jake
declared. "How much would you a-took for him two
hours back?"

"Not the whole country and you thrown in,"
Sayward told him.

Guerdon looked up at her, closed his eyes, then
opened them and looked at her again. It wasn't so
bad to get bit by a "spotted serpent" as he reckoned.
He was short a finger above the knuckle, but he had
his mammy back. A mam like he had didn't grow on
every bush. He'd chop a whole finger off for her
any time she wanted it.



OF SPACE AND TIME

by EDITH HENRICH

THE man looks at the mountain with the fog
of distance on it lovelier than grass,
and then he lifts and slowly turns the glass
that calls it to him like a faithful dog.
Man is an animal at home in space:
the earth and sky are beautiful to him;
imagination presses at the rim
of all horizon for a farther place.

He fits his wings to climb as eagles climb;
he fetches constellations in a mirror;
but time escapes him; time is unleashed terror;
he is an animal obsessed by time.
He has no instrument to hold it with
except his counted pulse, his measured breath.

YOUR ELECTRICITY AND YOUR MONEY

by CHARLES W. KELLOGG

ARMY engineers, and chief among them Brigadier General Lewis A. Pick, have been over every mile of the 2500-mile stretch of the Missouri River seeking to estimate the effects of irrigation and flood control, the thousands of new homesteads, and the industrial potential which might result from a valley authority similar to TVA. The size and the authority of the proposed Federal developments now, as in 1937, have been sharply questioned by those who believe that private initiative and private capital are adequate for any undertaking. To meet this issue squarely, the *Atlantic* has called in Charles W. Kellogg, President of the Edison Electric Institute and an experienced spokesman for the privately owned electric utilities, and David E. Lilienthal, who believes that the TVA enterprise, of which he is Chairman, is one of the most important experiments in democracy ever attempted.

— THE EDITOR

I

IT is hard for me to understand why those who believe that the public credit should be tapped to diffuse blessings on all should have picked out electric service as the particular channel through which to pour out the largesse. In the first place, electricity is one of the smallest of the generally identifiable expenses; it forms about 1 per cent of the average family budget in the home and about 1.4 per cent of the value of product in the average industry. It is a smaller item for the average citizen than cigarettes or candy. In the second place, the electric industry requires seven times as much capital investment per dollar of sales (hydro power about ten times as much) as the average manufacturing industry.

If, therefore, the social planners are really trying to distribute the most benefits from the available money, the electric business would be the last one they would enter, since, by choosing that industry, they can get the beneficiary the smallest amount per dollar spent. Why should this be?

The electric service industry, in which some millions of American citizens have invested about thirteen billion dollars, has to an increasing extent during the last decade been subjected to most unfair commercial competition by the Federal government. In this competition Uncle Sam has the advantage (1) of obtaining capital from the Treasury without interest, and (2) of tax exemption — items which

taken together represent nearly 40 per cent of the total cost of any private electric service company.

This practice seems to me clearly contrary to the American sense of fair play. It is high time that the American citizen began to worry about this thirteen-billion-dollar question — first, because it is his taxes alone that pay these subsidies; and second, because the same principles and methods that today are used by the government against its citizens' investment in the electric service field can be used tomorrow to attack other lines of business.

Water power is a fascinating thing. But this free gift of nature, in the average location, has two serious defects as a source of electricity: its high development cost and its unreliability for continuous service.

Before this gift can be used, it must be harnessed. Dams, canals, forebays, penstocks, and tailraces, in various combinations, must be constructed before the turbines through which the water falls, and the generators that they drive, can be installed. The result is almost always a higher construction cost per kilowatt of plant capacity for a hydro plant than for a steam plant of equivalent size. In addition, hydro power plants as a rule are not (like the Niagara Falls plant) near the place where the power is to be used, so that a heavy burden of transmission line investment has to be made to get the hydro power to the point of use, where the steam station would be located.

Rainfall is a most variable factor, not only as to different seasons but also as between "dry" and "wet" years. This means that the dependable output of most hydros is a relatively small part of what they can generate for a large part of the time. In order to carry the load during these low periods, a steam station or some other source of power must be available, and in that case an added burden of cost confronts the hydro.

A public utilities executive who graduated from M.I.T. in 1902, CHARLES W. KELLOGG spent his entire business career with the Stone & Webster organization, serving as manager of various electric utility companies in New England, Texas, and the Middle West. He was the first President of Engineers Public Service Company. Since 1936 he has been President of the Edison Electric Institute. He is eminently qualified by his experience to be the spokesman for privately owned electric utilities.

The first hydros developed were naturally those whose physical characteristics produced the lowest development costs. Thirty years ago, when on the average it took $3\frac{3}{4}$ pounds of the best coal to produce a kilowatt hour by steam, such early hydros were a good investment. Today, however, when most of the cheap hydros have been developed (leaving only the more expensive ones to be developed) and when a kilowatt hour can be produced by steam with $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of the best coal, the situation is exactly reversed and steam is cheaper than hydro. A study I have recently completed shows that in 1920, other things being equal, hydro power on the average cost 41 per cent less than steam, while today the hydro costs 60 per cent more than steam.

2

REGULATION is a subject that has always been familiar to the electrical engineer. The regulation of the speed of the modern steam turbine is so perfect that electric clocks, which run in synchronism with the electric cycles turned out by modern electric systems, remain accurate to the second after years of continuous operation. The automatic regulators or "governors," as they are called, let in more steam when the machine tends to slow down and less when it tends to speed up; but so far the regulation of electric rates seems to have been a "one way street" — always down, never up. To many people the words "regulation" and "reduction" have come to be synonymous where electric rates are involved.

The argument for municipal ownership runs that the city can raise money more cheaply than the private company, that it has no desire to make a profit but only to furnish its citizens service at cost. These arguments are outweighed by other factors. The discipline, efficiency, initiative, and commercial urge characteristic of private enterprise have given better electric service and, on the average, have given it at lower cost than the government-owned companies in spite of their freedom from taxes and other subsidies.

The verdict of the years is definite. The largest percentage of total electric customers served by municipal plants was in the period from 1907 to 1917. After that it dropped off very substantially. There was a temporary flurry of expansion in municipal ownership from 1933 to 1935 stimulated by Public Works Administration offers of up to 45 per cent of Federal funds as a gift to any city desiring to acquire its own utility companies. It was also affected by the advent of the Tennessee Valley Authority and other such power systems.

Since the start of World War II, the high rate of Federal taxes, from payment of which municipal plants are exempt, has been a further influence to make acquisition of electric service facilities by municipalities attractive, but the record of municipal elections on the subject shows that even the subsidy

has not been alluring to the majority of the people. In the past four years, out of 178 elections on this issue, involving an aggregate population of five million, communities having a total of 95 per cent of these five million people opposed public ownership.

During the last decade a more menacing development in governmental competition with the electric service companies has come from the Federal government. Up to 1935 the total capacity of Federal power plants, which, except for Muscle Shoals, were mostly connected with irrigation projects in the Far West, represented slightly over 1 per cent of the national total and less than a quarter of the municipal plant capacity. Since 1935 the capacity of Federal power plants has grown by leaps and bounds, and at the end of last year such plants represented $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the installed electric generating capacity of the nation.

It is recognized that the Federal government has no legal authority to engage in the electric power business, but the Supreme Court has ruled that if the Federal government builds a dam in connection with performing some legal function and, as the result of the operation of such dam, electric power gets generated, there is no legal objection to the Federal government's selling such power. In the words of the late Senator Norris on the floor of the Senate, this is the "constitutional peg" on which the TVA and other so-called multiple-purpose dams hang.

Under the thin guise of this pious fraud, several billions of dollars (all borrowed money, because raised under an unbalanced budget) have been spent by the Federal government for water power developments on the Tennessee, Columbia, and other rivers. In each case the purpose of the development, as declared in the legislation authorizing it, is some such objective as improving navigation, controlling floods, irrigating arid lands, or what not; but the real purpose, frankly avowed by the governmental promoters, is the production of electric power.

The apparent ease with which appropriations have been obtained for such "multiple-purpose" dams has naturally stimulated Congressmen from other localities to see what they could shake down for their state or district, and scores of additional projects are going through the mill of departmental study or proposed legislation. To show the point this craze has reached, in one project reported on by the Army Engineers, the benefits were found to be slightly over 4 per cent navigation and flood control and about 96 per cent electric power. It was refreshing to read that the farmers in the Potomac River Valley, in which it was proposed to spend \$236,000,000 on a "flood control" project, which was, however, to be 92 per cent for power benefits and less than 2 per cent for flood control, descended on Washington in such an outraged swarm that the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors disapproved the report on the project.

In advocating more multiple-purpose dams in our rivers and "valley authorities" for the Missouri,

Columbia, Ohio, and numerous other rivers, the standard argument is that the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) has been so successful that its method should be applied to produce the same blessings elsewhere. It is important, therefore, to make sure just how good TVA is. This is the more appropriate because TVA has been in existence for twelve years and has published reports of its financial operations.

The principal argument for the TVA, when it was advocated thirteen years ago, was that its operations would furnish a "yardstick" for measuring rates charged by the electric companies. It is a fact that the retail rates charged for TVA electricity are lower than the average company rates throughout the country. On the other hand, if we analyze the \$2,895,000,000 spent in furnishing service by all electric companies last year, we find it includes items representing Federal taxes (escaped by TVA) and return to stock and bond holders (corresponding to interest paid by the U. S. Treasury but ignored in TVA's income statements) aggregating \$1,131,000,000 or 39 per cent of the total. In order to make a fair comparison, the electric company's average rates for all service should therefore be reduced by 39 per cent; and when so adjusted, the TVA rates for all service are found to be 16 per cent higher than average company rates country-wide — that is, after deducting what is paid by private companies but not paid by TVA or its distributors, because this expense is shifted to the Federal taxpayers.

The comparison I have made is still not fair to the companies, because the TVA rates are based on a larger annual consumption per customer (1741 kilowatt hours) than the company national average (1151 kilowatt hours) and it is well known that the rates fall with increased consumption.

So much for the yardstick. Now, from the point of view of the taxpayer, the following brief statement, summarized from TVA published reports and U. S. Treasury reports, shows the combined results of its operations for the first eleven years — 1934 to 1944, both inclusive: —

A. Net operating profits from sale of electricity	\$ 38,123,000
B. Net expenditures by other departments:	
Navigation	\$ 7,754,000
Flood Control	4,956,000
Fertilizer	19,633,000
Related Property	6,546,000
Development	18,678,000
	\$57,567,000
C. Interest paid by U. S. Treasury (but not by TVA) on funds advanced for TVA (Simple interest only, not compounded)	62,098,000*
Total deductions (B & C)	119,665,000
Total net deficit, 11 years	\$ 81,542,000

* Excluding the small amount of interest TVA paid on its bonds.

Confronted with the foregoing figures, all from unimpeachable sources, the TVA admits that the TVA electric operations are no yardstick for anyone not enjoying the same subsidies and admits also that the TVA overall costs the taxpayers of the country a lot of money, but says: "Look what TVA has done for the Valley!"

This is a fair question and one to which the taxpayers must also want the answer. Taking figures from the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, published by the U. S. Department of Commerce, I have compared the performance of Tennessee with the seven adjoining Southern States of Georgia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas. The period covered by the latest published reports is the decade ending in 1939 — and for some items, 1940 and 1942. Compared to the eight-state average, Tennessee was 1 per cent above the average in population gain; it was 5.6 per cent above the average in increase in value of retail trade; it was 2.6 per cent above the average in growth of value of farms.

On the other hand, Tennessee was 4 per cent below the eight-state average in respect to gain in the area of land cultivated; it broke even in the increased value of manufactured products, and was 4.3 per cent below the eight-state average in increased gross income of farms. Surely these are not differences to boast about in view of \$750,000,000 of Federal money poured into the valley.

3

GREAT stress has been laid by TVA, both verbally and pictorially, on what it has done for the farmers in its territory. With its low rates and practically unlimited funds, such farm electrical development was to be expected. Here again, however, the figures do not bear out the claims. In this case, with the same eight Southern States, I have taken the gain in per cent of farms electrified during the decade from 1933 to 1943. The average gain in this percentage for the eight Southern States adjacent to TVA was 22.2; Tennessee's gain was 18.6 — well below the average in gain, although at the beginning of the decade it was at the average. If we consider, for the same decade, the gain or loss in rank among the several states of the Union as to the degree of farm electrification, Tennessee makes the poorest relative showing of all, having dropped six places in rank while five of the seven neighboring states gained.

Let us consider some of the purposes for which the TVA Act was passed: —

1. *Flood Control.* The greatest flood in the history of the Tennessee River, according to the U. S. Army Engineers' report, inundated 666,000 acres. The Tennessee Valley Authority reported that as of June 30, 1944, it had purchased for reservoir purposes 1,046,982 acres, of which 462,700 acres lay below normal pool levels and 128,000 were subject to oc-

casional inundation. These figures, of course, will increase as construction proceeds further.

The Army Engineers reported that the average annual flood damage was \$1,784,000 and that three quarters of this damage took place in the Emory River Basin, a tributary which in the plans of the TVA is not to be protected by flood control dams, and that the bulk of the remaining damage occurred at Chattanooga, where, notwithstanding the TVA dams, Congress has appropriated \$13,500,000 (out of a \$20,000,000 project) for levees to protect the city of Chattanooga from Tennessee River floods.

In hearings on the Douglas Dam (a part of the TVA System) a statement prepared by the president of the University of Tennessee estimated an annual crop loss of \$1,250,000 for the area that this dam would drown out. The Tennessee Farm Bureau estimated the crop loss in 1941, due to the flooding of bottom lands in the TVA projects, at about \$13,400,000. It seems clear that as a flood control proposition the TVA has been a backward move. Yet, in 1944, \$43,000,000 of its construction expenditures had been allocated to the credit of flood control by the Authority.

2. *Navigation.* In 1943, from a report of the Water Conservation Conference, 194,000,000 ton-miles were shipped by TVA navigation facilities. Navigation cost reported by TVA for that year was \$1,249,000. Adding to this the 2 per cent interest on the \$75,475,000 allocated by TVA to navigation facilities makes the total navigation cost \$2,759,000. This compares with \$1,814,000 as the cost of moving the traffic by rail at average United States rates. This recalls Governor Al Smith's observation some years ago that the State of New York could shut down the Barge Canal, pay to the railroads at published rates the freight on all the traffic moving on the canal, and save money in the process.

3. *Fertilizer.* TVA reports over \$19,600,000 spent in its lifetime in manufacturing fertilizer. This material is given away for test-demonstration on farms, "for experimental purposes," to 47,000 farmers — in some cases to the same farm for ten years. It is difficult to see what information could result from such a lavish handout that could not be obtained just as well from half a dozen agricultural college farms in a few years.

4

DURING the last thirty years, while the cost of living has gone up about 75 per cent, the unit cost for electricity in the home has dropped more than 50 per cent. I mention the unit cost of home electricity because 85 per cent of the 33 million electric customers of the country are in that category; but the record of unit cost decrease is practically as good for all the electricity sold.

The reasons for this well-nigh unique record of public service are twofold. First, improved design and the greater inherent economy and larger size of

generating units has steadily reduced the operating cost of manufacturing a kilowatt hour. Second, and equally important in producing the result, the relatively large fixed capital investment, unavoidable for electric service properties, automatically reduces unit costs with greater use of the service. This fundamental fact of the industry explains why in all modern rate schedules the unit price goes down with greater use. It should be mentioned in this connection that the great modern power stations, which to the eye form such a prominent part of electric service investment, represent in fact but one third of the total — the rest being in the transmission lines, substations, and distribution lines that carry the current to the individual consumer.

During the last thirty years there has been an enormous spreading out of the electrified field, the number of customers having grown from 5 million to 33 million in the period. At the same time, the consumption of electricity has grown much faster than the number of users — in fact about twice as fast. In home use the growth has been three times as fast, and the original essential of light has been overshadowed three or four to one, as an energy consumer, by other uses that have made convenience and laborsaving the great electric task.

In industry the transformation has been equally striking. Some recent figures have indicated that the national income per capita bears a close relationship to the horsepower used per employee in industry. During the last three decades this figure for the United States has grown from 2.82 to 6.40. The stupendous industrial war record was made possible largely by the availability of an adequate supply of electric power everywhere in the country.

The war has demonstrated also the financial soundness of electric service companies. In the face of increases in wage rates and with taxes and fuel cost doubled since 1939, these operating companies last year earned $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on \$13,000,000,000 of securities outstanding against them, or substantially the same ratio as in 1939, while, at the same time, reducing from 1939 the average unit charge on all energy sold by over 23 per cent.

The facts presented here should demonstrate the unfair basis of the competition of the Federal government with its citizens in the electric service business. The process does not stop with the mere generation of power. Much of the government-developed water power is situated in localities where it has not been needed for the public service. The larger power plants have been loaded up with war contracts, but these have been terminated. Faced with this plethora which the government itself created, it has proceeded to raid the existing market developed through the years by some electric companies, using the 39 per cent of cost which the private company pays, and which the government power project does not pay, to beat down rates or, under the threat of doing so, to force the sale of the property.

The electric companies feel very strongly that simple justice to them and economic justice to the taxpayer require that where electric power is produced by government dams it should be distributed through existing market channels developed by existing electric service companies, with the stipulation that any saving in cost to the companies from buying such power for distribution should be passed on to the ultimate consumer. This is the best and simplest way to utilize such power.

If, however, the government insists on going into the marketing business, then in the interest of fair competition and out of regard to the taxpayer, these government-operated business enterprises should pay the equivalent of Federal taxes, should pay the full equivalent of state and local taxes, and should actually pay interest on the invested capital themselves, instead of having it carried, through the U. S. Treasury, by the nation's taxpayers. The proponents of such projects have said time and again before Congress that they would not cost the taxpayer a

cent, that they would be self-liquidating. Such promises should be effectuated without delay.

The electric service industry, from the earliest pioneering struggles to get started under well-nigh insuperable difficulties to its final triumphant success in powering our war effort, has had a long and honorable record. It has created service standards, both in physical quality and devotion to duty, unequalled in any other land, which have added importantly to the industrial supremacy of the nation and to the safety and convenience of its citizens. It feels, therefore, that it is entitled to the support and protection of its government rather than the unfair and destructive competition it has been encountering from that source in recent years. Given even reasonably fair competition, the electric utility companies can outdo their competitors in every department — lower rates, better service, greater reliability, more promise of new technical advances, and more fruitful and vigorous development of new uses for electricity.



TVA: AN AMERICAN INVENTION

by DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

1

THE perennial speculation, "Is America moving to the Right or the Left?" has little meaning in these days. The struggle for leadership is more accurately described as between those having opposite temperaments and outlooks on life: between the fearful and the confident; between those whose impulse is always to "sit tight," to "wait and see," and those who are by nature innovators and explorers.

The unimaginative and the fearful have always been able to prove by "common sense" and cleverly contrived statistics that almost anything new and vigorous is "unsound," "impossible," "visionary," and "wasteful." Their voices come down through the years: —

"Encourage the building of transcontinental railroads? Why, we already have adequate transportation in our fine stagecoach and turnpike companies; railroads would impair these splendid investments."

"The horseless carriage is an interesting hobby, but

of course it will never be practical. And to use public funds to provide paved roads for them to run on will upset the buggy-whip and surrey-fringe industries."

"Operate the steel mills on less than a seven-day work week of twelve hours daily! Dangerous nonsense! This is a matter to be left to the judgment of practical men."

"Henry Ford is a crackpot. Any practical businessman can tell you that you can't pay men five dollars a day, sell your product at low prices, and stay in business. Ford's notion that there is a market for millions of cars is insane."

"This proposal to build up the Tennessee Valley through TVA is impracticable and idealistic. What's the matter with the way things are? Floods? But if TVA's new plan for holding back the water by dams were any good it would have been used long ago by those whose job it is to know about such things. Besides, if floods can be controlled that way, who will look out for all the loyal contractors who have done such a good job building the river levees higher and higher after each big flood — and what will we do without the contractors' campaign contributions? As for making electricity out of floodwaters, as TVA proposes, there is already a surplus of electricity.

A son of Illinois who took his bachelor's degree at DePauw University in 1920 and his LL.B. at Harvard in 1923, DAVID E. LILIENTHAL practiced law in Chicago from 1923 to 1931. He was made a member of the Wisconsin Public Service Commission in 1931 and was appointed Director of the Tennessee Valley Authority in 1933. Since 1941 he has served as its Chairman.

None on the farms? Yes, but farmers wouldn't use electricity if they had it."

And so on and on.

When the country has followed the lead of those who always cry, "Don't try anything new," American life has generally been dull and regressive, an arid stretch of holding on to what we had. When the vigorous and creative have set the pace, we have been a fresh, stimulating, confident nation. Under their leadership, Americans pushed their way down the Ohio and up the Missouri to new lands, built on a huge scale, took chances, started new enterprises, had unlimited confidence in themselves, welcomed new ideas in business, in education, and in government.

The country is today experiencing a creative period that might be compared with the great westward push of a century ago. There are many illustrations, in private and public enterprises, but perhaps the best-known the world over is TVA. A leading Republican Congressman, who initially was strongly opposed to the TVA, writes me: "You may be interested in knowing that of all the things about which people in authority made inquiry during my sojourn in twenty-one countries, the most frequent was concerning the TVA."

2

THE TVA is in the tradition of a vigorous, pioneering America. This explains, I think, why TVA is now so generally accepted as an American accomplishment, without regard to political party affiliation or the labels of Left and Right; why the application of the TVA idea to the great Missouri Valley and other regions receives the editorial approval of both the "conservative" *New York Times* and the "radical" *PM*, of *Collier's* as well as the *New Republic*, of both Joseph Patterson's *New York Daily News* and Marshall Field's *Chicago Sun*.

Perhaps it is because America is in one of her most lively and vigorous periods that what is going on in the Tennessee Valley has so stirred the country's imagination and our creative, affirmative instincts. It is in keeping with this inquiring, adventuresome spirit that a once remote valley is being explored from end to end by men and women from the valleys of many American rivers: the Columbia, the Arkansas, the Missouri, the Connecticut, the Delaware, the Savannah.

These visitors and observers include farmers, public officials, manufacturers, state legislative commissions, labor leaders, newspaper and magazine editors and writers, utility executives, merchants. They are by no means casual sight-seers. They come because they are concerned, not about the development of *this* region particularly, but about the development of *their own*. "This TVA is a new idea," they say, "a new way to get things done. We are here to see the results for ourselves, to check the facts, to talk to the Valley's people."

One of our recent visitors was Mr. W. E. Pearson, President of the First National Bank of Lovell, Wyoming. He had heard TVA denounced by the power companies and their allies. Maybe TVA was as bad as they said, but he wanted to see for himself. It might be that the TVA idea "had something" that would be useful for the Missouri Valley; perhaps an MVA — a Missouri Valley Authority — was the thing his valley ought to have. So he came to the Tennessee Valley to find out. On his return, Mr. Pearson made a report to the people of Wyoming by radio, from which I quote excerpts: —

"... I was told TVA was a radical, socialistic experiment; that it was a further move to centralized government and to government by bureaucracies; that it was another way of substituting government enterprise for private enterprise. If all these things were true, naturally, as a lifelong Republican, I was against it.

"So when I went over the TVA and for a couple of weeks talked with farmers, businessmen, state extension workers, and others, I was continually looking for the wild-eyed, long-haired, impractical type, for socialistic experiments. . . .

"Here is what I found: The TVA has been administered in a sound manner. Their power program is operating in the black and on a basis that will repay to the nation within thirty to sixty years the entire cost of the power development, which is the major item in the cost of TVA. There have been experiments, naturally, but I would class most of them as hardheaded experiments, and God help us when we quit experimenting and throw up our hands at every new idea. . . . I did not find any encroachment on private business other than in the public utility field, and that is nothing new; we have had the government producing power at the Shoshone Dam near Cody for thirty-five years, and municipal power plants are certainly nothing new. In fact I found that they leaned over backward to keep from encroaching on private business. . . .

"I do not regard the plan as a trend towards socialism; rather it appeals to me as a change in the administrative setup of a large number of government bureaus that needed to have their activities tied in together by a decentralized management more familiar with the problems of the region than Washington bureaucrats. . . .

"If we conclude we don't like the MVA, we should pick out the flaws in the present development setup, because there is no fooling about what TVA has done for its region or what MVA could do for us. And finally, when we analyze it, let's not get sidetracked on vague generalities, nor be afraid of a new idea that has proved its worth."

What do these observers see as they go up and down this Valley region?

They see five million Americans making headway, in the best tradition of a vigorous, creative people. They see a region nearly as large as Great Britain,

in which the dominant note among the people on farms, in towns, and in cities is a renewed belief in themselves. "We can write of TVA's great dams," says one Valley leader, "of the building of home-grown industry and of electricity at last coming to the farms of thousands of farm people in the Valley. *Yet the significant advance has been made in the thinking of a people.* They are no longer afraid. They have caught the vision of their own power." This is not mere rhetoric; the Valley's people are "doing something about it," planning, organizing, "starting something," working vigorously at the day-by-day job of developing their region. As a consequence this valley has undergone great changes until it has become one of the most rapidly developing regions in the country.

What has been TVA's part in this change that has aroused the energies and pride of so many of the Valley's people and the imagination of people in other parts of the world?

An adequate answer calls for a wealth of specific and illuminating details, not possible in this brief article. It can be said, however, that the people of the Valley, and not TVA's forces, have done most of the job; that TVA has given impetus, provided some focus, and — with capital furnished by the whole nation — supplied many of the technical tools that have so long been lacking, for the development of the Valley's resources. That is what I understand Congress intended TVA to do when it was created in 1933: *to develop or to aid in the development of all the natural resources of this region.*

Those resources are the same in the Tennessee Valley as in every other valley the country over — or the world over, for that matter. They are: the rivers and streams; the land; the forests; the minerals.

It is upon these same resources of rivers, land, forests, and minerals that the people in every valley of the world depend for their economic progress. TVA, then, is preoccupied with a problem that is not confined to the valley of the Tennessee, but is universal: namely, how can the energies of men and the lessons of science and organization be most effectively applied to the resources of nature for the moral purpose of increasing human opportunity?

The evidence of change is everywhere in the Valley: —

1. New industry, ranging all the way from hundreds of new smaller plants engaged in woodworking, food-freezing, flour-milling, and so on, to the largest aluminum rolling mills in the world and the giant atomic-energy works at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

2. New markets in a hundred lines, for electric appliances, farm machinery, clothing, juke boxes, paint, oranges, automobiles, boats, fishing tackle, and so on.

3. Better farming, stronger soil, new pastures, less soil erosion, more private forests and woodlands harvested scientifically, extensive reforestation.

4. A river and its five tributaries now man-controlled.

5. Varied mineral development, based on technical research.

6. Re-energized interest in local and state affairs, evidenced in the establishment of local planning commissions, state parks, conservation commissions, power boards, and in advances in public health (malaria is well on its way out) and education.

3

THE development of the river by TVA is the best-known aspect of the work. By a series of dams designed, built, and operated *as a unit*, this resource has been changed from a liability to an asset. This job, now about complete, is the largest planning, engineering, and construction job ever undertaken by a single organization. To harness an entire river that flows through seven states and affects the lives of millions is an undertaking so huge that only the nation's government can undertake it.

As a result of a decade of work by TVA the Tennessee River through its course is under the control of man, the first river of which this can be said. The level of water in huge lakes behind twenty-six dams is raised or lowered almost as precisely as a scientist controls the level of liquids in a measuring vessel on his laboratory table. One more thing the unimaginative said couldn't be done *has been done.*

These TVA dams are designed to be versatile rather than one-track. By their control of water they provide several benefits: (1) a new deep waterway, 650 miles in length; (2) a measure of flood control that is without precedent; (3) a chain of lakes of great beauty, notable for fishing and boating; and (4) a great new store of electrical energy, produced by putting otherwise wasted waters through water wheels. TVA in the fiscal year 1945 was the largest producer of electricity in the country. This is the only resource of the river that is sold for dollars — sold in 1945 to 137 locally owned and locally managed power distributors in seven states, to industries, to utilities, and to the War Department, for a total of about \$39,000,000. (I know of no way of putting a dollar sign on the value to the United States of having vast amounts of TVA power available when it was desperately needed for the atomic-bomb plant and for aluminum expansion, in almost unbelievable quantities and on very short notice.)

Even greater than the river as a resource is the land; its development is a still more difficult task.

TVA did not "engineer the land" in the way it built a controlled river. The change in the land has been the result of the decisions and actions of tens of thousands of individual farmers and their wives, participants in a wholly voluntary program, a program built on technical research and a community educational method, sponsored by TVA, known as the "test-demonstration farm." These farms are not public show places, but actual working farms, small and large. They are community schoolrooms, in

effect, where farmers have learned — and have taught their neighbors — the practical uses of what scientists developed in the Valley's laboratories and plants.

Technical research and its application have been a vital part of the developmental work of the TVA and of its coöperating agencies: research in new and improved kinds of phosphatic fertilizers to restore soil fertility; improved farm machinery, such as an inexpensive barn hay-drier or portable thresher; research in many fields — forests and minerals included — where men, in their efforts to make the most of their resources, need the aid of science.

Much indeed remains for the people to do in the physical improvement of their valley. They realize this. TVA is acutely aware that only a beginning has been made and that the hardest part lies ahead. But all except the willfully blind can see that great headway has been made, and that it is continuing.

Americans love a good argument. The cracker barrel is a genuine symbol of our life. Here, too, the TVA measures up to good American tradition, for it has been a center of controversy for a good many years. Those attacks on TVA continue today, spearheaded by the electric utilities industry. Chief among their allies against TVA methods are the direct beneficiaries of the older and contrasting methods of "piecemeal" (and often baldly pork-barrel) development of resources.

In its inception the argument against TVA was the one invariably made against any new and vigorous and challenging project: "It can't be done."

That was the theme of those who attacked the fledgling TVA. "It is impossible," they said, "to develop a whole river as a unit as TVA proposes; impossible to combine flood control, navigation, and power in the same dams; impossible to keep politicians from taking over the management of TVA." There were other gloomy predictions: "Private business in the Tennessee Valley will stagnate. No new business will ever enter the valley because businessmen fear any such public venture as TVA. The neighboring private utilities can't reduce their rates drastically; if they do they will go bankrupt."

Today the chant that "it can't be done" has had to be abandoned; the argument has been shifted, for the impossible things did happen, and none of the predicted catastrophes has come off. The whole river has been developed. Floods have been controlled by dams that also produce navigation and power. Politics, everyone agrees, has been kept out. Every bit of TVA's electricity was sorely needed, before the war as well as during it. Private business has grown by leaps and bounds in the Tennessee Valley and continues to grow. The private utility companies in the region neighboring TVA felt it necessary to follow the example of TVA's low rates, and to their surprise and qualified delight they find that drastic rate reductions have left them in excellent financial position.

The Alabama Power Company and the Georgia

Power Company have refinanced their securities at lower rates of interest, and under "ruinous" reduced electric rates are earning such profits that last year they gave their consumers *free* electricity to the tune of over a million dollars. The fact is that today such private companies as the Madison (Wisconsin) Gas and Electric Company and the Cincinnati Gas and Electric Company, for example, charge electric rates that for a substantial portion of their consumers are as low as the yardstick rates charged by TVA's local distributors; and still they earn large profits and have paid large excess profits taxes. As they get over their timidity and pride of opinion, other utilities will do likewise, with similarly favorable results.

An ounce of such results is worth a ton of statistical alibis.

4

Most of the old arguments having dissolved in the face of performance, the attacks on TVA fall back on another time-honored device of negative minds: that of cleverly pushing figures around in an effort to pin the tag "failure" on an American achievement.

Some examples of this figure-juggling method are found in an article in this issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* by the President of the Edison Electric Institute (the electric utilities trade association), Mr. C. W. Kellogg. I shall not take space to dissect all his "statistics"; a few will suffice. (The same figures have been set to folksy dialogue in a recent book, *Uncle Sam's Billion Dollar Baby*, by Frederick Collins.)

Mr. Kellogg's article seeks to establish that TVA has operated at an enormous deficit. Now to make this point is quite an undertaking, for the financial reports of the TVA (as certified by the independent accounting firm of Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery) tell a quite different story. The report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1944, for example, shows a gross power income of \$35,429,000, and a net operating power income of \$14,737,000, a 4.1 per cent return on the average net investment devoted to electricity operations; for the fiscal year 1945 the figures are about \$39,000,000 of gross and over \$18,600,000 of net income, a return of more than 4½ per cent.

But to turn TVA's net power income into monumental deficits is really no trick at all for Mr. Kellogg. He simply charges anything and everything against power income. Nothing could be simpler — or more unfair and misleading. The planting of trees or scientific aid to forest owners — charge it to power. Munitions research and development (an important part of TVA's work before and during the war) — call that a charge against power, too, while we are at it, says Mr. Kellogg; it makes the "deficit" look better. Soil conservation, flood control, navigation — what does it matter if elsewhere in the country these same activities are normal expenditures of government? — all are pitched in as deductions from TVA's net power income in order to create an ersatz deficit.

It is this kind of sleight of hand with figures that undermined public confidence in the utility industry in the Insull period. Everyone knows that soil conservation expenditures by the Federal government are *not charged against electric consumers* anywhere else in the country; there is no reason why they should be paid for out of electric rates in the Tennessee Valley. The same is true of navigation: the hundreds of millions of Federal dollars invested in navigation dams on the Ohio and Mississippi have never yielded the Federal government a dollar of money income. No forthright person would ask that the research work of the Department of Agriculture or of the Army's Ordnance Department, or TVA's comparable expenditures, be charged against electric power rates.

By the Kellogg method any enterprise, however sound, can be made to appear bankrupt. Take the city of Knoxville, Tennessee, for example, which operates its own electric distribution system. Last year, after all expenses, including depreciation, and local, county, and state taxes that were substantially larger than those paid by its private company predecessor, it had a net income of \$789,000. A fine showing; enough in one year to retire over one eighth of all the local revenue bonds issued to finance the system. But given Mr. Kellogg's determination to dream up a deficit, it is easy to change that to a sorry financial picture. All you need to do is to charge against this net power income the cost of running the city's schools, the libraries, the fire department, the police department, the municipal golf course, the city hospital, and any other services — and lo! the electricity operation is a flop.

The utilities for whom Mr. Kellogg speaks are not content to let this obvious unfairness rest here, however. While they are creating deficits for TVA, they are out to make them big. So Mr. Kellogg proceeds to charge against the power program *interest* on TVA's expenditures for forestry, for munitions development, for navigation, for flood control, and on all the other nonpower capital items of the TVA! Because the rates paid by electric consumers in the Tennessee Valley do not cover interest on forestry, soil conservation, navigation, and other items, he charges that the Valley's power is subsidized! Now, *really*, Mr. Kellogg!

Mr. Kellogg resorts to the same sort of statistical shenanigan when he discusses taxes. Though TVA does make large payments in lieu of taxes to local taxing agencies, TVA pays no Federal taxes, being wholly owned by the Federal taxpayers themselves. The private utilities, however, pay large Federal income taxes. This difference, among others, Mr. Kellogg asserts, accounts for the lower TVA level of electricity rates as compared with the average of the private companies.

But half or more of the utilities' Federal taxes are on *excess profits*. It seems a quaint way to justify the fairness of these private company rates, when compared with TVA schedules, to point out that in the

last three years private company rates were so high that they yielded \$531,000,000 in excess profits taxes — \$210,000,000 last year alone!

Mr. Kellogg also fails to point out that, whereas through Federal income tax payments *part* of the utilities net income belongs to the Federal taxpayers, *all* of TVA's net income belongs to them. Last fiscal year 47 per cent of TVA's gross revenues from power was net income, and every dollar of that net income belongs to the people of the country. Whether it is called "income tax" or "profits" or "interest" is a matter of words; it is still millions of dollars of income that is owned by the taxpayers of the United States.

To date, this net income totals more than \$60,000,000, and experience justifies the estimate that in less than thirty years the valley's consumers of electricity will have thus repaid out of net income the total investment in power, after which time the country will continue to own a power system netting from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 annually. If bonds at 2 per cent were issued against this power investment (not against tree nurseries or munitions plants, Brother Kellogg!), those bonds could be retired in less than sixty years, the country continuing to own the properties after that time and receiving its total net income.

This financial picture is all to the good, but it is largely beside the main point. For TVA is not a commercial enterprise. It is not merely a power project. Consequently most of the utility attacks upon it (and most of Mr. Kellogg's article) are monumentally irrelevant to TVA's real meaning, which is as a development agency.

Why the electric industry has permitted itself to fall into the role of the Nervous Nelly of American business, I cannot understand. Why has that potentially aggressive and energetic undertaking become so cynical and colorless and unimaginative — as reflected in such revealing passages of Mr. Kellogg's article as those in which Grand Coulee Dam, one of the greatest structures ever reared by man, becomes merely a "shakedown" and the proposals for an MVA are dismissed as "this craze"?

Does anyone believe the country is in a mood to listen sympathetically to the professional quibblers, the petty, the fearful? These are heroic days. This is a time for the making of great plans, the doing of great deeds. The development of our river valleys and their resources, as the next great step forward in American life, appeals to the vigorous, hardy, and creative impulses of a people who stand at the threshold of an era of building.

Once more the conflict is on — the contest between the vigorous, the imaginative, the confident, on the one hand, and the tired, the complacent, the fearful, on the other. Will it be necessary within our time for another crisis President to rise before a prostrate country to assure us that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself"?

MR. KELLOGG REPLIES

MR. LILIENTHAL's article contains three points that deserve comment.

The first is the intimation that the electric utility industry is unprogressive and disposed to discourage new developments. The achievements of the industry throughout its history, from Thomas A. Edison's world-famous inventions to the recent completely successful powering of the huge war industry effort, should be sufficient answer to this disparaging observation. The companies supplied 85 per cent of this war power. In energy, imagination, technical skill, and progressiveness, the story of the power industry is in the best American pioneering tradition and ranks in the forefront of America's great industrial achievements.

Its accomplishments were made by citizens without government aid. In fact, it pays toward the support of government nearly twice as much as it pays in dividends to its stockholders, common and preferred. True, it cannot engage in popular philanthropies to the extent that a politically managed agency, which has been allowed to slough off all its heavy interest charges onto the public debt and escape most of the taxes somebody else has to carry, can indulge itself; but measured by the rigorous standards of privately financed enterprise common to American business, it has been most successful and progressive. Even now, after more than sixty years of outstanding growth, its post-war plans are laid for research, development, and expansion outdistancing all previous performances.

Secondly, Mr. Lilienthal accuses me of producing a statistical showing of financial loss to the taxpayers of the country from TVA through the device of charging against power the cost of various other benefits, such as navigation, flood control, fertilizer. Surely there is nothing novel in my approach. The proponents of the TVA repeatedly claimed that the power revenues would pay back the entire cost of the project without one cent of cost to the taxpayer. Congress and the American people were assured that the project was to be self-liquidating.

Its first chairman, after a year's operation, said that it would return the entire cost in twenty-five years *with interest* on the capital, after allowing a five-year starting period. That promise gradually has

deteriorated in subsequent reports or statements from the TVA. The latest assurance from its present chairman was that the entire cost would be returned in sixty years *without interest*. What a difference between these two prognostications!

I emphasize this matter of self-liquidation because many other multiple-purpose projects are now being voted on by Congress on the assurance that they will be self-liquidating, that they will not cost the taxpayers one cent. In view of these considerations, I feel that the taxpayers should know how they are coming out financially with the TVA as a whole. Even if we confine ourselves to power alone, the eleven-year TVA power record for which reports are available, taking the TVA's own cost allocations and statements of capital, shows that the TVA has lost money on power alone, if interest and taxes are taken into account.

If the TVA has the merit as a business enterprise that Mr. Lilienthal claims for it, then let this enterprise pay interest on the capital devoted to its power enterprises, but let this capital charge be determined by a separate agency or board of the government; and let it also pay into the Federal Treasury in lieu of taxes a percentage of its revenue equal to the percentage paid into the Treasury by private industry for taxes. If the TVA is not willing to carry these burdens of private enterprise, then let it cease disparaging those who must carry such burdens for the support of government and for the provision of capital to develop and expand American business.

Thirdly, Mr. Lilienthal makes a point of "excess profits." Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will appreciate that the so-called "excess profits tax" is nothing more nor less than a war tax. To begin with, electric companies regulated by state utility commissions cannot make excess profits, because their rates are fixed according to their income. The electric utility companies in 1944 had a net income of \$509,000,000 contrasted with a net income of \$539,000,000 in 1939.

Despite higher gross revenues, and notwithstanding the fact that close to a billion additional dollars had been spent for new generating plants and transmission lines to serve the war effort, they suffered a reduction in net income of \$30,000,000, or nearly 6 per cent. Plainly such a tax is simply a war tax, and Mr. Lilienthal's play on the title of the tax is misleading and trivial.



HOW TO WRITE A BOOK

by HAROLD NICOLSON

1

I N Sloane Square the other day I met a friend who had just been demobilized. I asked him what he meant to do now. "Well," he answered, "as a matter of fact, I was thinking of writing a book. Tell me, since you know about these things, how does one write a book?"

I gazed across that ungainly Square towards the bright façade of Peter Jones. "Many years ago," I said, a trifle sententiously perhaps, "I asked Somerset Maugham how one wrote a play. He gave me excellent advice."

"And what was that advice?" my friend asked me.

"He said, 'Well, you get an idea; and then you write a p-p-p-play about it.'"

"Yes, I see," my friend murmured, and thereat we went our different ways across pavements glistening in September rain.

I realized, as I walked, that I had not been helpful. I realized that having written books myself, I should have asked the man to luncheon and explained at length to him how the thing is done. I realized that on that afternoon of all afternoons I should have been in a mood of philanthropic helpfulness, since on that very morning I had typed the last words of the final chapter of a book on which I had been engaged for two years. I should have been filled with a mood of achievement and lassitude, of melancholy and delight, such as assailed Gibbon on the night of June 27, 1787, when he paced his acacia walk having just blotted the last words of the *Decline and Fall*.

I should have been more communicative and less selfish. I should have told him that the first essential is to know what one wishes to say; that the second essential is to decide to whom one wishes to say it. Once one has chosen the theme and selected the audience, then the book more or less should write itself. But would that have been helpful to a young officer recently demobilized? And how, after all, does one really write a book?

I am not thinking, of course, about creative writing. I am well aware that the poets and the novelists do not, as Aristotle observed, "create what they

create by taking thought; but owing rather to natural temperament and in a mood of ecstasy." I am thinking rather of those who, being gifted with average industry and certain powers of narrative, wish to record in written form either their own experiences or the experiences of others.

The creative writers stand in a class apart. They possess a special gift, such as that which enables a painter to paint or a pianist to play; they are driven by some inner daemon who afflicts them with strange spasms of intuition interspersed with long blanks of discouragement. Their days and nights are disturbed by the conflict between their sense of power and their consciousness of powerlessness; they "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The ordinary writer, the man who "thinks of writing a book," lives in a more equable climate, and remains unaffected by the typhoons and the doldrums of genius; he can, with ordinary skill and attention, navigate his little ship through quiet seas. If he has a good story to tell, whether it be firsthand or second-hand, his task is almost mechanical. It is as if he were building a house. He must start with some idea of the size and proportions of the house he wants to build; he must have some conception of the relation between surfaces and decoration; he must remain constantly aware of the purposes for which the house is intended; and thereafter he must assemble his material in the right order and fit it neatly and efficiently into place.

If he starts with the intention of building a bungalow and then determines that he will turn it into a hotel, the resultant effect is likely to be confused. If he begins in lath and plaster and later decides to try a little brickwork, the ultimate impression will not be orderly. Yet with ordinary sense and prevision he should be able to avoid such discrepancies. And there are, I suppose, certain suggestions which one can make to him which may save undue wastage of energy and time.

2

THE man who sets out to "write a book" about his own experiences may imagine that the problem of proportion, the actual plan, will be determined by the

British diplomat, author, and critic, HAROLD NICOLSON is at present Governor of the BBC. He has published several distinctive books, chief among them being *Peacemaking*, *Public Faces*, *Helen's Tower* and the life of his father, Lord Carnock.

chronological sequence. This is an incorrect assumption. Only those who possess an acute sense of audience realize that those passages of time which interest them personally are not necessarily the passages which will interest their readers.

Most adults, for instance, have a nostalgic affection for their own childhood which is rarely communicable to those whose associations have been different. Many autobiographical writers tend to dwell lovingly and at length on passages of time which for them are illumined by an experience which they are too reticent to relate; their readers, being ignorant of the significant event, fail to be warmed by the required glow of reminiscence.

It often occurs, moreover, that a man who is recounting his own adventures is unduly interested in the mood of anticipation which surrounded him before the adventures began; he will thus tend to devote disproportionate space to his prelude, to "the journey out," without realizing that the reader is becoming impatient. The purely chronological method, moreover, unless it is firmly controlled, is apt too accurately to reflect the intermittences of actual life.

It is seldom that adventure moves in a continuous curve from prelude, through climax, to solution; there is liable to occur a suspension or, what is worse, a repetition of climax. That in itself may prove an interesting theme; but it requires skill and management on the part of the writer to convince the reader that these gaps and repetitions are due to competence rather than to incompetence.

The man who writes the narrative of his own experiences should thus realize that time is measured, not by the amount of seconds it absorbs, but by the intensity of experience it contains; and that unless he can communicate to his readers an intensity of experience similar to his own, he will find that the chronological method complicates his proportions, instead of simplifying them.

On the other hand, the man who writes the story of other men's experiences (the man, that is, who writes biography or history) is less exposed to such subjective dislocations; for him the time-sequence does in fact constitute a useful blueprint. His task is to arrange and to interpret a vast mass of material

in such a manner as to provide a true and lucid narrative; and as such his difficulty is almost wholly one of preparation and arrangement. The beginner who decides to write a history or a biography should realize that his main difficulty will not be the actual writing of the narrative but the previous absorption and arrangement of his material.

I recommend, for what it is worth, the following procedure. The intending biographer or historian should first purchase a very large and, if possible, loose-leaved notebook. He should then acquire the most detailed standard work upon his subject. He should then devote much time and trouble to summarizing in his notebook the facts and comments contained in the standard work. If he does this carefully, legibly, and methodically, if he above all leaves himself a large amount of space for subsequent additions, he will then after much toil have before him the main outlines of the narrative to which he wishes to give his personal interpretation.

Thereafter he will read all available works or documents bearing on his subject, and will insert in his notebook all the additional material he acquires. He must have the energy and the patience to write out these references in full, so that in the end his notebook contains, correctly arranged, far more material than he can possibly use. He can then discard all works of reference and use his notebook as the sole quarry from which to build his house.

Had I said all this to my demobilized friend in Sloane Square should I have encouraged or discouraged him? There are other things I might have said. I might have warned him of the dark days when his book would grow stale to him as the sound of his own voice. I might have warned him that there would come moments when his material, however carefully arranged, would become disorganized and flap round him in confusion like a colony of rooks. I might have warned him that there would come a time when he would hate his characters and his narrative with a wearied loathing. And I could have told him that the morning would come when he would write the last word of the last chapter and walk elatedly thereafter upon pavements glistening in September rain.





THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

DELTA WEDDING

by EUDORA WELTY

The *Atlantic* published EUDORA WELTY's first contribution to its pages, her story "A Worn Path," four years ago this month. That story was ultimately to receive an O. Henry Award. But more than that, it proclaimed the arrival of an American author in whom the South must take exceptional pride. In her middle thirties and as modest as she is talented, Miss Welty has this to say about her early career:—

"I was born in Jackson, Mississippi, and since Southerners by all traditions discover a relationship if possible the moment they are introduced, I might remark that I am a little kin to Walter Hines Page, who once edited the *Atlantic*. The schools I went to are Mississippi State College for Women, the University of Wisconsin, where I was graduated, and Columbia University School of Business, from which I came forth into New York side by side with the depression, and edged on back home. *Manuscript*, which John Rood used to edit, printed my first story in 1936."

We are delighted to give our readers a preview of Miss Welty's new novel, which we shall serialize in four installments — a novel which holds the savor and the clannishness, the color, the quiddity, and the charm of a Mississippi family of only yesterday. It is by all odds the best thing she has written.

I

THE nickname of the train was the Yellow Dog. Its real name was the Yazoo-Delta. It was a mixed train. The day was the tenth of September, 1923 — afternoon. Laura McRaven, who was nine years old, was on her first journey alone. She was going up from Jackson to visit her mother's people, the Fairchilds, at their plantation named Shellmound, at Fairchilds, Mississippi. When she got there, "Poor Laura, little motherless girl," they would all run out and say, for her mother had died in the winter and they had not seen Laura since the funeral. Her father had come as far as Yazoo City with her and put her on the Dog. Her cousin Dabney Fairchild, who was seventeen, was going to be married, but Laura could not be in the wedding for the reason that her mother was dead. Of these facts the one most persistent in Laura's mind was the most intimate one: that her age was nine.

In the passenger car every window was propped open with a stick of kindling wood. A breeze blew through, hot and then cool, fragrant of the woods and yellow flowers and of the train. The yellow butterflies flew in at any window, out at any other; and outdoors one of them could keep up with the train, which then seemed to be racing with the butterfly. Overhead a black lamp in which a circle of flowers had been cut out swung round and round on a chain as the car rocked from side to side, sending down dainty drifts of kerosene smell.

Laura had the seat facing the stove, but of course no fire was burning in it. She sat leaning at the window, the light and the sooty air trying to make her close her eyes. Her ticket to Fairchilds was stuck up

in her Madge Evans straw hat, in imitation of the drummer across the aisle. Once the Dog stopped in the open fields and Laura saw the engineer, Mr. Doolittle, go out and pick some specially fine golden-rod there — for whom, she could not know. Then the long September cry rang from the thousand unseen locusts, urgent at the open windows of the train.

At one place, a white foxy farm dog ran beside the Yellow Dog for a distance just under Laura's window, barking sharply, and then they left him behind, or he turned back. And then, as if a hand reached along the green ridge and all of a sudden pulled down with a sweep the hill and every tree in the world and left cotton fields, the Delta began. The drummer, with a groan, sank into sleep. Laura peeled her saved banana down and bit into it.

Thoughts went out of her head and the landscape filled it. In the Delta, most of the world seemed sky. The clouds were large — larger than horses or houses, larger than boats or churches or gins, larger than anything except the fields the Fairchilds planted. Her nose in the banana skin as in the cup of a lily, she watched the Delta. The land was perfectly flat and level but it shimmered like the wing of a lighted dragonfly. It seemed strummed, as though it were an instrument and something had touched it. Sometimes in the cotton were trees with one, two, or three arms — she could draw better trees than those were. Sometimes, like a fuzzy caterpillar, in the cotton was a winding line of thick green willows and cypresses, and when the train crossed this green, running on a loud iron bridge, down its center like a golden mark on the caterpillar's back would be a bayou.

When the day lengthened, a rosy light lay over the cotton. Laura stretched her arm out the window and let the soot sprinkle it. There went a black mule — in the diamond-light of far distance, going into the light, a child drove a black mule home, and all behind, the hidden track through the fields was marked by the lifted, fading train of dust. The Delta buzzards, which seemed to wheel as wide and high as the sun, with evening were going down too, settling into far-away violet tree-stumps for the night.

In the Delta the sunsets were reddest light. The sun went down, lopsided and wide as a rose on a stem, in the west, and the west was a milk-white edge, like the foam of the sea. The sky, the field, the little track, and the bayou, over and over — all that had been bright or dark was now one color. From the warm window sill the endless fields glowed like a hearth in firelight, and Laura, looking out, leaning on her elbows with her head between her hands, felt what an arriver in a land feels — that slow hard pounding in the breast.

"Fairchilds, Fairchilds!"

2

MR. TERRY BLACK lifted down the suitcase Laura's father had put up in the rack. The Dog ran through an iron bridge over James's Bayou, and past a long twilighted gin and a platform where cotton bales were so close they seemed to lean out to the train. Behind it, dark gold and shadowy, was the river, the Yazoo. They came to the station, the dark-yellow color of goldenrod, and stopped.

Through the windows Laura could see five or six cousins at once, all jumping up and down at different moments. Each mane of light hair waved like a holiday banner, so that you could see the Fairchilds everywhere. There were cries — Mr. Doolittle had sprinkled sticks of gum out his window for children. When Mr. Terry set her on the little iron steps, holding her square doll's suitcase (in which her doll Marmion was horizontally suspended), and gave her a spank, she staggered, and was lifted down among flying arms to the earth.

"Kiss Bluet!" The baby was put in her face.

She was kissed and laughed at and her hat would have been snatched away but for the new elastic that pulled it back, and was then half-carried along like a drunken reveler at a festival, not quite recognizing who anyone was. India hadn't come — "We couldn't find her" — and Dabney hadn't come, she was going to be married. They piled her into the Studebaker, into the little folding seat, with Ranny reaching sections of an orange into her mouth from where he stood behind her. Where were her suitcases?

They drove rattling across the Yazoo bridge and whirled through the shady, river-smelling street where the town, Fairchild's store and all, looked like a row of dark barns, while the boys sang "Abdul Abulbul Amir" or shouted "Let Bluet drive!" and

the baby was handed over her head and stood between Orrin's knees, proudly. Orrin was fourteen — a wonderful driver. They went up and down the street three times, backing into cottonfields to turn around, before they went across the bridge again, homeward.

On this side of the river were the gin and compress, the railroad track, the forest-filled cemetery where her mother was buried in the Fairchild lot, the Old Methodist Church with the steamboat bell glinting pink in the light, and Brunswick-town where the Negroes were, smoking now on every doorstep. Then the car traveled in its cloud of dust like a blind being through the fields one after the other, all like one field but Laura knew they had names — the Mound Field, and Moon Field after Moon Lake. Then the car crossed the little bayou bridge, whose rackety rhythm she remembered, and there was Shellmound.

Facing James's Bayou, back under the planted pecan grove, it was gently glowing in the late summer light, the brightest thing in the evening — the tall, white, wide frame house with a porch all around, its bayed tower on one side, its tinted windows open and its curtains stirring, and even from here plainly to be heard a song coming out of the music room, played on the piano by a stranger to Laura. They curved in at the gate. All the way up the drive the boy cousins with a shout would jump and spill out, and pick up a ball from the ground and throw it, rocket-like.

By the riding block in front of the house Laura was pulled out of the car and held by the hand. Shelley had hold of her — the oldest girl. Laura did not know if she had been in the car with her or not. Shelley had her long hair done up, parted in the middle, with a ribbon around it low across her brow and knotted behind, like a chariot racer. She wore a fountain pen on a chain now, and had her initials done in runny ink on her tennis shoes, over the ankle bones. Inside the house, the music all at once ended.

"Shelley!" somebody called imploringly.

"Dabney is an example of madness on earth," said Shelley now, and then she ran off, trailed by Bluet beating plaintively with a little stick on a drum found in the grass. The boys were scattered like magic. Laura was deserted.

Grass softly touched her legs and her garter rosettes, grass sweet and springy, for this was the country. On the narrow little walk along the front of the house, hung over with closing lemon lilies, there was a quieting and vanishing of sound. It was not yet dark. The sky was the color of violets, and the snow-white moon in the sky had not yet begun to shine. Where it hung above the water tank, behind the house, the swallows were circling busy as the spinning of a top. By the flaky front steps, a thrush was singing water-like notes from the sweet-olive tree, which was in flower; it was not too dark to see the breast of the thrush or the little white blooms either.

Laura remembered everything, with the fragrance

and the song. She looked up the steps, through the porch, where there was a wooden scroll on the screen door, which her finger knew how to trace, and lifted her eyes to the old fanlight, now reflecting a skyey light as of a past summer, which she had been dared — oh, by Maureen! — to throw a stone through, and had not.

She dropped her suitcase in the grass and ran to the back yard and jumped up with two of the boys on the joggling board. In between Roy and Little Battle she jumped, and the delights of anticipation seemed to shake her up and down.

3

SHE remembered (as one remembers first the eyes of a loved person) the old blue water-cooler on the back porch — how thirsty she always was here! — among the round and square wooden tables always piled with snap beans, turnip greens, and onions from the day's trip to Greenwood; and while you drank, your eyes were on this green place here in the back yard, the joggling board, the neglected greenhouse, the springhouse, Aunt Ellen's guineas in the old buggy, the stable wall elbow-deep in a vine.

In the halls would be the rising smell of girls' fudge cooking, the sound of the phone by the roll-top desk going unanswered. She could remember mostly the dining room, the paintings by Great-aunt Mashula that was dead, of full-blown yellow roses and a watermelon split to the heart by a jackknife, and every ornamental plate around the rail different because painted by a different aunt at a different time; the big table never quite cleared; the innumerable packs of old, old playing cards. She could remember India's paper dolls coming out flatter from the law books than hers from a shoe box, and smelling as if they were scorched.

She remembered the Negroes, Bitsy, Roxie, Little Uncle, and Vi'let. She put out her arms like wings and knew in her fingers the thready pattern of red roses in the carpet on the stairs, and she could hear the high-pitched calls and answers going up the stairs and down. She thought of the upstairs hall, where it was twilight all the time from the green shadow of an awning, and where an old, lopsided baseball lay all summer in a silver dish on the lid of the paper-crammed plantation desk, and how away at either end of the hall was a balcony, and the little square butterflies that flew so high were going by, and the June bugs knocking.

Little Battle crowded her a little as he jumped, and she had to move down the board a few inches. They could play an endless game of hide-and-seek in so many rooms and up and down the halls that intersected and turned into dead-end porches and rooms full of wax begonias and elephant-ears, or rooms full of trunks. She remembered the nights — the moon-vine, the everblooming Cape jessamines, the verbena smelling under running feet, the lateness of dancers.

A dizziness rose in Laura's head, and Roy crowded her now, but she jumped on, keeping in with their rhythm.

She remembered life in the indeterminate number of other rooms going on around her and India, where they lay in bed — life not stopping for a moment in deference to children going to sleep, but filling with later and later laughter, with Uncle Battle reciting "Break! Break! Break!" the phone ringing its two longs and a short for the Fairchilds, Aunt Mac reading the Bible aloud (was she dead yet?), the visiting planters and her other uncle, Uncle George, arguing with Uncle Battle from dining room to library to porch, Aunt Ellen slipping by in the hall looking for something or someone, the distant silvery creak of the porch swing by night, like a frog's voice.

There would be little Ranny crying out in his dream, and the winding of the victrola and then a song called "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" or Uncle Pinck's favorite (where was he?), Sir Harry Lauder singing "Stop Yer Tickling Jock." The girls that were old enough, dressed in colors called jade and flamingo, danced with each other around the dining-room table until the boys came to get them, and could be watched from the upper landing cavorting below, like marvelous mermaids down a transparent sea.

In bed Laura and India would slap mosquitoes and tell each other things. Last summer India had told Laura about the showboat that came on the high water with the same old Rabbit's Foot Minstrel as always, and Laura told India about *Babes in the Wood*, Thurston the Magician, Annette Kellerman in *Daughter of the Gods*, and Clara Kimball Young in *Drums of Jeopardy*, and if Laura went off to sleep, India would choke her. She remembered the baying of the dogs at night; and how Roy believed that if you heard dogs bay, a convict had got out of Parchman and they were after him in the swamp; every night the dogs would bay, and Roy would lie somewhere in the house shaking in his bed.

Just then, with a last move down the joggling board, Roy edged Laura off. She ran back to the steps and picked up her suitcase again. Then her heart pounded: India came abruptly around the house, bathed and dressed, busily watering the verbena in the flower bed out of a doll's cream pitcher, one drop to each plant. India too was nine. Her hair was all spun out down her back, and she had a blue ribbon in it; Laura touched her own Buster Brown hair, tangled now beyond anyone's help. Their white dresses (Laura's in her suitcase, folded by her father; and for a man to fold anything suddenly nearly killed her) were still identical; India had blue insertion in the waist now and Laura had white, but the same three little interlocking hoops were briar-stitched in the yokes, and their identical gold locket still banged there against their chests.

"My mother is dead!" said Laura.

India looked around at her and said, "Greenie!" Laura took a step back.

"We never did unjoin," said India. "Greenie!"

"All right," Laura said. "Owe you something." She stooped and put a pinch of grass in her shoe.

"You have to wash now," said India. She added, looking in her pitcher, "Here's your drop of water."

All of a sudden Maureen ran out from under the pecan trees — the cousin who was funny in her head, though it was not her fault. Besides her own fine clothes, she got India's dresses that she wanted and India's ribbons, and India said she would get them till she died. She had never talked plain. Now she ran in front of Laura and straddled the walk at the foot of the steps. She danced from side to side with her arms spread, chanting, "Cou-lin Lau-la can-na get-la by-y!" She was nine too.

Roy and Little Battle ran up blandly as if they had never let Laura joggle with them at all, giving no recognition. Orrin walked, tall as a man, up from the bayou with a live fish he must have just caught, jumping on a string. He waved it at little Ranny, who at that moment rode out the front door and down the steps standing on the back of his tricycle, like Ben Hur, a towel tied around his neck and flying behind him. The dinner bell was ringing inside, over and over, the way Roxie rang — like an insistence against disbelief. Laura, avoiding sight of the fish, avoiding India's little drop, and Ranny and Maureen, made her way up the steps. Just as she reached the top, she threw up. There she waited, like a little dog.

But Aunt Ellen, though she was late for everything, was now running out the screen door with open arms. She was the mother of them all. Something fell behind her, her apron, as she came, and she was as breathless as any of her children. Now she knelt and held Laura very firmly. "Laura — poor little motherless girl," she said. When Laura lifted her head, she kissed her. She sent India for a wringing-wet cloth.

Laura put her head on Aunt Ellen's shoulder and sank her teeth in the thick Irish lace on the collar of her white voile dress, which smelled like sweet-peas. She hugged her, and touched her forehead, the steady head held so near to hers with its flying soft hair and its erect bearing of gentle, explicit, but unfathomed alarm. With the cool on her face, she could see clearer and clearer, though it was almost dark now, the pearl-edged side comb so hazardously bringing up the strands of Aunt Ellen's dark hair. Laura let her go, and if she could she would have smoothed and patted her aunt's hair and cleared the part with her own fingers, and said, "Aunt Ellen, *you* must never mind!"

Then she jumped up and ran after Orrin into the house, beating India to the table.

4

WHERE'S Uncle George?" Laura asked, looking from Uncle Battle around to everybody at the long,

broad table. At suppertime, since she had come, she was expecting to see everybody gathered; but Uncle George and his wife, Aunt Robbie, would not drive in from Memphis until tomorrow; Aunt Tempe and her husband, Uncle Pinck Summers, and their daughter Mary Denis's little girl, Lady Clare Buchanan, were not driving over from Inverness until Mary Denis had her baby; and the two aunts from the Grove, Aunt Primrose and Aunt Jim Allen, had not come up to supper tonight. There was just Uncle Battle's and Aunt Ellen's family of children at the table — besides of course the two great-aunts, Great-aunt Shannon and Great-aunt Mac, and Cousin Maureen who lived here with them, and only one visitor, Dabney's best friend, Mary Lamar Mackey of Lookback Plantation — it was she who played the piano.

"Skeeta! Next!" called Uncle Battle resoundingly, fixing his eye on Laura. She passed her plate up to him. Uncle Battle, her mother's brother, with his corrugated brow, his planter's boots creaking under the table when he stood to carve the turkeys, was so tremendous that he always called children "Skeeta." His thick fair hair over his bulging brow had been combed with water before he came to the table, exactly like Orrin's, Roy's, Little Battle's, and Ranny's. As his eye roved over them, Laura remembered that he had broken every child at the table now from being left-handed. Laura was ever hopeful that she would see Uncle Battle the Fire-eater take up some fire and eat it, and thought it would be some night at supper.

"How Annie Laurie would have loved this very plate!" Uncle Battle said softly just now, holding up Laura's serving. "Breast, gizzard, and wing! Pass it, boy."

Even cutting up the turkeys at the head of his table, he was a rushing, mysterious, very laughing man to have had so many children coming up busy, too, and he could put on a tender, irresponsible air, as if he were asking ladies and little girls, "Look at me! What can I do? Such a thing it all is!" and he meant Life — although he could also mention death and people's absence in an ordinary way. It was his habit to drive quickly off from the house at any time of the day or night — in a buggy, or a car now. Automobiles had come in just as Uncle Battle got too heavy to ride his horse. He rode out to see work done or "trouble" helped; sometimes "trouble" came at night. When Negroes clear to Greenwood cut each other up, it was well known that it took Uncle Battle to protect them from the sheriff or prevail on a bad one to come out and surrender.

"Now eat it all!" Uncle Battle called to her as the plate reached her. But it was a joke, his giving her the gizzard, she saw, for it was her mother that loved it and she could not stand that piece of turkey. She did not dare tell him what he knew.

"Where is Dabney?" she asked, for it was Dabney they had been talking about ever since they sat down to the table, and her place by her father was empty

"She'll be down directly," said Aunt Ellen. "She's going to be married, you know, Laura."

"Tonight?" asked Laura.

"Oh!" groaned Uncle Battle. "Oh! Oh!" He always groaned three times.

"Where is her husband now?" Laura asked.

"Now don't, Battle," said Aunt Ellen anxiously. "Laura naturally wants to know how soon Dabney will marry Troy. Not till Saturday, dear."

"This is only Monday," Laura told her uncle consolingly.

"Oh, Papa's really *proud* of Dabney, no matter how he groans because she won't wait till cotton picking's over," said Shelley. She was sitting beside Laura, and looked so seriously even at her that the black grosgrain ribbon crossing her forehead seemed to indent it.

"I am, am I?" said Battle. "Suppose you help your mother serve the pickled peaches at your end."

When Laura looked at her plate, the gizzard was gone. She almost jumped to her feet — she almost cried to think of all that had happened to her. Next she was afraid she had eaten that bite without thinking. But then she saw Great-aunt Shannon calmly eating the gizzard, on the other side of her. She had stolen it — Great-aunt Shannon, who would talk conversationally with Uncle Denis and Aunt Rowena and Great-uncle George, who had all died no telling how long ago, that she thought were at the table with her. But just now, after eating a little bit of something, the gizzard and a biscuit or so, — "No more than a bird!" they protested, — she was escorted by Orrin up to bed without saying a word. Great-aunt Mac glared after her; Great-aunt Mac was not dead at all. "Now be ashamed of yourself!" she called after her. "For starving yourself!"

The boys all looked at each other, and even unwillingly they let smiles break out on their faces. The four boys were all ages — Orrin older than Laura; Roy, Little Battle, and Ranny younger — and constantly seeking one another, even at the table, with their eyes, seeking the girls only for their audience when they hadn't one another. They were always rushing, chasing, flying, getting hurt — only eating and the knot of their napkins could keep them in chairs. All their knickerbockers, and Ranny's rompers, had fresh holes for Aunt Ellen in both knees every evening. They ate turkey until they bit their fingers and cried "Ouch!"

They were so filled with their energy that once when Laura saw some old map on the wall, with the blowing winds in the corners, mischievous-eyed and round-cheeked, blowing the ships and dolphins around Scotland, she had asked her mother if they were India's four brothers. She loved them dearly. Of course she expected them to fly from her side like birds, and light on the joggling board, as they had done when she arrived, and to edge her off when she climbed up with them. That changed nothing.

The boys were only like all the Fairchilds, but it

was the boys and the men that defined that family always. All the girls knew it. When she looked at the boys and the men, Laura was without words but she knew that company like a dream that comes back again and again, each aspect familiar and longing not to be forgotten. Great-great-uncle George on his horse, in his portrait in the parlor, — the one who had been murdered on the Natchez Trace and buried, horse, bridle, himself, and all, by the robbers on his way to the wilderness to keep Great-great-grandfather company, — even he, she had learned by looking up at him, had the family trait of quick, upturning smiles, instant comprehension of the smallest eddy of life in the current of the day, which would surely be entered in a kind of reckless pleasure. This pleasure either the young men copied from the older ones, and the older ones always kept. The grown people, like the children, looked with kindling eyes at all turmoil, expecting delight for themselves and for you. They were shocked only at disappointment.

But boys and men, girls and ladies, all, the old and the young of the Delta kin — even the dead and the living, for Aunt Shannon — were alike; no gap opened between them. Laura sat among them with her eyes wide. At any moment she might expose her ignorance; at any moment she might learn everything.

All the Fairchilds in the Delta looked alike — Little Battle, now, pushing his bobbed hair behind his ears before he took up a fresh drumstick, looked exactly like Dabney the way she would think at the window. They all had a fleetness about them, though they were tall, solid people, with "Scotch legs" — a neatness that was actually a readiness for gayeties and departures, a distraction that was endearing as a lack of burdens. Laura felt their quality, their being, in the degree that they were portentous to her. For Laura found them all portentous — all except Aunt Ellen, who had only married into the family; Uncle George more than Uncle Battle for some reason; Dabney more than Shelley.

Without a primary beauty, with only a fairness of color (a thin-skinnedness, really) and an ease in the body, they had a demurring, gray-eyed way about them that turned out to be halfway mocking — for these cousins were the sensations of life and they knew it. (Why didn't Uncle George come on tonight — the best loved? Why wasn't Dabney on time to supper — the bride?) Things waited for the Fairchilds to appear, laughing to one another and amazed, in order to happen. They were never too busy for anything, they were generously and almost seriously of the moment: the past (even Laura's arrival today was past now) was a private, dull matter that would be forgotten except by aunts.

5

Just as Roxie was about to clear the table, Dabney gently but distractedly came in — dressed in blue,

drying tears from her eyes, and murmuring to her mother as she passed her chair, "Oh, Mama, *that* was just because my brain isn't working. Why did you bring up your children with faulty brains?"

"She ought to have drowned you when you were little," said Uncle Battle, and this was their extravagant way of talk. "Sit down. I saved you a wishbone and a heart besides what poor pickings is left."

"Run some more biscuit in the oven, Roxie," Ellen said. "I think too you'd better bring Miss Dabney a little ham, there's such a dearth of turkey to tempt her."

Holding out her plate for her father to serve (she sat close by him, at his right), Dabney smiled and waited. How beautiful she was — all flushed and knowing. Now they would tease her. An only child, Laura found teasing the thing she kept forgetting about the Delta cousins from one summer to the next. Uncle Battle might put the heart on Dabney's plate yet, knowing she could not bear to look at the heart; though Dabney would know what to do. Was it possible that it was their love for one another that made them set little traps to catch one another? They looked with shining eyes upon their kin; and all their abundance of love, as if it were a devilment, was made reckless and inspired or was belittled in fun, though never, so far, was it said out. They had never told Laura they loved her.

She sighed. "Where's Aunt Primrose and Aunt Jim Allen?"

"Why don't you ask any questions about who's here?" said India.

"They said I had to come see them and *tell* them first," said Dabney, beginning to eat hungrily. "Touchy, touchy."

"I'm touchy too," said Uncle Battle.

"Oh, *Laural*!" cried Dabney delightedly. "I didn't know you'd got here! Why, honey!" She flew around the table and kissed her.

"I came to your wedding," said Laura, casting pleased, shy glances all around.

"Oh, Laura, *you* want me to marry Troy, don't you? *You* approve, don't you?"

"Yes," said Laura. "I approve, Dabney!"

"You be in my wedding! You be a flower girl!"

"I can't," said Laura helplessly. "Mama died."

"Oh," cried Dabney, as if Laura had slapped her, running away from her and back to her place at the table, hiding her face. "It's just so *hard*, everything's just so *hard*."

"Here's your little ham, Miss Dab," said Roxie, coming in. "Do you good."

"Oh, Roxie, you were sweet to bring it to me but no one will ever believe me, that I just can't swallow until Saturday. There's no use trying any more."

"You can bring the ice cream and cake then, Roxie," Aunt Ellen said. "It's Georgie's favorite cake. I do wish they could be here a day sooner!"

They sat sighing, eating cake, drinking coffee. The throb of the compress had never stopped. Laura could feel it now in the handle of her cup; the noise-

less vibration that trembled in the best china was within it.

It was hard to leave the dining room after supper. It would be still faintly day, and not much cooler. They all still sat, until the baby, who had hung from her high-chair ("Mama, let Bluet eat at the table!") teasing crumbs and coffee out of them, wilted over like a little flower in her kimono with the butterfly sleeves and was kissed all around and carried up in flushed sleep in Dabney's overeager arms.

The table was in the middle of the large room, and there was little tendency to leave even that. But besides the old walnut-and-cane chairs (Great-grandfather made them) there were easy chairs covered with cotton in a faded peony pattern, and rockers for the two great-aunts, sewing stands and fire-shields beside them, all near the watery-green tile hearth. A spready fern stood in front of the grate in summertime, with a cricket in it now that nobody could do anything about. Along the wall the china closets reflected the windows, except for one visible shelf where some shell-pattern candlesticks shone, and the Port Gibson epergne, a fan of Apostle spoons, and the silver sugar basket with the pierced work in it and its old cracked purplish glass lining.

At the other end of the room the victrola stood like a big morning-glory and there, laid with somebody's game, was the card table Great-grandfather also made out of his walnut trees when he cut his way in to the Yazoo wilderness. A long ornate rattan settee, upslanting at the ends, with a steep scrolled back, was in the bay alcove. In the half-moon space behind it were marble pedestals and wicker stands each holding a fern of advanced size or a little rooted cutting, sometimes in bloom.

6

THIS evening there was nobody but Uncle Battle to take cherry bounce, and hating anything alone, he would not have it, but with a groan sat down and took Bluet's doll out of his chair onto his knee. Dabney wandered in, Aunt Ellen wandered out, Mary Lamar Mackey wandered across the hall into the music room and began to play softly to herself; but nobody else — Great-aunt Mac or anybody — could be persuaded to stir. Maureen, gentle now, sat on a stool and listened, listened for the cricket. In a little while Dabney and Shelley and Mary Lamar would have to go dress for a dance in Glen Alan, but now the two sisters stretched on the settee, each with her head at an elevated end and her stockinged feet in her sister's hair. Catching the light like drops of a waterfall, the fronds of a maidenhair fern hung from a dark tub over them.

"Fan us, fan us, India," said Dabney, though the big overhead fan turned too.

"Ranny will fan you before he goes to bed," India said, and Ranny came radiantly forward with Great-aunt Shannon's palmetto.

"Ho hum," said Dabney. "You'd think I had

nothing to do. I wonder if Troy is in from the fields."

"There's one speck of light left," said Shelley.

"Cousin Laura," said Orrin kindly, looking up from his book at her. He leaned on the table. "You weren't here, but Uncle George and Maureen nearly got killed."

"Uncle George?" Laura alone had not reclined; she stood looking into the big mirror over the sideboard, which reflected the roomful of cousins.

"Ranny, you fan too hard. They nearly let the Yellow Dog run over them on the Dry Creek trestle." Dabney softly laughed from her prone position.

India moaned from the chair she was leaning over to read a book on the floor.

"It was almost a tragedy," said Shelley. She lifted up her head, then let it fall back.

"Why did they let the Yellow Dog almost run over them?" Laura made her way to the table and leaned on it to ask Orrin, who answered her gravely, with his finger in his place in the book. "Here's the way it was —" For all of them told happenings like narrations, chronologically and carefully, as if the ear of the world listened and wished to know surely.

"The whole family but Papa and Mama, and ten or twenty Negroes with us, went fishing in Drowning Lake. It will be two weeks ago Sunday. And so coming home we walked the track. We were tired — we were singing. On the trestle Maureen danced and caught her foot. I've done that, but I know how to get loose. Uncle George knelt down and went to work on Maureen's foot, and the train came. He hadn't got Maureen's foot loose, so he didn't jump either. The rest of us did jump, and the Dog stopped just before it hit them and ground them all to pieces."

Uncle Battle looked at Dabney with a kind of outraged puffing of his sunburned cheeks, a glare in her direction like some fatherly malediction; whether it was meant for Dabney herself in front of his eyes, or for what he had heard, Laura could not tell. And as if glaring itself made him nervous, he dandled the rag doll heavily on his knee.

Dabney gave a half-smile. "The engineer looked out the window — he said he was sorry."

Laura looked at her gravely. "I'm glad I wasn't there," she told her.

7

THEN Aunt Ellen came in, meditatively, as the hall clock finished striking two, which meant it was eight. She had a feather on her skirt — had she been out for her precious guinea eggs? She was a slight, almost delicate lady, seeming exactly strong enough for what was needed of her life. She was scarcely taller than Orrin, and Dabney and Shelley had been both taller and bigger than their mother for two years. She walked in to the roomful of family without immediately telling them anything. She was more restful than the Fairchilds. Her brown hair and her dark-blue eyes seemed part of her quietness — like the colors of water, reflective. Her Virginia voice, while

no softer or lighter than theirs, was a less questioning, a never teasing one. It was a voice to speak to the one child or the one man her eyes would go to. They all watched her with soft eyes, but distractedly.

She was one of those little mothers that the wind seems almost to hurt, and they knew they needed to look after her. She held her back very straight, like a little boy who *can* do right in dancing class. And while she meditated, she hurried — how she hurried! She was never slow — she was either still or darting. They said she had no need for hurry with a houseful of Negroes to do the first thing she told them. But she did not wait for them to wait on her. "Your mother is killing herself," Battle's sisters told the children. "But you can't do a thing in the world with her," they answered. "We're going to have to whip her or kill her before she'll lie down in the afternoons, even." They spoke of killing and whipping in the exasperation and helplessness of much love. Laura could see as far as that she was the opposite of a Fairchild, and that was a stopping point.

Aunt Ellen would be seen busy in a room where Aunt Tempe, for instance, was never seen except proceeding down halls, or seated. She never cared how she dressed any more than a child. Aunt Tempe said to India last summer, in the voice in which she always spoke to little girls, as if everything were a severe revelation, "When your mother goes to Greenwood she simply goes to the closet and says, 'Clothes, I'm going to Greenwood; anything that wants to go along, get on my back.' She has never learned what is reprehensible and what is not, in the Delta." She was often a little confused about her keys, and sometimes would ask Dabney, "What was I going for? Why am I here?" When she threw her head back dramatically, it meant she was listening for a baby. Her small sweetly shaped nose was sparingly freckled like a little girl's, like India's in summer.

Sometimes, as when now she stood still for a moment in the room full of talking people, an unaccountable rosininess would jump into her cheeks and a look of merriment would make her eyes grow wide. Down low over the dinner table hung a lamp with a rectangular shade of tinted glass, like a lighted shoe-box toy, a "choo-choo boat" with its colored paper windows. In its light she would look over the room, at the youngest ones intertwining on the rug and hating so the approach of night, the older ones leaning across the cleared table, chasing each other in a circle, or reading, or lost to themselves on the flimsy settee; Battle pondering in his way or fuming, while from time to time the voices of the girls called out to the telephone would sound somewhere in the air like the twittering of birds — and it would be as if she had never before seen anything at all of this room with the big breasting china closets and the fruit and cake plates around the rail, had never watered the plants in the window or encountered till now these intent, absorbed people — never before in her life, Laura thought.

At that moment a whisper might have said Look! to her, and the dining-room curtains might have traveled back on their rings, and there *they* were. Did she come in and look at them like this every night? Even some unused love seemed to Laura to be in Aunt Ellen's eyes when she gazed, after supper, at her own family. Could she get it? Laura's heart pounded. But the baby had dreams and soon she would cry out on the upper floor, and Aunt Ellen, listening, would run straight to her, calling to her on the way, and forgetting everything in this room.

8

How Ellen loved their wide and towering foreheads, their hairlines on the fresh skin, silver as the edge of a peach, clean as a pencil line, dipping to a perfect widow's peak in every child she had. Their cheeks were wide and their chins narrow but pressed a little forward — lips caught, then parted, as if in constant expectation — so that their faces looked sturdy and resolute, unrevealing, from the side, but tender and heart-shaped from the front. Their coloring — their fair hair and their soot-dark, high eyebrows and shadowy lashes, the long eyes of gray that seemed more luminous, more observant, and more passionate than blue eyes — moved her deeply and freshly in each child.

Dear Orrin, talking so seriously now, the dignity in his look! And little Ranny with his burning cheeks and the silver bleach of summer on his hair, so deliberately wielding the fan over his sisters! She had never had a child to take after herself and would be as astonished as Battle now to see her own ways or looks dominant, a blue-eyed, dark-haired, small-boned baby lying in her arms. All the mystery of looks moved her, for she was with child once more.

In the men grown, in Battle and George, it was a paradoxical thing, the fineness and tenderness with the bulk and weight of their big bodies. All the Fair-child men (the old-maid sister, Jim Allen, would recite that like a bit of catechism) were six feet tall by the time they were sixteen and weighed two hundred pounds by the time they were forty. But Battle weighed two hundred and fifty, and strained to be gentle as he was; and George, though he was not himself fat, was markedly bigger and fairer than any of them in the early portraits, as if he were not a throw-back to the type (which had faltered but little, after all, through marriages with little women like her, like Laura Allen and Mary Shannon before her) but a new original — a sport of the tree itself.

She guessed she apprehended everything through the way they looked and felt — George sometimes more than Battle. Battle wore the glower of fatherhood, or its little under-mask of helplessness, that George had not put on. And George had remained left-handed, the thing they all inherited, as was somehow apparent, not just momentarily but always —

perhaps by such a thing as the part in his hair. Her secret tremor at Battle's determined breaking of her children's left-handedness made her cherish it like a failing in George.

The fineness in her men called to mind their unwieldiness, and the other way round, in a way infinitely endearing to her. The fineness could so soon look delicate — nobody could get tired, fall sicker, and more quickly so, than her men. She thought yet of the other brother Denis, who was dead in France, as holding this look; from the grave he gave her that look, partly of hurt: "How could I have been brought like this?" as Battle cried in the Far Field when his horse, unaccountably terrified at the old Yellow Dog one day, threw him and left him unable to raise himself from the ditch.

"Oh, it was cloudy, or we would have remembered it was time for the Dog," Orrin was saying, looking up from his book. "We wouldn't have made that mistake another day, when we could see the sun."

"The Dog was most likely running an hour late, and it wouldn't have done us any good." Dabney smiled. She twisted her foot in Shelley's hair, where they were lying together on the settee. "I'm making a hole in your net with my big toe."

"I won't lie here with you any longer," Shelley said languidly. But she did not move, or close her eyes fully. She looked rather dreamily down the slope of her own body, middy blouse, skirt, dark-blue stockings, and up Dabney's light-blue stockings, light-blue swiss dress with one lace panel floating in Ranny's breeze, and Dabney's just-washed hair flying on her clasped hands behind her head. Dabney's face was suffused and soft now as Bluet's when she was waked from her nap. Her eyes seemed to swim in some essence not tears, but as bright — an essence that made the pupils large. The sisters looked now into each other's eyes, and as if there was no help for it, a flare leaped between them.

There was a lusty cry from Maureen.

"She's caught the cricket! She's pulling his wings off — she'll kill the cricket!" Roy was on his feet.

"Don't stop her, don't stop her! Let her have her way!" Battle said, his voice rumbling in Ellen's ears.

"The cricket minded, I think," Ranny said, holding the fan still.

"Come help me make a cake before bedtime, Laura," said Ellen; now she saw Laura's eyes fastened on her. She's the poor little old thing, she thought. When a man alone has to look after a little girl, in even eight months she will get long-legged and skinny. She will as like as not need to have glasses when school starts. He doesn't cut her hair, or he will cut it too short. How sharp her elbows are — Maureen looks like a cherub beside her — the difference just in their elbows!

"I'll be glad to, Aunt Ellen," Laura said, and put her hand in hers as if she were Ranny's age. She came along in a toiling little walk.

"Get out of the kitchen, Roxie. We want to make

Mr. George and Miss Robbie a cake. They're coming tomorrow."

"You loves *them*," said Roxie. "You're fixin' to ask me to grate you a coconut, not get out."

"Yes, I am. Grate me the coconut." Ellen smiled. "I got fourteen guinea eggs this evening, and that's a sign I ought to make it, Roxie."

"Take 'em all — guineas," said Roxie belittlingly.

"Well, you get the oven hot." Ellen tied her apron back on. "You can grate me the coconut, and a lemon while you're at it, and blanch me the almonds. I'm going to let Laura pound me the almonds in the mortar and pestle."

"Is that very hard?" asked Laura, running out for a drink at the water-cooler.

9

ELLEN was breaking and separating the fourteen eggs. "Yes, I do want coconut," she murmured. For Ellen's hope for Dabney, that had to lie in something, some secret nest, lay in George's happiness. He had married "beneath" him, too, in Tempe's unvarying word. When he got home from the war he married, in the middle of one spring night, little Robbie Reid, Old Man Swanson's granddaughter, who had grown up in the town of Fairchilds to work in Fairchild's store.

She beat the egg yolks and began creaming the sugar and butter; and saying a word from time to time for Laura, who hung on the table and watched her, she felt busily consoled for the loss of Dabney to Troy Flavin by the happiness of George lost to Robbie. She remembered, as if she vigorously worked the memory up out of the mixture, a picnic at the Grove — the old place — an exuberant night in the spring before — it was not long after the death of Annie Laurie down in Jackson. Robbie had tantalizingly let herself be chased and had jumped in the river with George in after her, everybody screaming from where they lay.

Dalliance, pure play, George was after that night — he was enchanted with his wife, he made it plain then. They were in moonlight. With great splashing he took her dress and petticoat off in the water, flung them out on the willow bushes, and carried her up screaming in her very teddies, her lost ribbon in his teeth, and the shining water running down her kicking legs and flying off her heels as she screamed and buried her face in his chest, laughing too, proud too. The sisters' — Jim Allen's and Primrose's — garden ran right down to the water there. How could they have known their brother George would some day carry a dripping girl out of the river and fling her down thrashing and laughing on a bed of their darling sweet-peas, pulling vines and all down on her?

George flung himself down by her too and threw his wet arm out and drew her onto his fast-breathing chest. They lay there smiling and worn out, but twined together — appealing, shining in moonlight,

and almost, somehow, threatening, Ellen felt. They were so boldly happy, with Dabney and Shelley there, with Primrose and Jim Allen trembling for their sweet-peas if not daring to think of George's life risked, and India seizing the opportunity of running up and sprinkling them with pomegranate flowers and handfuls of grass to tickle them.

Dabney had brought young Dickie Boy Featherstone along that night; they had sat timidly holding hands on the river bank, Dabney with a clover-chain circling and festooning her like a net. They had chided Robbie that she had endangered George — he could not swim well for a wound of war. But no one can stare back more languorously and alluringly than a rescued woman, Ellen believed, from the memory of Robbie's slumbrous eyes and surfeited little smile as she lay on George's wet arm.

As Ellen put in the nutmeg and the grated lemon rind she diligently assumed George's happiness, seeing it in the Fairchild aspects of exuberance and satiety; if it was unabashed, it was the best part true. But — adding the milk and the flour, carefully and alternately as Mashula's recipe said — she could be diligent and still not wholly sure, never wholly. She loved George too dearly herself to seek her knowledge of him through the family attitude, keen and subtle as that was — just as she loved Dabney too much to see her prospect without its risk, now family-deplored, the happiness covered with danger.

"Look who Robbie Reid is!" they had said once, and now, "Who is Troy Flavin?" Indeed, who was Troy Flavin, beyond being the Fairchild overseer? Nobody knew. Only that he had a little mother in the hills. It was killing Battle; she heard him now, calling, "Dabney, Dabney! Dickie Boy Featherstone's blowing his horn!" And at the telephone Dabney was talking softly to Troy, "I'm with Dickie Boy Featherstone, gone to Glen Alan. . . . Good night. . . . Good night. . . ." It seemed to Ellen that it was for every one of them that added care pressed her heart on these late summer nights ("Now you can taste, Laura," she said), care that stirred in her and that she herself shielded, like the child she carried.

She folded in the egg whites.

"Now, Laura. Go get that little bottle of rose-water off the top shelf in the pantry. Climb where Roy climbs for the cookie jar and you'll reach it. Now be putting in a little rose-water as you go. Pound good."

She poured her cake out in four layer pans and set the first two in the oven, gently shutting the door. "Be ready, Laura, when I call you. Oh, save me twenty-four perfect halves — to go on top."

She began with the rest of the eggs to make the filling; she would just trust that Laura's paste would do, and make the icing thick on top with the perfect almonds over it close enough to touch.

"Smell my cake?" she challenged, as Dabney appeared radiant at the pantry door, and then came through, spreading her pink dress to let her mother

see her. Ellen turned a little dizzily. Was the cake going to turn out all right? She was always nervous about her cakes. And for George she did want it to be nice — he was so appreciative. “*Don’t pound your poor finger, Laura.*”

“I wasn’t going to, Aunt Ellen.”

“Oh, Mother, am I beautiful — tonight?” Dabney asked urgently, almost painfully, as though she would run if she heard the answer.

Laura laid down the noisy pestle. Her lips parted. Dabney rushed across the kitchen and threw her arms tightly around her mother and clung to her.

Roxie, waiting on the porch, could be heard laughing, two high gentle notes out in the dark.

From an upper window India’s voice came out on the soft air, chanting,

“Star light, Star bright,
First star I’ve seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight.”

For a moment longer they all held still: India was wishing.

10

IT WAS the next afternoon. Dabney came down the stairs vaguely in time to the song Mary Lamar Mackey was rippling out in the music room — “*Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.*”

“Oh, I’m a wreck,” she sighed absently.

“Did you have your breakfast? Then run on to your aunts,” said her mother, pausing in the hall below, pointing a silver dinner knife at her. “You’re a girl engaged to be married and your aunts want to see you.”

“Your aunts” always referred to the two old-maid sisters of her father, who lived at the Grove, the old place on the river, Aunt Primrose and Aunt Jim Allen, and not to Aunt Tempe, who had married Uncle Pinck, or Aunt Rowena or Aunt Annie Laurie, who were dead. “I’ve got all the Negroes your papa could spare me up here on the silver and those miserable chandelier prisms — I don’t want you underfoot, even.”

“They saw me that Sunday they came up to dinner,” said Dabney, still on the stairs.

“But you weren’t engaged that Sunday — or you hadn’t told.”

A veil came over Dabney’s eyes — a sort of pleased mournfulness.

“They’ll ask me ten thousand questions.”

“Let me go!” said India quickly. She was sitting on the bottom step finishing a leaf hat. “I’m not really busy.”

“Come on, then,” said Dabney. She ran down and leaned over her little sister and smiled at her for what seemed the first time in years.

“I can come! I’ll hop!” Bluet instantly came hopping up with one shoe off, her sunny hair flying. In the corner Roxie’s little Sudie, who was “watching”

her, stretched meek on the floor with chin in hand. Little Battle tore through the house but didn’t stop a minute, except to spank Dabney hard. Mary Lamar Mackey dreamily called, “Where are you all going?”

“Now get away from Dabney *everybody*, and let her go,” said Ellen. “No, Dabney, not Ranny either, this time. You’ll dawdle, and let him fall off the horse — and Primrose and Jim Allen’ll have to invite you to supper.”

“Will they have spoon bread?” cried India.

“That’s enough, India. You can carry that bucket of molasses if you’re going, and I think I’ll send a taste more of that blackberry wine — wait till I pour it off.”

“You can wear this, Dabney.” On her two forefingers India offered up the leaf hat to her sister, who had on a new dress.

“Oh, I couldn’t! Never mind, you wear it,” said Dabney. She herself fixed it on India’s hair. Dabney had gotten awfully fixey, said the calm stare in India’s eyes at that moment. The little girl set her jaw, Dabney frowned, and one of the rose thorns did scratch.

“Be sure that sack on the front porch gets to Jim Allen!” called their mother from the back porch. “Oh, where’s my wine!”

“Take Aunt Primrose my plaid wool and my cape pattern!” called Shelley from right under their feet. She was under the house looking for the key to the clock, which she insisted had fallen through the floor. “In Mama’s room! Vi’let!”

Dabney drew her brows together for a moment — Shelley was a year older than she was, and now that Dabney was the one getting married, she seemed to spend her time in the oddest places. “Shelley, come out! Mama, do you think they want *all* those hyacinth bulbs?” she called.

“They’re onions! India, did you call Little Uncle to bring up Junie and Rob?”

“Wait a second, India,” said Dabney. She caught at her sticking-out skirt. “You look plenty tacky, India — you’re just the age where you look tacky and that’s all there is to it.” She sighed again, and ran lightly down the steps. “You ride with the onions, I’m going to see Troy tonight.”

“Well, my golly,” said India.

“We ought to send them back that candy dish — but we can’t send it back empty,” called Ellen in a falling voice.

Little Uncle and Vi’let got them loaded up on the horses and fixed all the buckets and sacks so that they weren’t very likely to fall open. “I don’t know why we didn’t take the car,” Dabney said dreamily. They rode out the gate.

India said, “Haven’t I got to see Troy, and the whole family got to see Troy, Troy, Troy, every single night the rest of our lives, besides the day? Does Troy hate onions? Does he declare he hates them? Does he hate peaches? Figs? Black-eyed peas?”

“We’ll be further away than that,” said Dabney, still dreamily.

It was a soft day, brimming with the light of afternoon. It was the fifth beautiful week, with only that one threatening day. The gold mass of the distant shade trees seemed to dance, to sway, under the plum-colored sky. On either side of their horses' feet the cotton twinkled like stars. Then a red-pop flew up from her nest in the cotton. Above in an unbroken circle all around the wheel of the level world lay silvery-blue clouds whose edges melted and changed into the pink and blue of sky.

Girls and horses lifted their heads like swimmers. Here and there and far away the cotton wagons, hand-painted green, stood up to their wheel tops in the white and were loaded with white, like cloud wagons. All along, the Negroes would lift up and smile glaringly and pump their arms — they knew Miss Dabney was going to step off Saturday with Mr. Troy.

11

A MAN on a black horse rode across their path at right angles, down the Mound Field. He waved, his arm like a gun against the sky — it was Troy on Isabelle. A long stream of dust followed him, pink in the light.

Dabney lifted her hand. "Wave, India," she said. "It's Troy."

There was the distance where he still charmed her most — it was strange. Just here, coming now to the Indian mound, was where she really noticed him first — last summer, riding with India on Junie and Rob. (Though later, they would go clear to Marmion to sit in the moonlight by the old house and by the river, teasing and playing, when it was fall.) And she looked with joy, as if it marked the pre-eminent place, at the Indian mound topped with trees like a masted green boat on the cottony sea. That he was at this distance obviously not a Fairchild still filled her with an awe that had grown most easily from idle condescension — that made it hard to think of him as he would come closer.

Troy, a slow talker, had been the object of little stories and ridicule at the table — then suddenly he was real. She shut her eyes. She saw a blinding light, or was it a dark cloud — that intensity under her flickering lids? She rode with her eyes shut. Troy Flavin was the overseer. The Fairchilds would die, everybody said, if this happened. But now everybody seemed to be just too busy to die.

He was twice as old as she was now, but that was just a funny accident, thirty-four being twice seventeen; it wouldn't be so later on. When she was as much as twenty-five, he wouldn't be fifty! "Things will probably go on about as they do now," she would hear her mother say. "It isn't as if Dabney was going out of the Delta — like Mary Denis Summers."

They would have Marmion, and Troy could manage the two places. "Marmion can't belong to Maureen!" she had cried, when she first asked.

"Yes — not legally, but really," her father said; he thought it was complicated.

So Dabney had said to Maureen, "Look, honey — will you give your house to me?" They had been lying half-asleep together in the hammock after dinner.

And Maureen, hanging over her to look at her, face close above hers, had chosen to smile radiantly. "Yes," she had said, "you can have my house-la, and a bite-la of my apple too."

Oh, everything *could* be so easy! Troy had simply slapped his hand on his saddle when she told him, at the way she could have Marmion with a little airy remark! She had blushed — surely that was flattery! Troy was slow on words.

"I don't hear anything but nice things about Troy," everybody was telling her. As though he were invisible, and only she had seen him! She thought of him proudly (he was right back of the mound now, she knew), a dark thundercloud, his slowness rumbling and his laugh flickering through in bright flashes; any "nice thing" would sound absurd — as if you were talking about a cousin or a friend. Later they would laugh together about this. Uncle George would be on her side. He would treat it as if it wasn't any side, which would make it better — make it perfect — unless he got on Troy's side. He liked Troy.

"There goes Pinchy, trying to come through," said India, to make Dabney open her eyes. Sure enough, there went Pinchy wandering in the cotton rows, Roxie's helper, not speaking to them at all but giving up every moment to seeking.

"I hope she comes through soon." Dabney frowned.

"I forgot the onions, too."

"Hyacinths, you mean."

"Onions. You're crazy as a June bug now, Dabney," said India thoughtfully. "Will I be like you?"

"You're crazy the way you forget things, onions or hyacinths either."

Troy was far to the right now — they had turned. They rode around the blue shadow of the Indian mound, and he was behind her. Faintly she could hear his busy shout, "Sylvanus! Sylvanus!"

"All the Fairchilds forget things," said India, beginning to gallop joyfully, making the wine splash.

They rode through the Far Field and into the pasture where three mules were looking out together from a green glade. The sedge was glowing, the round meadow had a bloom like fruit, and the sweet gums were like a soft curtain beyond, fading into the pink of the near sky. Here the season showed. Queen Anne's lace brushed their feet as they rode, and the tight yellow goldenrod knocked at them. She seemed to hear the rustle of the partridge shadows.

12

SOMETIMES, Dabney was not so sure she was a Fairchild — sometimes she did not care, that was it.

There were moments in life when it did not matter who she was — even where. Something, happiness — with Troy, but not necessarily, even the happiness of a fine day — seemed to leap away from identity as if it were an old skin, and that she was one of the Fairchilds was of no more need to her than the locust shells now hanging to the trees everywhere were to the singing locusts.

What she felt, nobody knew! It would kill her father — of course for her to be a Fairchild was an inescapable thing, to him. Oh, she did cherish the relentless way he was acting, not wanting to let her go! The caprices of his restraining power over his daughters filled her with delight now that she had declared what she could do. She felt a double pride between them now — it tied them closer than ever as they laughed, bragged, reproached each other, and flaunted themselves. But her mother, who had never spoken the first word against her sudden decision to marry, or questioned her wildness for Troy or her defiance of her father's wishes, in the whole two weeks, somehow defeated her.

Dabney and her mother had gone into shells of mutual contemplation — like two shy young girls meeting in a country of a strange language. Perhaps it was only her mother's condition, thought Dabney, shaking her head a little. Only when she forgot herself, flashed out in the old way, shed tears and begged her pardon, did Dabney feel again in her mother's quick kiss, like a peck, her watchfulness, the kind of pity for children that mothers might feel always until they were dead, reassuring to the mother and the little girl together.

Troy treated her like a Fairchild — he still did; he wouldn't stop work when she rode by even today. Sometimes he was so standoffish, gentle-like; other times he laughed and mocked her, and shook her, and played like fighting — once he had really hurt her. How sorry it made him! She took a deep breath. Sometimes Troy was really ever so much like a Fairchild. Nobody guessed that, just seeing him go by on Isabelle! He had not revealed very much to her yet. He would — that dark shouting rider would throw back the skin of this very time, of this moment. There would be a whole other world, with other cotton, even.

It was actually Uncle George who had shown her that there was another way to be, something else — Uncle George, the youngest of the older ones, who stood in — who was — the very heart of the family, who was like them, looked like them (only far handsomer, she thought, seeing at once his picnic smile), but was different, somehow. Perhaps the heart always was made of different stuff and had a different life from the rest of the body. She saw Uncle George lying on his arm at a picnic, smiling to hear what someone was telling, with a butterfly going across his gaze, a way to make her imagine all at once that in that moment he erected an entire, complicated house for the butterfly inside his sleepy body. It was very strange, but she had felt it.

She had then known something he knew all along, it seemed — that when you felt, touched, heard, looked at things in the world, and found their fragrances, they themselves made a sort of house within you, which filled with life to hold them, filled with knowledge all by itself; and all else, the other ways to know, seemed calculation and tyranny. Blindly and proudly Dabney rode, her eyes shut against what was too bright. Uncle George would be coming some time today — she would be glad. He would be sweet to her, sweet to Troy.

In a way, their same old way, the family were leaving any sweetness, any celebration and good wishing, to Uncle George. They had said nothing very tender or final to her yet. They had put it off, she guessed, sighing. This was too much in cotton-picking time, that was all — or else they still had hope that she would not do this to them. Dabney smiled again, — she smiled as often as tears, once started, would fall, — her flickering eyes on India shaking her switch like a wand at a scampering rabbit.

Uncle George would come and say something just right — or rather he would come and not say any special thing at all, just show them the champagne he brought for the wedding night, while Shelley, perhaps, was coaxed to cry — and they would not fret or worry or hold back any longer. Dabney herself would then be entirely happy.

"Has James's Bayou really got a whirlpool in the middle of it?" cried India intensely.

"No, India, always no, but *you* stay out of it." They rode into the tarnished light of a swampy place.

"But has it really got a ghost? Everybody knows it has."

"Then don't ask me every time. Just so it won't cry for my wedding, that's all I ask!" Dabney sighed.

"I'd love it to cry for me," India said luringly. "Cry and cry."

They rode across the railroad track and on. The fields shone and seemed to tremble like a veil in the light. The song of distant pickers started up like the agitation of birds.

13

Look pretty. Here we are," said India.

They were riding by the row of Negro houses and the manager's house. The horses lifted their noses, smelling the river. Little Matthew saw them and opened the back gate, swinging on it, and ran after them to help them off Junie and Rob. He put his little flat nose against the horses' long noses and spoke to them. Dabney and India loaded him up. Great-grandmother's magnolia, its lower branches taken root, spread over them. Only bits of sunlight came through the dark tree.

The house at the Grove, a dove-gray box with its deep porch turned to the river breeze, stood under shade trees with its back to the Shellmound road.

It was a cypress house on brick pillars now painted green and latticed over, and its double chimneys at either end were green too. There was an open deck, never walked any more, on its roof; it was Denis's place — he had loved to read poetry there. The garden, sun-faded, went down to the dusty moat, in which the big cypresses stood like towers with doors at their roots. The bank of the river was willowy and bright, wild and unraked, and the shadowy Yazoo went softly colored and lying narrow and low in the time of year.

Aunt Primrose caught sight of them through the window of the kitchen ell and agitatedly signaled to them that they must go round to the front door and not on any account come in at the back, and that she was caught in her boudoir cap and was ashamed.

They waded through the side yard of mint and nodding pink and white cosmos, the two pale bird dogs licking them. Lethe flew out to help and fuss at Matthew, while Aunt Primrose — they could hear her — spread the screen doors wide.

"Bless your hearts! Mercy! What all have you got there, always come loaded!" she cried. A brown thrush, nesting once again in September, flew out of the crape-myrtle tree at them and made Dabney nearly drop the wine she was carrying, to catch at her hair. Aunt Primrose, as if she should have known that thrush would do that, ran out with little cries — for she was the most tender-headed of the Fairchilds and could not bear for anyone to have her hair caught or endangered.

India was allowed to go find Aunt Jim Allen, who was the deaf aunt. She was in the first place India looked, the pantry, tenderly writing out in her beautiful script the watermelon-rind preserve labels and singing in perfect tune, "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?" India tickled her neck with a piece of verbenä.

"Why, you monkey!" She was embraced.

Then, "Dabney!" and both aunts at last clutched the bride, their voices stricken over her name.

"We'll sit in the parlor and Lethe will bring us some good banana ice cream, that's what we'll do. Oh, I was sorry when the figs left!" said Aunt Jim Allen.

"Then you'll have to turn straight around and start back," said Aunt Primrose.

They went on. "You're *looking* mighty pretty. I declare, Dabney, if Sister Rowena had lived, I don't know what she would have said. I don't believe she could have realized it. Did you feel this way about Mary Denis Summers, Jim Allen? I didn't." In their pinks and blues they looked like two plump hydrangea bushes side by side.

"She's having a baby right this minute," India put in, while Dabney was saying, "It's some of Mama's wine, and she apologizes if it's not as good as last year, and Shelley's cape — she says please don't work too hard on it and put out your eyes. And I'm afraid we forgot the hyacinths, but we can send them by Little Uncle in the morning."

Matthew, just now making his way in from the back, put everything down on the carpet in one heap. Both aunts immediately ran and took it all away, with soft cries.

"Neither Dabney nor me is scared to stay out after dark by ourselves, Aunt Primrose," India said.

"Nonsense."

Dabney felt as if she had not been at the Grove with her aunts since she was a little girl — all in two weeks they had gone backward in time for her. She looked at them tenderly.

"I started you a cutting of the Seven Sisters rose the minute I heard you were going to be married," said Aunt Primrose, pointing her finger at her.

14

AUNT PRIMROSE was the youngest aunt, she was next to George, and Jim Allen had been next to Denis. They were both pretty for old maids. Aunt Primrose had almost golden hair, which she washed in camomile tea and waved on pale steel curlers which after twenty years still snapped harshly and fastened tightly, because her hair was so fine. Her skin was fine and tender as Bluet's, and it had never had the midday sun touch it, or any sun, without a hat or a parasol between her and it. Her eyes were weak, but she could not be prevailed on to wear ugly glasses. Her tiny ears, fine-lined and delicate, had been pierced when she was seven years old (the last thing her mother had done for her before the day she fell dead) and she wore little straws through the holes until she was big enough for diamonds.

Her throat was full, with a mole like a tiny cameo in its hollow, which sometimes struggled with the beat of her heart, and her voice might have come out of such a throat like a singer's, but it did not, being too soft and timid; Aunt Jim Allen's came out strong. Aunt Primrose was growing plumper in the last few years, but she was always delicate and was thought of as the little sister of the family. Her hands (with her mother Laura Allen's rings) most naturally clasped, and then suddenly flew apart — as if she were always eager to hear your story, and then let it surprise her. She could not tolerate a speck of dust in her house, and every room was ready for the inspection of the Queen, Aunt Mac said belittlingly. Her dresses, and Aunt Jim Allen's, were all dainty, with "touches," and they wore little sachets tied and tucked here and there underneath, smelling of clove pinks or violets, nothing "artificial."

Aunt Primrose was sweet to Aunt Jim Allen and never said a cross word all day to her or to Lethe or any of the men or her manager. She loved everybody but there was one living man she adored and that was her brother George.

"As well I might," she said. She was not scared to live in the house alone with Jim Allen, because she simply had faith nothing would happen to her. Both of them would tell you that Jim Allen was the better

cakemaker, but Primrose was better with preserves and pickles and candy, and knew just the minute any named thing ought to be taken off the fire. They swore by Mashula Hines's cookbook, and at other times read Mary Shannon's diary she kept when this was a wilderness, and it was full of things to make and the ways to set out cuttings and the proper times, along with all her troubles and provocations.

It was eternally cool in summer in this house; like the air of a dense little velvet-green wood it touched your forehead with stillness. Even the phone had a ring like a tiny silver bell. The Grove was really Uncle George's place now; but he had put his two unmarried sisters in the house and given them Little Joe to manage it, and gone to Memphis to practice law when he married that Robbie Reid. Matting lay along the halls, and the silver doorknobs were not quite round but the shape of little muffins, not perfect.

Dabney went into the parlor. How softly all the doors shut, in this house by the river — a soft wind always pressed very gently against your closing. How quiet it was, without the loud driving noise of a big fan in every corner as there was at home, even when at moments *people* sighed and fell silent. Grandmother's and Great-grandmother's cherished things were so carefully kept here, and the Irish lace curtains were still good except for one little new place of Aunt Primrose's that shone out.

Once a cyclone had come and drawn one pair of the curtains out the window and hung them in the top of a tall tree in the swamp, and Laura Allen had had Negroes in the tree all one day, instructed to get them down without tearing a thread, while her husband kept begging her to let them come help with the cows bellowing everywhere in the ditches, and when she had mended what could not help but be torn, no one could tell which pair had been damaged.

There were two portraits of Mary Shannon in this room: on the dark wall the one nobody liked, which Audubon painted down in Feliciana, when she visited home, and over the mantelpiece the one Great-grandfather did. It showed the Mary Shannon for whom he had cleared away and built the Grove — it had hung in the first little mud house; he had painted it one wintertime, showing her in a dark dress with arms folded and an expression of pure dream in the almost shyly drawn lips. There was a white Christmas rose, from the new doorstep, in her severely dressed hair. There were circles under her eyes — he had not been reticent there, for that was the year the yellow fever was worst and she had nursed so many of her people, besides her family and neighbors; and two hunters, strangers, had died in her arms.

Shelley always thought, for some reason nobody understood, that this was why Great-grandfather made her fold her arms and hide her hands, but India thought that he could not draw hands, because she couldn't, and had not needed to try by giving her a good defiant pose. Dabney thought that Mary

folded her arms because she would soon have her first child. Great-grandfather painted only twice in his life: the romantic picture of his brother, in the library at home, and the realistic one of his wife — the two people he had in the world. Mary seemed to look down at her and at the dear parlor, with the foolish, breakable little things in it. How sure and how alone she looked, the eyes so tired! What if you lived in a house all alone and away from everybody, with no one but your husband?

"Dabney, where were you?" The aunts, with India holding their hands and swinging between them, came in. "Mary Denis Buchanan has come through her ordeal — very well," said Aunt Jim Allen. "Tempe just telephoned from Inverness — didn't you hear us calling you? She wanted us to tell you it was a boy."

"I think Dabney's been eating green apples, but I feel all right," India said. Dabney stood watching them with her arms folded across herself, looking lost in wonder.

"Dabney! Do you feel a little — ? Run put back the spread and lie down on my bed." Aunt Jim Allen pulled her smelling salts out of her pocket.

"There's too much excitement in the world altogether," said Aunt Primrose, with a kind of consoling, gentle fury that came on her sometimes.

"Why, India! I feel perfect!" laughed Dabney, feeling them all looking at her. And all the little parlor things she had a moment ago cherished she suddenly wanted to break. She had once seen Uncle George, without saying a word, clench his fist in the dining room at home — the sweetest man in the Delta. It is because people are mostly layers of violence and tenderness — wrapped like bulbs, she thought soberly; I don't know what makes them onions or hyacinths. She looked up and smiled back at the gay little knowing nods of her aunts. They all sat down on the two facing sofas and had a plate of banana ice cream and some hot fresh cake and felt better.

15

Now hurry and start back," said Aunt Primrose. "Oh, you never do come, and when you do you never stay a minute! Oh — growing up, and marrying. India, you're still my little girl!" Aunt Primrose without warning kissed India rambunctiously and pulled her into her sacheted skirt.

Aunt Jim Allen took up her needlepoint and the green-threaded needle. "I'm going to give you this stool cover with the calla lily, of *course*, Dabney. I'll have it ready by the time Battle can get Marmion ready, I dare say."

"Dabney will have to have some kind of little old wedding present from us to take home," said Aunt Primrose. "Jump up and pick you out something, honey. You take whatever you like. Don't want to see you hesitate."

"Oh — everything's so soon now," said Dabney,

jumping up. "Papa said any kind of wedding I wanted I could have, if I had to get married at all, so I'm going to have shepherdess crooks and horsehair ruffled hats."

"Can anybody put their feet on the stool?" asked India. "Troy?"

"Hush, dear," said Aunt Primrose softly. "We hope not."

"I'm going to be coming down the stairs while Mary Lamar Mackey plays — plays something — but you'll see it all," and Dabney was walking, rather gliding, around on the terribly slick parlor floor among all the little tables full of treasures. Some old friends of hers — two little china dogs — seemed to be going around with her.

"I'm a flower girl," said India, following her. "Cousin Laura McRaven's not one, because Aunt Annie Laurie is dead. Cousin Maureen and Cousin Lady Clare are flower girls. Bluet's wild to be the ring-bearer but she can't be — she's not a boy. That's Ranny."

"I'm going to have my bridesmaids start off in American Beauty and fade on out," said Dabney, turning about. "Two bridesmaids of each color, getting paler and paler, and then Shelley in flesh. She's my maid of honor."

"Of course," sighed Aunt Primrose.

"The Hipless Wonder," said India. "Her sweater belts go lower than anybody's in *Virginia*."

"Why, India."

"Then me in pure white," Dabney said. "Everything's from Memphis, but nothing's come."

"But if it does come, it will all be exquisite, honey," said Aunt Primrose a little dimly.

"Who are the bridesmaids, Dabney, dear?" Aunt Jim Allen called out.

"Those fast girls I run with," said Dabney irresistibly. "The ones that dance all night barefooted."

"Child!"

"She was just teasing," India said.

"Won't she take our present?" Aunt Primrose began to fan herself a little with the palmetto fan she had bound in black velvet so that when anyone wanted to pull it apart it couldn't be done.

"I hate to — I hate to take something you love!"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"We've never really *seen* Troy," Aunt Jim Allen said faintly. She did sound actually frightened of Troy. "Not close to — you know." She indicated the walls of the green-lit parlor with her little ringed finger.

"You'll *have* to see him at the wedding," India told her loudly. "He has red hair and cat eyes and a *mus-tache*."

"I'm going to have him trim that off, when we are married," said Dabney gravely.

"It's not as if you were going out of the Delta, of course," Aunt Jim Allen said, looking bemused from her little deaf perch on the sofa. "Now it's time you chose something."

Dabney stopped, and her hand reached out and

touched a round flower bowl on the table in front of her. It was there between the two china retrievers — was it the little bunny in one mouth that looked like Aunt Jim Allen, and the little partridge in the other that was Aunt Primrose? "I'd love a flower bowl," she said.

"You didn't take the prettiest," warned India.

Both aunts rose to see.

"No, no! No, indeed, you'll not take that trifling little thing! It's nothing but plain glass!"

"Now you'll take something better than that, missy, something *we'd* want you to have," declared Aunt Primrose. She marched almost stiffly around the room, frowning at all precious possessions. Then she gave a low croon.

"The night light! She must have the little night light!" She stood still, pointing.

16

IT WAS what they had all come to see when they were little — the bribe.

"Oh, I couldn't," Dabney drew back, holding the flower bowl in front of her.

"Put that down, child. She must have the night light, Jim Allen," said Aunt Primrose, raising her small voice a clear octave. "Dabney shall have it. It's company. That's what it is. That little light, it was company as early as I can remember — when Papa and Mama died."

"As early as I can remember," said Aunt Jim Allen, making her little joke about being the older sister.

"Dabney, Dabney, they're giving you the little night light," whispered India, pulling at her sister's hand in a kind of anguish.

"I love it." Dabney ran up and kissed them both and gave them both a big hug to make up for waiting like that.

"And Aunt Mashula loved it — that waited for Uncle George, waited for him to come home from the Civil War till the lightning one early morning stamped her picture on the windowpane. *You've* seen it, India; it's *her* ghost you hear when you spend the night, breaking the window and crying up the bayou, and it's not an Indian maid, for what would she be doing, breaking our window to get out? The Indian maid would be crying nearer your place, where the mound is, if *she* cried."

"Jim Allen wants all the ghosts kept straight," said Aunt Primrose, flicking a bit of thread from her sister's dress.

"When did that Uncle George come back?" asked India.

"He never came back," said Aunt Primrose. "Nobody ever heard a single word. His brother Battle was killed and his brother Gordon was killed, and Aunt Shannon's husband, Lucian Miles, was killed and Aunt Maureen's husband, Duncan Lawes, and yet she hoped. Our father and the children all gave up seeing him again in life. Aunt Mashula never

did, but she was never the same. She put her dulcimer away, you know. I remember her face. Only this little night light comforted her, she said: We little children would be envious to see her burn it every dark night."

"Who's Aunt Maureen?" asked India desultorily.

"Aunt Mac Lawes, sitting in your house right now," said Aunt Primrose rapidly. It made her nervous for people not to keep their kinsfolk and their tragedies straight.

"Oh, it'll be company to you," Aunt Jim Allen said, while India, just to look at the little night light, began jumping up and down, rattling and jingling everything in the room. "There's nobody we'd rather have it — is there, Primrose?"

"I should say there isn't!" called Aunt Primrose to her. "Though George loved it, for a man. Where would that little Robbie put it, in Memphis? What would she *set* it on?" And taking a match from the mantelpiece she walked over to the little clay-colored object they all gazed at, sitting alone on its table, the pretty one with the sword scars on it. It was a tiny porcelain lamp with a cylinder chimney decorated with a fine brush, and an amazing little teapot, perfect spout and all, resting on its top.

"Shall we light it?" But she knew what they would say.

India gave a single clap of her hands.

Aunt Primrose lighted the tiny candle inside and stepped back, and first the clay-colored chimney grew a clear blush-pink. The picture on it was a little town. Next, in the translucence, over the little town with trees, towers, people, windowed houses, and a bridge, over the clouds and stars and moon, you saw a redness glow and the little town was all on fire, even to the motion of fire, which came from the candle flame drawing. In their two high-pitched trebles the aunts laughed together to see, each accompanying and taunting the other a little with her delight, like the song and laughter of young children.

"Your tea would be nice and warm now if you had tea in the pot," said Aunt Primrose in an airy voice, and gave a dainty sound — almost a smack.

"Oh," said India gravely, "it's precious, isn't it?"

"You'll find it a friendly little thing," said Aunt Jim Allen, "if you're ever by yourself. Look! Only to light it, and you see the Great Fire of London, in the dark. Pretty — pretty." She put it in Dabney's hand, still lighted, with its small teapot trembling. Aunt Primrose, with a respectful kind of look at Dabney, lifted the pot away and blew out the light.

Dabney held it, smiling. Then the aunts both drew back from the night light, as though Dabney had transformed it.

"Are you going to take it with you when you go on your honeymoon with Troy?" cried India.

"India Primrose Fairchild," said Aunt Primrose, looking at her own sister.

"Little girls don't talk about honeymoons," said Aunt Jim Allen. "They don't ask their sisters questions. It's not a bit nice."

"It's just that she loves the night light too," said Dabney. India took her around the waist and they went out together.

"Uncle George's coming from Memphis today. He's bringing champagne!" said Dabney over her shoulder.

"Mercy!" said both aunts. They smiled, looking faintly pink as they came to the door in the late sun. "I declare!" "George — wait till I get hold of him!" "He'll bring all the champagne in Memphis! We'll be tipsy, Primrose! He'll make this little family wedding into a Saturnalian feast! *That* will show people," Aunt Jim Allen said without hearing herself.

"Bless his heart," said Aunt Primrose. "When's he coming to see us? Tell him we expect him to noon dinner day *after* tomorrow. Ellen can have him first."

"You'll be coming up to dinner," said Dabney. "Aunt Tempe and Lady Clare and Uncle Pinck will be there and dying to see you."

"Mercy! Lady Clare!" said Aunt Primrose. "Don't let her do your mother the way she did at Annie Laurie's funeral, stamp her foot and get anything she wants."

"She's grown up more and been taking music," said Dabney, "and I've made her a flower girl."

17

SHE kissed them with both hands around her present. Now that she was so soon to be married, she could see her whole family being impelled to speak to her, to say one last thing before she waved good-bye. She would long to stretch out her arms to them, every one. But they simply never looked deeper than the flat surface of any tremendous thing, that was all there was to it. They didn't try to understand *her* at all, her love, which they were free, welcome, to challenge and question. In fact, here these two old aunts were actually *forgiving* it.

All the Fairchilds were indulgent — indulgence was what she couldn't stand! The night light! Uncle George they indulged too, but they could never hurt him as they could hurt her — she *was* a little like him, only far beneath, powerless, a girl. He had an incorruptible, and hence unchallenging, sweetness of heart, and all their tender blaming could beat safely upon it, that solid wall of too much love. But she — she would sometimes wish to get away.

"I declare I don't know how you're going to get a wedding present home on horseback — breakable," said Aunt Primrose rather perkily.

"Of course she can, and run out and cut those roses too, Dabney. You've got India to help carry things."

"Dabney can carry her night light home," said India. "I'll tote the little old bunch of flowers."

The others sat in the porch rockers and watched Dabney cut the red and white roses. "That's not enough — cut them all now, or we'll be mad."

"It's not like you were going away, or out of the

Delta. Things aren't going to be any different, are they?" called Aunt Jim Allen. "Put those in something, child, and carry 'em to your mother. Tell her not to kill herself."

"Yes'm."

Aunt Primrose lifted one rose out of Dabney's bouquet as she went by. "What rose is that?" she asked her sister loudly.

"Why, I don't recognize it," said Aunt Jim Allen, taking it from her. "Don't recognize it at all."

They're never going to ask Dabney the questions, India meditated. She went up to Aunt Jim Allen and worried her, clasped and unclasped her Harvest Moon breastpin, watching the way her sister went just a little prissily down the hall, being sent after a vase.

"They don't make me say if I love Troy or if I don't," Dabney was thinking, clicking her heels in the pantry. But by the time she came back to the porch, the flowers in a Mason jar of water, she knew she would never say anything about love after all, if they didn't want her to. Suppose they were afraid to ask her, little old aunts. She thought of how they both drew back to see her holding their night light. They would give her anything, but they wouldn't touch it again now for the world. It was a wedding present.

"I hope I have a baby right away," she said loudly, just as she passed in front of them. India saw Dabney's jaw drop the moment it was out, just as her own did, though she herself felt a wonderful delight and terror that made her nearly smile.

"I bet you *do* have, Dabney," said India. She came up behind her and began to pull down on her and rub her and love her.

Aunt Primrose took a little sacheted handkerchief from her bosom and touched it to her lips, and a tear began to run down Aunt Jim Allen's dry, rice-powdered cheek. They looked at nothing, as ladies do in church.

"I've done enough," Dabney thought, frightened, not quite understanding things any longer. "I've done enough to them." They all kissed good-bye again, while the green and gold shadows burned from the river — the sun was going down.

Dabney's cheeks stung for a moment, while they were getting on their horses. The sisters rode away from the little house, and Dabney could not help it if she rode beautifully then and felt beautiful. Does happiness seek out, go to visit, the ones it can humble when it comes at last to show itself? The roses for her mother glimmered faintly on the steps of the aunts' house, left behind, and they couldn't go back.

They rode in silence. It was late, and the aunts might have been going to insist that they stay to supper, if Dabney hadn't said something a little ugly, a little unbecoming for Battle's daughter.

"The thorns of my hat hurt," said India.

She looked over at Dabney riding beside her, but would Dabney hear a word she said any more? Through parted lips her engaged sister breathed the soft blue air of seven o'clock in the evening on the

Delta. In one easy hand she held the night light, the most enchanting thing in the world, and in the other hand she lightly held Junie's reins. The river wind stirred her hair. Her clear profile looked penitent and triumphant all in one, as if she were picked out and were riding alone into the world. India made a circle with her fingers, imagining she held the little lamp. She held it very carefully. It seemed filled with the mysterious and flowing air of night.

18

JUST at sunset at Shellmound, meanwhile, Roxie and the others heard the sound of stranger-hoofs over the bayou bridge. Then coming over the grass in the yard rode Mr. George Fairchild — in his white clothes and all — on a horse they had never seen before. It was a sorrel filly with flax mane and tail and pretty stockings. "She's lady broke. She's wedding present for Miss Dab." But just then the little filly kicked her heels. "Bitsy always think he knows." "Wouldn't it be a sight did Mr. George pull out and take a little swallow out of his flask made all of gold, sitting where he is — like he do take?" "Miss Ellen! Here come Mr. George!"

"Where's Robbie?" Ellen called, running down the steps, light-footed as always at the sight of George coming. "Little Uncle!" she called to both sides, and Little Uncle came running.

Ranny, barefooted, came flying over the grass, and George put out an arm. Ranny leaped up and was pulled on beside him. He rode up with him sideways, both bare feet extended gracefully together like a captured maiden's. The little red filly almost danced — oh, she was so wet and tired. George was bare-headed now and his Panama hat was on the head of the little filly and she tossed at it.

"I came on Dabney's wedding present — where's Dabney?" he called.

"A horse! Ranny, look at Dabney's horse! Oh, George, you shouldn't. Ranny, I thought you were in bed asleep."

"She was up at auction — I got on her and rode down." George dismounted and Little Uncle led the horse around the house with Ranny riding. "Little Uncle!" George ran after, and gave some kind of special directions, Ellen supposed, and accepted his hat from Little Uncle, who bowed.

"All the way from Memphis? How long did it take you?" Ellen took hold of him and kissed him as if he had confessed a dark indulgence. "Just feel your forehead, you'll have the sunstroke if you don't get right in the house. Roxie!"

"Where's Dabney?" he asked again at the front door, and suddenly smiled at her, as if she might have been whimsical or foolish. She told him but he did not half listen. He was looking at her intently as they went through the hall and into the dining room. Nobody was there. He threw his coat and he down and fell with a groan on the settee, which tre-

bled under him the way it always did. "Warm day," he said at last, and shut his eyes. Roxie brought him the pitcher of lemonade, and he lifted up to drink a glass politely, but he would not have any cake just then. "I'll stretch a minute," he told Ellen, and at once his eyes shut again.

She took his shoes off and he thanked her with a distant groan. She pulled the blinds a little, but he seemed far gone already with that intensity with which all the Fairchilds slept. In the darkened room his hair and all looked dark — turbulent and dark, almost Spanish. Spanish! She looked at him tenderly to have thought of such a farfetched thing, and went out. The melting ice made a sound, and suddenly George did sigh heavily, as if protesting in his sleep.

"Poor man, he rode so far," she thought.

"I'm in trouble, Ellen!" he called after her, his voice wide-awake and loud in the half-empty house. "Robbie's left me!"

She ran back to him. He still lay back with his eyes shut. The Spanish look was not exhaustion, it was misery.

"She left me four days and nights ago. I'm hoping she'll come on here — in time for the wedding." He opened his eyes, but looked at her unrevealingly. All the affront of Robbie Reid came in a downpour over Ellen, the affront she had all alone declared to be purely a little summer cloud.

"I never saw anybody get here as wrinkled up in my life." She kissed his cheek, and sat by him wordlessly for a little. "Why, Orrin's meeting the South-bound, just in case you all came that way," she said still protesting.

"She took the car. That's how I thought of a horse for Dabney." He grinned.

Bluet, barefooted, with a sore finger, and with her hair put up in rags, came into the dining room to be kissed. "Don't give me a lizard," she decided to beg him.

He asked for his coat and gave her some little thing wrapped up in paper, which she took trustingly.

Shelley came in chasing Bluet, and listened stock-still. "She'd better not try to come here!" she cried, when she understood what Robbie had done. Her face was pale. "We wouldn't let her in. To do you like that — you, Uncle George! How could she?"

He groaned and sat up, rumped and yawning.

Battle came in, groaning too, from the heat, and was told the news. He closed his eyes, and shouted for Roxie or anybody to bring him something cold to drink. Roxie came back with the lemonade. Then he fell into his chair, where he wagged the pitcher back and forth to cool it.

Ellen said, "Oh, don't tell Dabney — not yet —" stopped in shame.

"Don't tell India," said Shelley.

"We can't let poor Tempe know — she just cope with this," said Battle in a soft voice. "Enough on Tempe to have Dabney marrying she is, and after Mary Denis married a

Northern man and moved so far off. Can't tell Primrose and Jim Allen and hurt them."

"Of course don't tell any of the girls," George said, staring at Shelley unseeing, his mouth an impatient line.

"Look, George," Battle said at length. "What's that sister of hers name? Rebel. I bet you anything I've got, Robbie's with Rebel."

"I've a very good notion she is," George said.

There were voices in the hall, Vi'let's and somebody's, a vaguely familiar voice.

"Troy's here. What's he doing here?" Ellen looked at Battle. "Oh — he's invited to supper."

"Man! Why don't you go after her — are you paralyzed? Then wring her neck. Did you go — are you going?" Battle turned his eyes from George to Ellen, Shelley, Bluet, and around to Troy — standing foxy-haired and high-shouldered in the door, his slow smile beginning — to invite indignation.

"What else is in your coat, Uncle George?" Ranny asked politely in the silence.

"No, I'm not going," George said. He watched Ranny and Bluet mildly as they went through his coat pulling everything out, and kept watching how Ranny squatted down opening a present with fingers careful enough to unlock some strange mystery in the world.

"Oh, George," Ellen was saying. "Oh, Battle." She looked from one to the other, then went to watch helplessly at the darkening window, where they could hear the horses coming. "Here's Dabney."

As Dabney and India rode in, Uncle George was coming down the front steps to meet them. He always met them like that, and they could tell him from anybody in the world. He called Dabney's name across the yard; his white shirt sleeve waved in the dark. He helped them down with the night light, and Dabney took it from him with a little predatory click of the tongue.

"Everything's fine with you, I hear," said George. "Troy's in the house," and Dabney brushed against him and kissed him.

India saw Troy — he was a black wedge in the lighted window.

"It's all right," Dabney said, coolly enough, and ran up the steps.

But they heard it — running, she dropped the little night light and it broke and its pieces scattered. They heard that but no cry at all — only the opening and closing of the screen door as she went inside.

India ran up to Uncle George and flung herself against his knees and beat on his legs. She could not stop crying, though Uncle George himself stayed out there holding her, and in a little began teasing her about a little old piece of glass that Dabney would never miss.

WHILE they were all still seated around the table drinking their last coffee, Mr. Dunstan Rondo, the

Methodist preacher at Fairchilds, paid a noon call. They were all tired, trying to make Aunt Shannon eat.

"Eat, Aunt Shannon, you've had no more than a bird."

"How can I eat, child," Aunt Shannon would say mysteriously, "when there's nothing to eat?"

They did not expect Mr. Rondo — they hardly knew him — but plainly, Ellen saw, he considered his dropping in a nice thing, since he was to marry Dabney and Troy so soon.

Aunt Mac and Aunt Shannon vanished. The children started to run.

"Come back here!" Battle shouted. "You stay right here. Mr. Rondo, there's a baby too, somewhere."

Mr. Rondo sat in Battle's chair. Battle sat down on a little needlepoint-covered stool, and gave Mr. Rondo a rather argumentative look.

"I suppose you've met at some time or other my brother George, though he never put foot in a church that I know of. Fooling with practicing law in Memphis now — we're hoping he'll give it up and move back. He did plant the Grove over on the river, before he went to war."

Mr. Rondo and George shook hands.

"Why, I believe I married him," said Mr. Rondo.

"Of course! You did — you did. They got you out of bed in the middle of the night — you knew about it before we did!"

Battle laughed at Mr. Rondo as at some failing in him.

"Is your wife the former Miss Roberta Reid from Fairchilds City?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir. That's who she is," Battle answered also.

"And have they children?" asked Mr. Rondo of Battle, as if that would be more polite.

Bluet, who never carried fewer than two things with her, hobbled in burdened under a suitcase and a croquet mallet. She was wearing a pair of Shelley's gunmetal stockings around her neck like a fur. "I'm their little girl," she said.

"They have not," said Battle. "And he loves them — eats mine up. He loves children and they love him. Look at Bluet kiss him." He scowled at Mr. Rondo.

"They get along beautifully, George and Robbie," said Ellen in open anxiety, making her way around the table toward Mr. Rondo. "It's in their faces — I don't know if you pay much attention to that kind of thing, Mr. Rondo?"

"In their faces?" Dabney asked, looking at her mother in astonishment.

"I was thinking of one picnic night, particularly, dear." Ellen's voice suddenly trembled.

"You mean when they put on the Rape of the Sabines down at the Grove?" asked Battle.

"A family picnic," Ellen smiled at the preacher firmly. "You should have come to dinner." She

offered her hand, seeming to reproach him for not being invited.

"A good deal — yes, a great deal — in people's faces," he said.

"Well, entertain Mr. Rondo. Tell him about George on the trestle — I bet he'd like that," said Battle. "You tell it, Shelley."

"Oh, Papa, not me!" Shelley cried.

"Not *you*?"

"Let me," cried India. "I can tell it good — make everybody cry."

"All right, India."

"Very simply, now, India," said Ellen calmly. She sat up straight and held Ranny's hand.

"It was late in the afternoon!" cried India, joining her hands. She came close to Mr. Rondo and stood in front of him. "Just before the thunderstorm!"

Immediately in Shelley's delicate face Ellen could see reflected, as if she felt a physical blow now, the dark, rather brutal colors of the thunderclouded August landscape. "Simply, India."

"Let her alone, Ellen."

"What we'd been doing was fishing all Sunday morning in Drowning Lake. It was everybody but Papa and Mama — they missed it. It was me, Dabney and Shelley, Orrin and Roy, Little Battle and Ranny and Bluet, Uncle George and Aunt Robbie — Mama, when's she coming? Soon? And Maureen. And Bitsy and Howard and Big Baby and Pinchy before she started seeking, and Sue Ellen's boys and everybody in creation."

"And Troy," said Dabney.

"Troy too. And then we didn't catch nothing. Came home on the railroad track, came through the swamp. Came to the trestle."

"Everybody wanted to walk it, but Aunt Robbie said no. No, indeed, she had city heels and would never go on the trestle. So she sat down plump, but we weren't going to carry her! We started across. Then Shelley couldn't walk it either. She's supposed to be such a tomboy! And she couldn't look down. Everybody knows there isn't any water in Dry Creek in the summertime. Did you know that, Mr. Rondo?"

"I believe that is the case," said Mr. Rondo, when India waited.

"Well, Shelley went down the bank and walked through it. I was singing a song I know. 'I'll measure my love to show you, I'll measure my love to show you —'"

"That's enough of the song," said Dabney tensely.

"For we have gained the day!" Then Shelley said, 'Look! Look! The Dog!' and she yelled like a banshee and the Yellow Dog was coming creep-creep down the track with a flag on it."

"A flag!" cried Dabney.

"I looked, if you didn't," said India. "We said, 'Wait, wait! Go back! Stop! Don't run over us!' But *it* didn't care!"

"Mercy!" said Mr. Rondo. Bluet, who had never taken her eyes off him, laughed delightedly, and

circled round him. George watched her, a faint smile on his face.

"It couldn't stop, India; it wasn't that it didn't care." Dabney frowned. "Mr. Doolittle had fallen asleep. The engineer, you know." She smiled at Mr. Rondo.

"Who's telling this? Creep, creep. Then it was time for Aunt Robbie to jump up in her high heels and call, 'George! Come back!' But he didn't. 'All right, sweethearts, jump,' Uncle George says, and the first one to jump was me. I landed on my feet and seat in an old snaky place. I made a horrible noise when I was going through the air — like this.

"I looked up and saw Dabney get Bluet in her arms and jump holding her, the craziest thing she ever did, but Bluet said, 'Do it again!' Creep, creep. Of course Roy hung by his hands instead of jumping, and Little Battle had to climb back and do it too. Look how ashamed they look! They got cinders in their eyes, both of them. Uncle George threw Ranny off, and Shelley picked him up. I forgot to say all the Negroes had run to the four corners of the earth and we could hear Pinchy yelling like a banshee from away up in a tree."

"Go faster," said Dabney. "Mr. Rondo will get bored."

"Oh, well. Maureen caught her foot. She was dancing up there, and that's what she did — caught her foot good. Uncle George said to hold still a minute and he'd get it loose, but he couldn't get her foot loose at all. So creep, creep."

"It was coming fast!" cried Dabney. "Mr. Rondo, the whistle was blowing like everything, by that time!"

"The whistle was blowing," said India, "but the Dog was not coming very fast. Aunt Robbie was crying behind us and saying, 'Come back, George!' and Shelley said, 'Jump, jump!' but he just stayed on the trestle with Maureen."

"Path of least resistance." Battle beamed at Mr. Rondo fiercely. "Path George's taken all his life."

"Hurry up, India," said Dabney.

"Hurry up, India," said Ranny and Bluet, banging dessert spoons on the back of the preacher's chair.

"Now be still, or I won't let India go any further," Ellen said, her hand on her breast. Then Bluet beat her spoon very softly.

"Oh, well, Maureen said, 'Litt-la train-ain can-na get-la by-y,' and stuck her arms out."

Battle gave a short laugh. "India, you're a sight — you ought to go on the stage."

"Creep, creep," India smiled.

"Hurry up, India."

"Well, Maureen and Uncle George kind of wrestled with each other and both of them fell off, and anyway the Dog stopped, and we all went home and Robbie was mad at Uncle George. I expect they had a fight all right. And that's all."

Bluet whimpered.

"Yes, that's all, Bluet," said Ellen. "India, you

tell what you know about and then stop, that's the way."

"Now wait. Tell what Robbie said when it was all over, India," said Battle, turning the corners of his mouth down. "Listen, Mr. Rondo."

"Robbie said, 'George Fairchild, you didn't do this for me!'"

Battle roared with cross laughter from his stool.

Dabney cried, "You should have heard her!"

Shelley went white.

"Robbie said, 'George Fairchild, you didn't do this for me!'" India repeated. "Look, Shelley's upset."

"Shelley can't stand anything, it looks like, with all this Dabney excitement," said Battle. "Now don't let me see you cry."

"Leave me alone," Shelley said.

"She's crying," India said, with finality. "Look, Mr. Rondo — she's the oldest."

"Who is Maureen?" asked Mr. Rondo pleasantly. "Is she this little girl?" He pointed at Laura.

"Oh, no, I wasn't there," Laura said.

He was told that Maureen had been dropped on her head as an infant, and that her mother, Virgie Lee Fairchild, who had dropped her, ran away into Fairchilds and lived by herself; she never came out, and she wore her black hair hanging and matted to the waist, not having combed it since the day she let the child fall. Their two lives had stopped on that day, and so Maureen had been brought up at Shellmound.

"Why, she's Denis's child!" they all said.

"She's just as much Fairchild as you are," said Battle. "So don't ever let me catch you getting stuck up, in your life." He gave Laura a look.

"Is Maureen *my* first cousin?" Laura cried.

"We're kin to Maureen the same as we're kin to each other," Shelley told her. "On the Fairchild side. Her papa was Uncle Denis and he was killed in the war, don't you remember?"

"I forgot," said Laura. "When will she comb her hair?"

"We'll let you know when she does." Shelley and Dabney giggled, looking at each other.

"I guess I'd better be going," said Mr. Rondo. "Midday's a busy time to call."

"But I know she won't comb it for your wedding, Dabney," said Battle. And he gave a hearty and rather prolonged laugh. "You might think your marrying Troy Flavin would bring anything about, but it won't make your Aunt Virgie Lee take the tangles out of her hair!" And he laughed on, groaning, as if it hurt his side.

Dabney suddenly left the table. She had to be called three times, but when she came down she looked rather softened at being teased about her love before everybody. Mr. Rondo had already taken his departure, promising to be back to the rehearsal and supper on Friday night; they said they would show him just what to do.

(To be continued)

Accent on Living

Yes, I'm Tired

By PAUL HOLLISTER

THERE is a tradition in American radio, a working credo, that when one side of a matter in controversy is declaimed on the air, the other side of the controversy is offered equivalent air-time to present its case.

A piece appeared in the *Atlantic* for August cudgeling radio because some of the commercials one hears on the air do not suit the writer of the piece. The moot piece was by Lewis Gannett. He has been on the air occasionally too, but not by trade. For he is a first-rate book reviewer on the *New York Herald Tribune*, a paper which does not flaunt its affection for radio.

The paper has good, clean, strict rules about what it prints. And (as the footnote to Mr. Gannett's piece says) the book reviewer is "widely respected for the critical integrity which has always distinguished his daily column." That, one would not think of impeaching. What he says about this or that book is all right with me, even if I were to write the book he belabors. But when he leaps sideways out of his critical specialty to scold radio, then I suspect he is just another fretful citizen who has got into print because he is an articulate specialist in something else.

How Mr. Gannett reads several books a day, and writes a thousand words of sober review a day, and

Vice President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, PAUL HOLLISTER takes up the cudgels here in behalf of radio commercials. His case is in reply to "Feeling Tired?" by Lewis Gannett, literary critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, whose complaints against medical advertising on the air appeared in the "Accent on Living" section of the August *Atlantic*.

We shall be interested in hearing our readers' opinions as to who has won this particular argument.

runs the book section of the *Herald Tribune* too, and finds time to listen, let him explain. But in his piece in August he says that he came back from six months abroad and got snowbound for two weeks and *had* to listen to radio. He doesn't say how long he listened. His sensibilities were shocked because he heard some crass commercial pleas about laxatives. He gathered that we are "a nation of sufferers from acid stomach,

chronic headaches, inadequate elimination, and general physical incompetence." It is important that his own precise words be quoted, because they are in fact words and phrases which would not be permitted on the air of any leading radio network in America. So what he "gathered," he interpreted in his own drastic vocabulary, and then he put into the *Atlantic* untidy words that are actually not permitted to be broadcast.

I hope Mr. Gannett doesn't shock too easily, for reading his own *Herald Tribune* of September 21, 1945, he would have had a conniption at the following typical sequence of news and advertising, separated only by a hair-

line so thin I can't measure it on my ruler: —

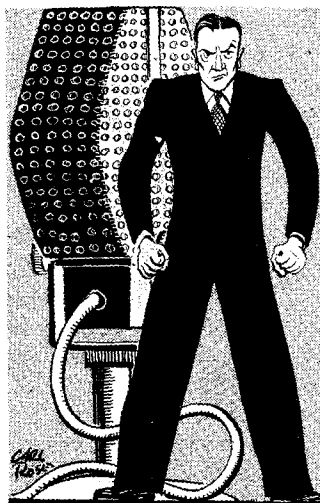
Major G—— was graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. . . . The engagement was announced this month. The only way to find a whiskey like [Brand] is to try [Brand].

And, in the same issue: —

CALLOUSES! In "Jungle Ways" he described the accomplishment (of eating human flesh) complete with recipes, adding: "The meat tasted like good, fully developed veal. . . ."

And in the issue of September 20: —

"As the need arises, I shall desire to call upon you for help and counsel. Very sincerely yours, Harry S. Truman." There's a youngster who knows her Ex-Lax!



And in the issue of September 19: —

At the Downtown Hospital, 129 Broad Street, his condition was described as serious. Away Go Corns. Instant Relief.

While Mr. Gannett was listening and seeking offense from the commercials (which by common consent and strict rule, too, are confined to considerably less than 15 per cent of the broadcast time of any program on the four coast-to-coast networks) he evidently did not choose to hear the other 85 per cent of the program. If he had, he would have heard world news of moment, comment of some sober enlightenment; music ranging from Rodzinski, Toscanini, and Koussevitzky to James, Krupa, and the Dorseys; lyric from Ives to Crosby to Melton, from Thomas to Smith to Sinatra, from Munsell to Pons to Farrell; laughter from Allen to McCarthy to Howard to Durante; drama from Hayes to Barrymore — and so forth. In his fortnight snowbound, Mr. Gannett had fielder's choice of 4 networks x 9 hours x 14 days = 504 hours of the longest à la carte of good listening ever offered for the spiritual emancipation of a slave of the press.

Your present correspondent will bet \$100 against a fine timepiece made of red brick that Mr. Gannett didn't listen even 50 hours in his fortnight. He pretty certainly did hear a handful of dingy spot commercials delivered with the vocal unction that seems to please a lot of people and drives your current correspondent insane, for Mr. Gannett concludes: "The only way to escape the constant oleaginous chatter on these topics was to turn off the radio altogether."

Another way to escape would have been to go out and shovel snow, peel some potatoes, straighten up his desk, or make himself otherwise useful around the house. But he is of the Drastic strain: all or nothing — that is, "All to *my* taste or nothing." Dictatorial. Burn down the barn to get rid of the mice in the hay-loft, declares Mr. Gannett. I will have none of your delicious shad, says he, for there might be a bone in it.

Of course what pains him is that he *wanted* so mightily to listen. He says, "I heard a stirring news broadcast slide into the disease mood" — just as his own paper "slides" from news to advertising through a hairline. He does not say, "I heard a commercial which I am too wise and grumpy to take seriously suddenly burgeon into a truly stirring news broadcast." I wish that *Nielsen's* Radio Index, with one of its recording machines hitched onto Mr. Gannett's radio, had made a chart of his fortnight called *Snowbound*, so that we could see exactly what stations, what programs, Mr. Gannett listened to and tuned out in a huff.

He said he wrote a piece (after he had come home) to the general effect that returning veterans would be pretty shocked to hear commercials on the air. (As a matter of fact soldiers abroad complained

a good deal about familiar shows because their equally familiar commercials had been deleted.) Mr. Gannett says he got many concurring letters about his piece. One was from a veteran of World War I, who agreed with him, and who said the matter was "more important to the future of this country than the San Francisco Conference." Mr. Gannett said the World War I veteran "proclaimed: 'I would be proud if shot for having written it.'" Tall talk.

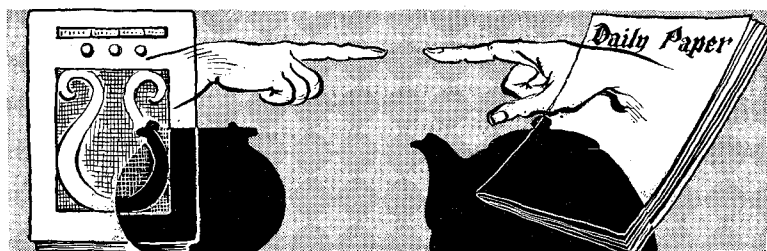
By a strange coincidence, another returned veteran, but a veteran of World War II, expressed himself on exactly the same matter five pages after Mr. Gannett's piece, in the same August issue of the *Atlantic*. He said (see page 122, CBS advertisement): —

"We have long been in countries where we didn't understand the language, and later when we were in Germany, not only were we unable to understand the language, but the faces were hostile and sullen. You don't know what it means to hear language that clinks sweetly in our ears — to hear commercials on the radio — and in all it means America to us."

The speaker was General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The General doesn't like tough commercials any better than anybody else. But they don't "sicken" him. He probably tunes them out mentally, as we all have learned to do. Nobody likes a sour note at a fine party. That is why the networks proscribe many topics which find ready acceptance in many a "self-respecting newspaper or magazine." The code of the National Association of Broadcasters is very old-maidish and cross and proper in this matter; the individual codes of the networks are still more rigid. CBS, for instance, simply won't take programs advertising laxatives, just as a matter of mood — nor any other remedy for the less attractive human ailments or bodily functions. This doesn't make CBS and Mr. Gannett old prisses; both know anatomy.

But when the learned book-critic Gannett cries, "And if more of us stood up and shouted what we feel as we hear, night after night, the shoddy nastiness of everyday radio commercials, the industry would listen," he is getting a little mite shrill. Why? Maybe because his platform is shaky. Thirty-three million American families have come to depend on radio programs put on by advertisers like those who support the *Herald Tribune* and the *Atlantic*, and by networks and some 900 stations. Those families, who add up to 90 per cent of all the families there are in our commonwealth, are extraordinarily swift and perceptive in listening and reacting favorably or unfavorably to what they hear. They don't have to quote Herbert Hoover as of 1924 and 1925 to support their case, as

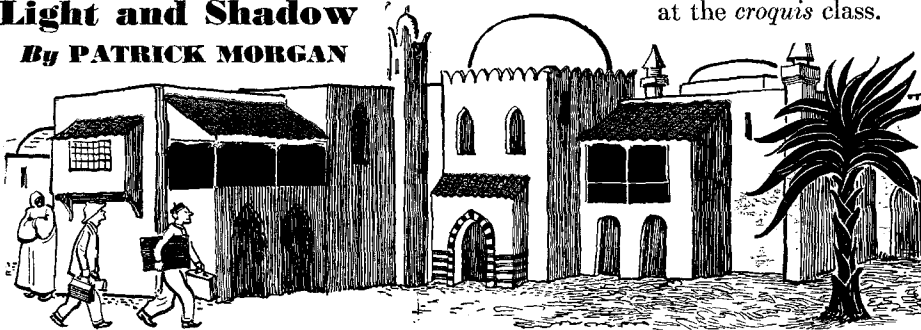


Mr. Gannett had to. They don't see the slightest analogy between the service of their radios and the service of billboards, as Mr. Gannett does.

Instead, and in fact, they have created the ideals and standards of desirable and eager acceptance by which the program-makers are primarily guided. They are the U.S.A. The listeners are so far ahead of Mr. Gannett in the matter of keen listening, gracious appreciation, and smart adverse criticism, that your correspondent can't help feeling a little wistful about him, snowbound so far away from the public pulse.

Light and Shadow

By PATRICK MORGAN



AMDHA was the son, the eldest son, of the high priest of the village mosque. He was also our next-door neighbor. When we rented the house, neither Whitney nor I realized we were moving right into the best Arab neighborhood. There were no agents to build up real-estate values and no *Tunisian Times* with four pages of attractive homes available in better districts. We merely took the only house on the market, and happened to fetch up between the citadel and the sea, with the high priest on one side and Mamma Djema (an aged one who kept chickens) on the other. Beyond Mamma Djema's was the tomb of a local saint.

Amdha met us the first day we wandered through town, and asked in broken French if he could show us about. We said, "No, thank you, we prefer to get lost," and he said, "*Comment?*" and I said, "*N'importe,*" and he said something in Arabic and walked off. Whitney said he didn't see how a league of nations could work under those conditions, but I didn't argue, because I knew Whitney wanted to be a writer and therefore felt language was the best means of communication, whereas I wanted to be a painter and felt something else.

The day we moved in, Amdha again met us at the town gate and took our suitcases.

Settling in was no trouble. We had no bureaus, so we left our clothes in our suitcases and put James Joyce's *Ulysses*, a Dostoevski novel, and the bottle of Italian vermouth on the mantelpiece. There

A graduate of Harvard who studied at the Beaux Arts and with Hans Hofmann, PATRICK MORGAN is a painter who has had one-man shows in New York and Boston. For the past three years he has been scoring a remarkable success as a teacher of art at Phillips Academy, Andover.

were bedclothes in a closet, and after making our beds we walked back along the beach to the hotel for supper.

The next morning, Amdha climbed over the wall that separated our courtyards.

"It seems we have a visitor," Whitney called in to me. I was putting my paintbox in order. I came out, and Amdha suggested that we take a walk to the olive gardens. But we explained that we had both decided to work instead. Whitney went in to sharpen some pencils.

"What is your work, Monsieur?"

"This," I said, handing him my sketchbook, which opened right to a page of nudes that I had sketched at the *croquis* class.

"*Monsieur n'a pas mal tout vu!*" he said, staring at the page. "The Koran says we should not draw people at all, not even animals."

"Well, Amdha, ours is more lenient," I answered, taking back my sketchbook.

"Or more vague," Whitney murmured in English

from the window where he was sharpening pencils.

I turned to a fresh page in the sketchbook and began to draw the banana tree that shaded our court. Its leaves, even the new shiny ones, were shredded to bits by the wind. Their strange tattered shapes belonged to a scene of poverty and destitution, but their brilliant green denied pathos. I thought how unfortunate it would be if Picasso had painted his blue pictures in banana-leaf green, and said idly, "I wish banana leaves were blue."

"That is a strange wish," Amdha replied. "Allah has made these leaves invariably green."

"Perhaps it is just as well. At all events, I could always paint them blue."

Amdha looked at me with deep suspicion.

The days soon organized themselves into a pleasant monotony. Amdha checked in every morning over the garden wall. Whitney worked in the courtyard, I in the upstairs room that overlooked the sea. We met for lunch, which was invariably lamb, ingeniously disguised by our native servant's skill. We worked after lunch till late afternoon, then took a walk, usually accompanied by Amdha.

One afternoon Amdha came in early. "Why is your friend always writing so many letters? He must have a broad acquaintance."

"Those aren't letters, Amdha."

"What are they?"

"Stories," I said.

"But there have been more stories already written than a man could read."

"And more paintings than a man could see. But he and I hope to crowd the market still further."

"Why?"

"How should I know? Amdha, you ask difficult

questions. Why don't you stop talking and pose for me? I shall paint a portrait of you."

He was obviously pleased. "Then," he said, "there will be two Amdhas."

So Amdha came regularly every afternoon. He stood by the window and stayed, on the whole, very still.

I made several sketches in pencil before starting out on a large canvas. I decided to paint him against the grillwork of the window, in a strong side light. The white walls bounced the light back, reflecting into the shadows, so there was no danger of getting dead areas in the darks: and since I had been following the idea of diffused light, I felt this would give me a good workout. I knew it would not be easy to manage, but it was worth a try.

I painted nearly two weeks before Amdha asked if he might see the painting.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"There will indeed be two Amdhas," he said. "When you finish, there will be two. I can see that."

"I don't believe I shall do much more. I must heighten the colors out the window. Then I think I shall leave it."

"You will leave the face as it now is?"

"Probably."

"But, Monsieur, as it now stands, there is one side of the face light, the other much darker."

"*Mais oui*," I said, "and that modeling is what has taken me much time and care."

"But one side of the face is dark, the other not."

"Because of the light from here. So all this is in shadow. And these are reflected lights. Together they give the modeling of your head."

"I do not understand."

"The variation in light and shade gives the look of roundness. That is all."

"But that is not real to make the head partly light, partly dark."

"Look," I said, and went over and posed where he had been. "See? Here my face is light, and here there must be a shadow, no?" I felt Amdha was being unusually dense about this thing.

"Yes," he said, "I see, but still your face is all one color, and so is mine."

"But it isn't all one color in this light."

"No, not in that light, but it is one color."

"Ye-e-es, it is, if there is no shadow on it."

"And you have painted a head that is not of one color. Such heads do not exist."

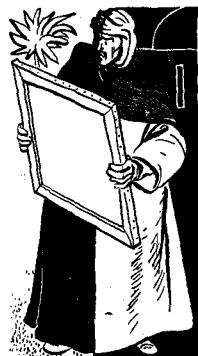
"Amdha, it is because of the shadow."

"Regardless, my face is of one color, I am certain."

"I can no longer paint," I said.

"I shall clean up. Then let's take a walk." Obviously Amdha would never understand.

And he never did. At any rate, he never came to see us again.



Know Something?

By DOW RICHARDSON

EVER since the words "skill" and "efficiency" were taken out of the language and "know-how" was substituted, I have been wondering what would be next. How stupid and dull words like "science" and "knowledge" really were, and all these years we didn't know it! We were going along in a slough of complacency, grown fat and smug and satisfied with respectable English. When it came to expressing ourselves, we simply didn't have the know-how.

We go right on using such terms as "understanding" and "comprehension" and "perspicacity" when we could be saying "know-why." If someone has weight in powerful circles, we mumble that he has "influence," when we could say he has "know-who." Does a man show unusual supervisory powers? We speak of his "executive ability," when we should be saying he has "do-it."

It is incredible. Here we pride ourselves on our advanced intelligence, and yet we're still using phrases like "knows his way around" instead of "knows his 'where-to.'"

And when a woman has the faculty of seeing the precise or logical niche for a whatnot in the sunroom, we say she has "taste." We could be saying she has the "see-where" for it!

We have only scratched the surface. Here is an entirely new "say-how" opening up to us: "know-how" is only the beginning.

What are we waiting for? We have plenty of people with the "can-tell." Let's go!



The Elm

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I WONDER if there ever was an elm

With such a shapely interplay of limbs
As this which stands down where the river flows,
And where the pool in shadowed silence brims.

You glimpse them through the little leaves of May,
Stretched upward toward the ever changing sky;
You glimpse them when the rich green leaves of June
Are shaken by the wind that rushes by.

But when those leaves are fallen to the grass
And cold November spreads its stormy cloud,
Then naked stands the elm, stripped of her wealth,
Knowing no fear, no shame, but free and proud.

Free from restraint of all their summer growth
The bare boughs toss and bend, then rise and fling
Against the mournful splendor of the sky
The bold design of yet another spring.

Latin Lotteries

By RAY JOSEPHS

ANYWHERE south of the Rio Grande one peso will buy a chance at a fortune. A slim chance to be sure, yet one that possibly twenty-five million Latin Americans, from Mexico down to the tip of Chile, buy at least once weekly and generally twice on fiestas, saints' days, and special occasions.

Anywhere from 60 to 75 per cent of the pesos will be redistributed as prizes. From 5 to 10 per cent will be utilized for handling the complicated big business of the lottery. What is left will be used for every kind of public welfare project.

Once divided, not all this money may be spent wisely, either by the lucky number holders or the welfare agencies. But that the division will be conducted by the most modern, ingenuity-proof methods Latins have been able to devise, designed to ensure absolute fairness, is certain. No Latin government — and lotteries, while usually national, are also state, municipal, and private — has lasted long, once a hint of scandal has crept into the lottery.

Argentina's last civilian president, Ramon S. Castillo, was able to brush off ballot-stuffing charges, utility-franchise steals, rubber-rationing frauds, tax thefts, and other juicy dippings into the public strong-box. But when an attempt to fix the *loteria* drawings was discovered, the ensuing scandal pushed the war news off the front pages of Buenos Aires dailies. And, as much as anything else, it weakened public confidence in Castillo's administration, so that the militarists had little difficulty ousting him.

In some Central American republics unscrupulous politicians have been known to sabotage their opponents by bruiting it about that with Señor So-and-so in office, not even the lottery would be sacred. The effect was generally all they desired.

Latin America demands an honest lottery. Latin Americans refuse to regard lotteries as gambling and consider them as stable, omnipresent, and aloof from man's despoiling. In many Latin countries the Church has a direct stake in the lottery since only charities it sponsors receive a share of the portion allotted to public welfare. And most of the winners are automatically assessed by the padre for at least a 15 per cent contribution from their winnings. Generally this is offered in the name of the winner's patron saint, who presumably influenced the lottery in his behalf, and is regarded as an essential gesture of gratitude



though the rest of the money may be drunk, eaten, or stowed under the mattress.

Both the clerical link and the lottery itself are part of Latin America's Spanish tradition. Charles III established Mexico's national lottery in 1770. Peru's is even older. While bound by traditional forms, today's lottery is as modern as any other business enterprise.

Brazil not only has special ever rising quota assignments for its provincial sales managers but employs the closely controlled national radio as a sales stimulator. Mexico's district-by-district selling organization is so complete — and efficient — that it serves as a kind of Gallup Poll in a country where such polls are unknown. The findings are not made public, but special research is undertaken on a fee basis. Manufacturers and advertising agencies have discovered that lottery salesmen's reports on potential markets for razor blades or hair tonics are unusually reliable. Radio listening habits and motion picture acceptance have also been checked, all of this in addition to the primary job of selling tickets.

Chile closely limits the number of private organizations which are licensed to conduct annual public drawings. The competition, authorities assert, kills business. For the same reason, Latin police go after the *quinela*, the numbers-game operator, far more energetically than Philadelphia, Boston, or Baltimore bluecoats.

Argentina's Federal government conducted a long feud with the country's fourteen state or provincial lotteries, barring them from the lucrative business of the Federal capital of Buenos Aires because of a dispute over the percentage of prize money. The provincial governments licensed special dealers who occupied two solid blocks of shops in industrial Avellanada, just outside the city limits. There the highly colored strips of lottery tickets from every part of the country were window-displayed for those who crossed the city line every payday.

The Mexican government went even further in eliminating competing lotteries. It abolished state lotteries several years ago, and did not legalize even the less competitive races until recently.

Shops are the principal ticket distributors in most countries and possibly account for half the total sales. Street vendors are more common in some sections, especially in Mexico, Central America, Bolivia, and Ecuador, poorest of South America's west coast republics. Ancient crones, the blind and deformed, and barefoot kids, whose persistence cannot be imagined until it has been experienced, hawk tickets day and night.

Mexico even has a paralyzed cripple who rides, papoose fashion, on a runner — his hands free to pick up the pesos and hand over the tickets. In Venezuela, sellers shout their numbers in the early dawn, the theory being that in the morning customers think they have dreamed of a certain number and will hustle out to buy it.

Each vendor claims to impart a special good luck

Born in Philadelphia, RAY JOSEPHS attended the University of Pennsylvania. He worked for ten years on the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and went to Latin America in 1940 as correspondent for the Marshall Field Syndicate and *Variety*, the film and theatrical weekly.



YOUR TREES...

Their friends are coming back



More than 700 Davey Tree Surgeons have been in the armed forces, (an abnormal percentage out of 1,000 men). Gradually they are coming back. They are good men. Soon they will be able to render

expert healing service to thousands of fine trees, neglected during war years. The Davey organization is getting back to its pre-war stride. It will not be very long until *your* trees may once more have the reliable service of Davey Tree Surgeons.

JOHN DAVEY



Founder of Tree Surgery

1846-1923

DAVEY TREE EXPERT COMPANY • KENT, OHIO

MARTIN L. DAVEY, PRESIDENT

TWO GENERATIONS OF TREE SAVING SERVICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

premium at no extra charge, but the power does not extend to their own earnings, which are pitifully small. They buy their supply of tickets at a 5 to 15 per cent discount and peddle them at face value. Some are self-employed. Others work for syndicates which also operate chains of shops. In many countries returns are permitted up to a few hours before drawing time. Elsewhere, there is no refund on tickets once purchased, a practice that assures the government of its share for administration and welfare distribution regardless of the fluctuating last-minute customer resistance.

Neither social workers nor inquisitive newsmen have been able to determine what percentage of the average Latin family's income goes into the lottery. Being the operators and the beneficiaries, Latin governments don't welcome such research into national habits, despite the scientific ends to be served. There is no doubt, however, that many a poor family, which can hardly make ends meet, manages to put something aside for the weekly ticket though it may mean going without food.

Even Latins who don't like to think about the amount of money thus employed have pointed out that, were there no lottery, the gambling impulse would find outlet somewhere. Under government supervision, they add, gambling is at least fair. The lottery is the only hope of economic security many have, and its sustaining value to the spirit is held to be as important to them as bread. Social welfare organizations also confess they have no desire to upset the system, especially since they don't know where they might get funds if the lottery were stopped.

In order to keep hope alive and sales steady, lotteries in every country emphasize smaller prizes in addition to the major attraction of the grand *premio*. At a typical special drawing in Mexico, for instance, 5700 prizes are distributed. The first prize is 1,300,000 pesos, about \$266,000 at current exchange, although variations between United States and Mexican cost and wage scales make it worth more. The lowest main prize is \$32,000. Consolation prizes for all tickets ending in the same digit as the grand prize run into the hundreds.

Argentina's Christmas *gordo* distributes 6,000,000 pesos, or about \$1,500,000. This is larger than the so-called "mother lottery" in Madrid, for which many tickets are sold throughout Latin America. Although Argentina's population is less than fourteen millions to Mexico's twenty or Brazil's forty-eight, income and living standards are higher and the amount spent on tickets is greater than in those countries. This fact refutes the contention of sociologists that the lottery is essentially a poor man's sport.

But even in Argentina it is rare for an individual to hold an entire ticket on the extraordinary draw-

ings. Since such tickets average 225 pesos — about \$55 — a group of neighbors, an office staff, a department in a big plant, or a number of farmers will get together and take tenths or twentieths.

A good many who live in the capital cities — usually more than can crowd into the always ornate lottery headquarters — watch the drawings, which are Friday morning or pre-holiday affairs in most places. In Mexico and Central America the drawings are made three evenings each week. Showmanship and considerable attention to demonstrating that there are no tricks up the sleeve mark the draw.

Mexico's drawing is typical. Preparing the mechanical selectors and testing them thoroughly takes two hours of operations — all performed in full view of the never bored audience. Then a huge wire sphere, filled with thousands of tiny numbered balls, is spun. On the other side of the crowded stage is another ball-filled sphere. Each of these is marked with a prize figure. *Niños cantores*, singing boys, pick up the mechanically selected balls with long tongs designed to prevent any palming substitutions. They yell out the numbers and then post and lock them in a big frame.

Everybody checks everybody else — and where cases of collusion have been discovered, official connivance has always been proved and the most severe repercussions inevitably followed.

Only when holiday prizes are announced do Latin newspapers and the public pay any attention to the winners. Then stories of the kind which appear here at Irish Sweepstakes drawing time are published. Lucky holders are depicted in the midst of a shouting, grinning crowd, often at the neighborhood hairdressing establishment or tobacco shop where the ticket was bought.

No record of the purchaser is kept by the ticket seller. The buyers either see their numbers in the extract printed in most papers after each drawing or run a practiced eye down the big billboard-size listings furiously peddled around to each licensed sales point after the drawings.

Since tickets are payable anywhere from six months to a year after the draw, winners can and frequently do remain hidden long enough to escape the inevitable horde of salesmen, agents, income tax collectors, and chiselers. Less than 5 per cent of the prizes are unclaimed when the time limit expires.

What happens to the share designated for public welfare is carefully documented. Mexico's lottery turns the entire 20 per cent "profit," which amounts to 17,000,000 pesos annually, over to the Ministry of Public Assistance. To this is added 12,000,000 pesos raised by direct taxation.

The 30,000,000 pesos is then doled out to state and municipal organizations which, as in the United



If anyone should ask you how many times the *Star Spangled Banner* is broadcast during the year you can say "at least 730 times." Most radio stations sign on and off with the national anthem each day. It is also played on CBS whenever the President or a head of a foreign state speaks, and on special occasions like the Fourth of July. Protocol gets complicated when both the President and the head of a foreign state are on the air. The foreign anthem comes first, then our own. When Churchill was on the air during the war CBS broadcast *God Save The King* without the King present, but that was because of the war. Recently CBS called up the British Embassy to ask if it was all right to broadcast the British national anthem before Clement Attlee's address, but the Embassy said no, because the Prime Minister is not the head of a state. ★

We dropped in the other day on Goodman Ace and a couple of his assistants while they were in the middle of putting together a Danny Kaye script. The three men were strangely composed. All had their jackets on, their neckties tied, their trousers carefully creased. Ace is one of radio's veteran comedy writers (cf. *Easy Aces*). He looks like a businessman in his early forties—gray-flecked hair, a mildly inscrutable face rendered more so by a pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles.

He was sitting at a typewriter. One of the assistants was sitting sidewise with his knee across the arm of an overstuffed chair, probably to provide a different angle. The third writer stood in a corner of the room staring directly into the corner. "We gotta fill that second Butterfly spot," said the man in the chair. (Note: Butterfly McQueen is president and sole member of the Danny Kaye Fan Club). "I've got something on that," said the man in the corner. "Listen to this: Butterfly says to Danny, 'I've been passing out Danny Kaye buttons.' Then Danny says, 'That's good, but doesn't it run into money?' Then

Butterfly says, 'Confidentially, they're old Dewey buttons re-treaded.'"

At this point the man in the corner turned around for the first time to stare at the others.

"That's a possibility, Al, but it's much too fast," said Ace. "Let's build it up this way: Butterfly then says, 'I'm running a newspaper ad saying *I am a Danny Kaye fan. Would like to communicate with others. Signed, Lonely.*' Then Kaye screams and Butterfly says, 'But that's not all, Mr. Kaye, I'm also getting the country to celebrate Danny Kaye Day. You know, like V-J Day. You're certainly as popular as *he* is.' Then Danny says, 'As who is?' and she says, 'Van Johnson.'"

"That does it," said the man in the chair.

Nobody said anything while Ace typed out the colloquy. "What about the O'Reilly gag?" he said. "That was in the last two shows," said the man in the chair. Ace stared at him frostily. "So what? Benny has a penny-pinching gag in all of his shows. Allen's always talking about the Smiling Irishman. We're not using the O'Reilly gag because it's fresh. We're using it because it helps identify the show—like Durante's '*That's my boy who said that.*' It's a running gag. We've got it in the duet between Kaye and Lily Pons. You know, where Danny sings 'O, Lily, you surprise me highly'. She sings 'oh, really'. Then he ends with 'No...O'Reilly'. We've gotta get it in again. Now you know where Mr. Singleton comes in..."

The man in the chair got up and went into the corner and the man in the corner sat down in the chair. On the surface everything seemed completely under control. ★

KVOR, Columbia's affiliated station in Colorado Springs, has been auctioning off nylons, chickens, hogs, and pianos for the Victory Loan. Its eighth consecutive auction just brought in \$249,650 in bonds, bringing the total dollar contribution for

the series to nearly \$3,000,000. ★

There's long-standing friendly rivalry between Jacksonville (pop. 173,065) and St. Augustine (pop. 12,090). So when a Victory Bond Train arrived in those parts recently the two cities tried to outdo each other in arousing public support. St. Augustine asked its favorite radio station, CBS' affiliate WFOY (the last 3 initials stand for Fountain of Youth), to beat the drum. A half hour before the train arrived WFOY rallied a 64-piece Army band, scores of prominent citizens, its special events newscaster, and went on the air. When the train pulled into the railway station 7000 eager Augustinians surrounded it and listened to broadcasts from inside and outside the train for 1½ hours. It added up to 4000 more citizens than visited the train in Jacksonville.

The biggest feather in St. Augustine's cap came a few days later when the American Legion Auxiliary gave WFOY its national citation for "its important contribution to the education, entertainment and inspiration of the community." ★

Guess how many calls the average New York telephone subscriber makes each year.

Mrs. Theresa Sernez, a member of the Saturday morning audience of CBS' *Give and Take* program, guessed 1067. She won a brand new electric range. She just looked at the number on her admission ticket, which was 1067, and then she thought of her home address, which is number 1067. She didn't have the slightest clue to the correct answer, which is 1068.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

States, must raise an equal amount locally. In Mexico City, thirty-six agencies — mothers' homes, maternity and children's hospitals, clinics, and dormitories for the homeless — are supported by lottery funds.

In Argentina much of the profits from the Federal lottery returns go to the Sociedad de Beneficencia, a semi-public organization much patronized by estancia-owning dowagers. It works with the Church in maintaining a score of hospitals and home relief, medical, and nursing services.

Similar arrangements exist in other Latin republics; consequently, outright charity campaigns, community chest drives, and the like have a difficult time. When some special group needs funds, it usually puts on a lottery of its own. Homes, cars, and trips are offered in addition to handsome cash prizes. Rarely does the public fail to respond. Of course it is helping the cause — and besides, *this* might be the lucky time.

The Well

By WILLIAM FORCE STEAD

Forty feet under ground,
In a low light, with no sound,
The well-shaft goes to find the springs
Where sand whirls in dizzy rings
Spun by ever living streams
That trickle through earth's broken seams.

The walls with jagged rocks are set,
Dimly gleaming, cool and wet,
And glintings from the water thrown
Speckle the amber-shadowed stone.

If from those ever silent walls
A single drop of moisture falls,
So loud it sounds, the spider leaves
Panic-stricken the web he weaves,
And scuttles to his caverned holes.
A frog with easy stroke patrols
The liquid deep; he, too, will stop
Astonished at the ponderous drop.

Obscurely by a glinting light,
In a crystal, cloudy bright,
I see the sand in dizzy rings
Kept whirling by unfailing springs
That still flow in, though who can say
From what green hill how far away?



Old Glass

By SGT. PAUL PERELLA

I LEARNED about old glass from my landlady, Miss Pidboddie. Her interest in antique glassware dates back to 1910, when somebody gave her a Sandwich glass statuette for her hope chest. About 1925 Miss Pidboddie realized it was hopeless and became an antique collector and dealer. Several years later a friend found me an upstairs room in Pidboddie's Antique Shoppe and of necessity I developed an interest in old glass.

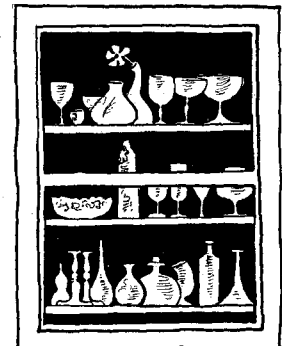
My landlady can tell you what pattern almost any piece of antique glass is, what it sells for, and how old it is — and her antique wisdom does not stop there. If she were in the cellar scrubbing on a washboard, and one of her smaller crystal finger bowls were brushed off a low table in the garret, she would hear it. She would not only hear it: she would immediately know it was a finger bowl, crystal, small, \$1.25 retail. And that information would appear in neat handwriting on your weekly rent notice.

My first lesson came as a surprise, probably because it resulted from the most innocent and natural of everyday gestures. I merely leaned on a table. In Miss Pidboddie's glass-infested living room it is hard enough to find a place to stand, let alone lean. But I had found a place by carefully moving an 1890 floor lamp, and was listening to a Pidboddie soliloquy on Sandwich glass when I casually placed my hand on a near-by table and leaned. Some ingenious balance among the antiques on that table must have been disturbed, for I watched, and Miss Pidboddie watched, as a Wedgwood china fruit bowl (hand painted, \$13.50) sidled over to the edge, wobbled, and was gone. My rent that week was \$23.50.

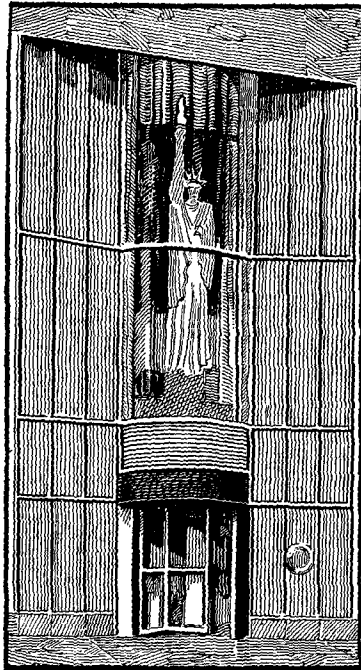
My landlady manages to get around in her own home without becoming an impromptu customer. It seems she has trained her elbows to turn inward. Maybe that is why she was never in complete sympathy with me during my weeks of trial with that fern stand at the turn of the staircase.

She had placed it there herself in 1928 for the sole purpose of supporting a strange, multi-handled piece of crockery which I soon nicknamed "the whirling dervish." On the average of four times a week for two months my left, or untrained, elbow would snag one of those handles and set the crock into its jittery, precarious whirl. The week it finally happened my rent came to \$27.32, but in a way I was happy.

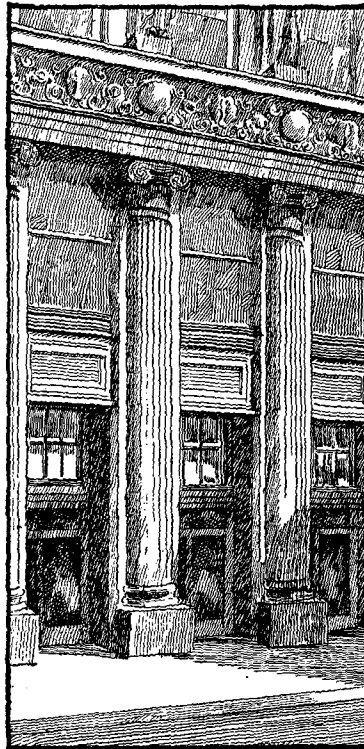
Second only to Miss Pidboddie's passion for old glass is her passion for shelves to put it on. Across my double windows facing



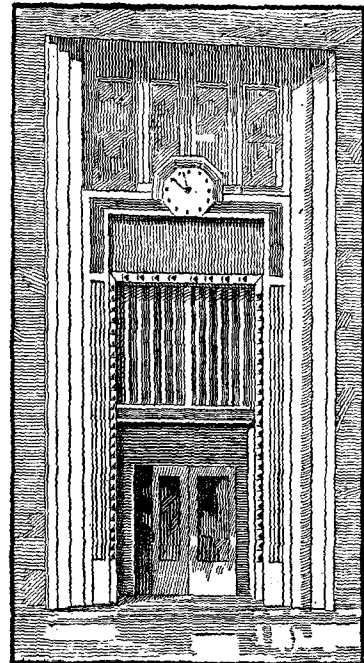
A native of Dallas, Texas, PAUL PERELLA left the University of Texas to go into the Army.



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east were three glass shelves holding various-colored clear glass items that were beautiful in the morning sun but just in the way when I wanted to lower a window. Every rainy day meant a sure increase in my rent. I found that in hurriedly closing those windows I brought my entire destructive anatomy, and even my clothes, into play. My left coat sleeve, for example, was usually good for at least a green herringbone goblet, easily the most unstable product of the glassblower's art.



Then as I would stand with bowed head surveying the remains, up the steps would come small, firm footsteps. My door would open just wide enough to admit Miss Pidboddie's sober, bespectacled face. "My green herringbone," she would announce.

"Four ninety-eight," I would say, and she would nod and repair to her Hepplewhite writing desk below. I never knew her to miss but once.

That once I shall always remember with smug complacency. A sudden cloudburst routed me from my decrepit armchair, and amid the thunder and lightning I nervously wreaked complete havoc with the east window complex. Thunder, lightning, rainstorm notwithstanding, the small face of my scorekeeper appeared presently at a point three inches above the doorknob. I was on one knee in the midst of the glittering mess, a bit saddened at the demise of so many old acquaintances. I had begun to look up to them as miraculous survivors of a sort.

Miss Pidboddie had a sweeping pan, a tiny broom, and her account books. "My fleur-de-lys celery vase," she said. "And my Florentine china tea service."

"And your pressed glass compote, *and* another green herringbone goblet," I added. My left coat sleeve again.

"All old — old," said my landlady, whose spectacles represented practically the only unbroken antique glassware in the room. She silently handed me the pan and broom and descended the stairs with tragic slowness.

I waited until I could hear her above the drumming of the rain, opening her Hepplewhite desk. Then with an evil chuckle I scabbled behind the footstool and came up with the two halves of a rare old porcelain canary bath, circa 1785, \$11.30 wholesale. Miss Pidboddie was getting deaf.

My Bachelor of Broken Glass degree I attribute to the help of a certain Swiss clock that stood in the downstairs studio. I was playing chess with a friend in the studio one evening, while my landlady read a catalogue of antiques in a far corner. I had taken what seemed to me extreme care in moving everything fragile from the coffee table where we placed the board. It was just past 7.30, I remember, because the little mechanical dwarf had just come out of his door in the Swiss clock to beat the half hour on a brass

gong with his hammer. That was his only purpose in existing, that dwarf, and he always performed with resounding diligence.

There came a lull in the game, and my eye wandered across the coffee table. There, in a position of impending disaster near my friend's elbow, stood a little glass statuette. I still cannot explain why I didn't notice it sooner, but I lost no time in removing it to a safer place. I then continued our chess, filled with the sense of relief that comes after a narrow escape. Miss Pidboddie sat immobile across the room, reading by the light of an ancient chimney lamp. She had seen nothing.

A few moves, a bishop taken, and the fateful hour was at hand. Some vague presentiment caused me to look in the direction of the Swiss clock, where a muffled grinding heralded the appearance of the punctual dwarf. Then I saw, and Miss Pidboddie saw. I had placed the glass statuette on the front porch of the Swiss clock.

Miss Pidboddie did not move as the door opened and the dwarf emerged, intent on beating that gong eight solid times. There was a kind of dejected pout on her features — nothing more. I started to get up, but I only knocked over my queen.

The first stroke of eight was half metallic clang and half tinkling glass as the dwarf swung his hammer with gusto. I could have sworn he enjoyed it fiercely.

"My Sandwich glass statuette," said Miss Pidboddie tonelessly after eight o'clock had been firmly established.

A friend told me recently that Miss Pidboddie had secured a new statuette. They will become antiques together without interference from me. I don't live there any more.

Christmas Eve Snowfall

By ARNOLD KENSETH

Now snow upon our village lays
Its slow but always sudden white
That gives us warmth by falling cold,
Gives glory to the newborn King.

And angels hover in our trees
Descending from the middle sky,
On blurred, on rising falling wings
As once on happy Bethlehem.

It is an infant, open gift
Placed by our human crib of dark:
Peace on this Eve of violence
Before the rising of the Prince.

Anxious, we watch through our black glass
The flakes fall, swirl in single file,
As sinners pondering free grace
Miss the three kings, the absent Star.



RECOGNIZE THIS EMBLEM

***IT IS WORN BY VETERANS OF THIS WAR AND
STANDS FOR HONORABLE SERVICE TO OUR COUNTRY***



West Coast Fish

By GORDON KAHN

WHENEVER, in the field of amateur culinary endeavor, snobbism is displayed, I have observed that the high nasal tor is on the magisterial face of the specialist in fish cookery. A confirmed ichthyophagist regards a man busy at a duck-press with the hauteur of an Escoffier toward a fry cook composing a Denver sandwich in some lunch wagon.

In this very journal, not so many months ago, a mahatma of the haddock, Henry Noble Hall, in a disputation on the Fancy wrote:—

"It is no trouble at all to make fillets Florentine, and they are a splendid entrée. Preceded by a few oysters, followed by a pheasant with braised celery, and a little fruit, it makes an ideal luncheon."

The italics are mine in dissent from the supernumerary place in that collation given to the dauphine of eating fowls. I am not carping. I leave that, appropriately, to the fish fanciers. But no bird will ever play second fiddle to a strip of flabby bass at any meal I cook so long as there is a single robin to be snared.

And how, pray, would M. Hall deal with a pheasant which he consigns below the salt cod? Would he sauté it *à la chasseur*? Draw and quarter it for a *suprême* with a *sauce Périgueux*? Or serve it forth as a crude *salmis*? Had I a dozen of oysters, a flitch of bass, and a pheasant, both the tabby and I would fare well.

But maybe I'm too harsh. I take it that Mr. Hall is speaking of fish from the Eastern seaboard and I'm suddenly respectful of his enthusiasm for—well—even bass. There gradually swim, crawl, and undulate before me fish that wear their skeletons within and without and which I have eaten on the other side of the Mississippi. The benign specter of a lobster *Armoricaine* in Thwaite's on Long Island Sound. A buxom pompano *en papillote* at Whyte's in the Fulton Market; a shad, boned, planked, and with a mound of its roe at the Stockton Inn near Flemington, N. J.; the oysters Casino at the old Friars Club, oysters Rockefeller at Antoine's in New Orleans, the Salt oysters at the Stacy-Trent, and just oysters peppered and eaten where they are shucked, and which I, at this moment, envy Henry Noble Hall.

Here, on the Pacific Coast we are daily betrayed by fishmongers and sea-food lairs with aquaria in their windows. We get no oysters that are not twenty hours and three thousand miles from tidewater.

A former New York newspaperman, GORDON KAHN has lived in Hollywood long enough to make these intercoastal comparisons, with authority if not with detachment.

They arrive here petrified from long icing and there is no satisfactory way of cooking them entire. I have, however, had some success with a charger of oysters *à la Mali*, the recipe for which I will set down presently.

Tinned oysters I find suitable only for a stew and for poultry stuffing. The Olympia oyster which is gathered here is so tiny that five dozen of him make a gill and his flavor is like that of a moccasin thong.

Only three California bivalves exist which a civilized diner can eat without insult to his palate. These are the Coos Bay clam, which spawns in the cold inlets up north, the abalone, and the Pismo clam.

The abalone is technically not a bivalve. It has but one shell, which the organism presents to the fisherman while clinging to a submerged rock. It is recovered at low tide by prying it off with a steel pinch bar. The abalone is now a rarity in the fish stalls since Japanese almost exclusively prepared it for the market. The men would gather them, and it was the women's chore to place the huge chunk of muscle on a chopping block, where they would then beat it vigorously with a weapon like a cricket bat until they had prevailed over its tendons, tough as piano wire.

The abalone is best when sliced into slabs a quarter of an inch in thickness and fried in a well-buttered, almost red-hot skillet. Count ten slowly, turn it, and count ten again. Some prefer it rolled first in seasoned flour or cornmeal, but on the Monterey peninsula, where it is taken, it is fried *au naturel* and eaten with a squeeze of lemon.

The Pismo clam, which frisks on Pismo Beach some two hundred miles north of Hollywood, is probably the only bivalve that can be classed as game and is thereby protected by the State Department of Fisheries. None may be taken that are not five inches or more across the narrowest part of the shell. All but the "tenderloin" is discarded, and it makes a delicious fry.

The Coos Bay clam is about the size of an Eastern Cherrystone, but of an excessive softness. It is not recommended raw, but is suitable in a stew and for steaming provided that care is observed and the clams are removed from the fire the moment the shells peep open.

But to the oysters *à la Mali*. This requires eighteen medium oysters. Blue Points are about right for size. Chop these fine in a wooden bowl, adding a substantial pinch of salt, one of pepper and of paprika. Pour this into a saucepan and there will be enough of the oyster liquor to keep it stewing for fifteen minutes without stirring. Meanwhile, mince an onion fine and fry it in an ounce of butter until the shreds are a golden brown color, verging on amber. Add to this a tablespoon of finely chopped cooked spinach and a small glassful of white wine. This need not be a libation of vintage Liebfraumilch—any domestic dry wine will do. At this stage, stir into the saucepan of oysters one egg and a bruised clove of garlic which you will later retrieve. Now, take six shells of a larger breed of oyster and fill them with the contents of the

stewpan. Cover them with the paste compounded of the spinach, onions, and wine. Over this lay a benison of fresh bread crumbs. Flatten the mixture in the shells with a table knife, dot the tops with a few flecks of butter, and put them on a pie plate or cookie tin into a hot (450° F.) oven for four minutes and not a second longer. If you have an egg timer, by all means use it.

This should serve three. Perhaps only two. It might, on the other hand, be better if you tried one oyster yourself before circulating bids to the kermis.

How this dish got the name Mali, even Ramon, of the Restaurant Mayan in New York, who gave me the recipe, couldn't say. The presence of spinach usually inspires glad cries of recognition such as, "Oh, spinach? Florentine, of course." This identification of anything prepared with spinach as Florentine is a common error according to the celebrated Alessandro Filippini, who was chef at Delmonico's and who holds that the artichoke is more properly the hallmark of dishes in the mode Florentine.

The discussion of fish to which I made my earlier and undeserved animadversions is illuminated, I observe, by a picture of six finny beauties. I seem to recognize the second one nearest the saucepan as Mr. Hall's "humble porgy." Here in California, after a diet of grayfish, crayfish, and barracuda, the "humble porgy" can fetch its weight in silver. A Delaware or Hudson River shad in gold, and a genuine Gulf pompano in fine rubies.

One is able here occasionally to procure a fairly good slab of Columbia River salmon. It will broil. But it won't poach with anywhere near the perfection in flavor and consistency of its eastern cousin from the Gaspé.

The bonito, in which the western ocean abounds, is rarely seen fresh in the shops. Instead it is macerated by the canneries into that perpetual luncheonette bolus, the Tuna Fish Salad Special.

A proper fish, worthy of the *Atlantic* and Mr. Hall's concern, is the albacore. But this one is netted too infrequently to be commercially profitable. I am indebted to Jefferson Kibre, an official of the CIO fishermen's union, for a broil of albacore.

A species called the rex sole is fine eating — but only as cooked in a restaurant on Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco. If it hasn't a picture of Marshal Tito over the cash desk, it's not the place I mean.

The sand dab (*Limanda ferruginea*) is quite a match for the European lemon sole in the many appetizing ways it may be prepared, and some who have

eaten both varieties say that the rex sole is superior in texture and savor.

The remainder of California's fish are in the realm between "not so good" and abominable. The California "lobster" and the villainous barracuda are the twin banes on the fish menu. The "lobster" is in reality the crayfish, a sluggish eunuch of the bay bottoms, without character or claws. I had my first "lobster"-mayonnaise here eight years ago and have shunned it ever since. A more unpalatable dish is harder to imagine than to come by.

The barracuda, it will be admitted, sounds like something that eats you, rather than you it. And that is just how it tastes. Pressure cooking in a refinery boiler won't make it better. Under its camouflage of *Mexicaine* (green peppers, peanut oil, ripe olives, chili), *Espagnole* (red peppers, tomatoes, rice), or *Portugaise* (what you will), it's still barracuda — and Neptune's curse upon it!

The most protean — and next to the restaurateur who serves him, the most criminal — is the shark, alias grayfish. You'll find him in every disguise — as bass à la bordelaise, creamed codfish, boiled New England scrod; quite often as mackerel or halibut with egg sauce; as fried flounder *amandine*, Lake Superior whitefish, fillet of this and *médaille* of that.

All the stock a fishmonger here needs is a side of shark and an assortment of steel dies with which to punch out any variety of fish shapes.

I sat down to a hotel dining-room meal one fine Friday to discover that the Long Island scallops in my plate were all of identical size, roughly as round and thick as a Pine Tree shilling, a Colonial coin which if treated as these disks were could hardly have been less digestible.

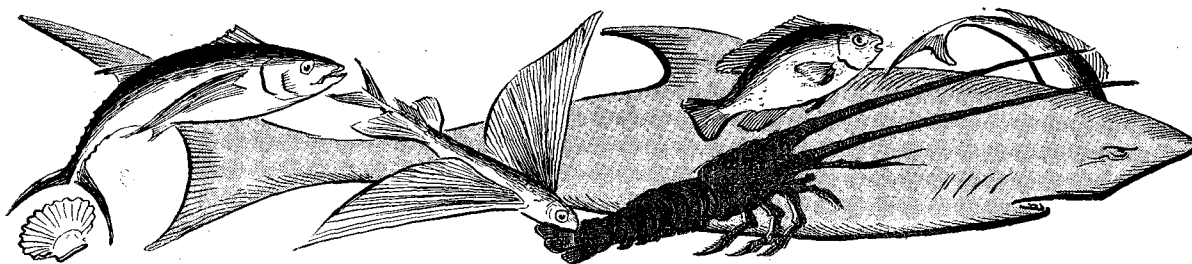
The most frequent guise of the shark is that of fillet of sole Marguery. In a culture of raw chicle and clabber lie a dejected shrimp and a rubbery mussel. At the bottom of this mélange is a wan slab which is the color of pewter and tastes like a desk blotter.

Having heard from Earl Felton, yachtsman and tropical vagabond, that the flying fish (*Cypselurus heterurus*) with which the near-by Catalina Channel is alive makes delicious eating split, rubbed with black pepper and fresh lime, and broiled over coals, I tried to buy several from a fisherman.

"Can't spare 'em," he said. "Need 'em for bait. They just climb into the boat for flyin' fish."

"What does?"

"The sharks." And he added with a smirk, "You know, grayfish."



The Shelley Legend

By

ROBERT METCALF SMITH

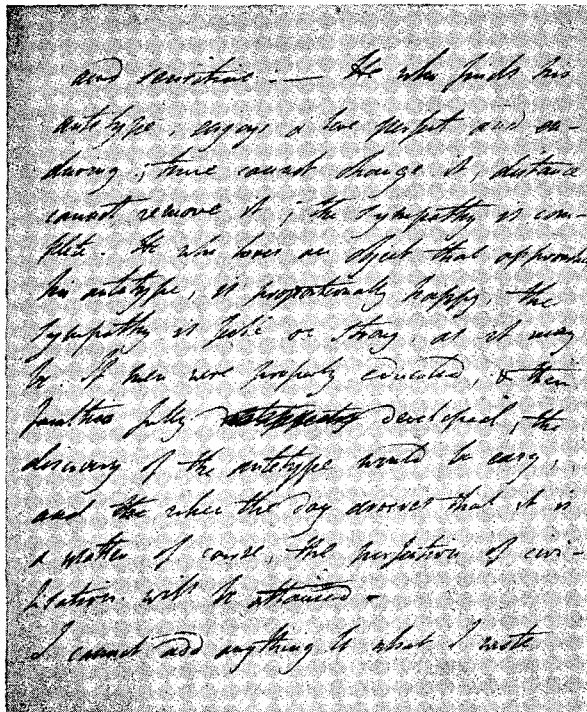
In collaboration with Martha M. Schlegel,
T. G. Ehsam and L. A. Waters

THIS package of high-explosives marks a long step toward the final demolition of the fictitious Shelley built up after the poet's death by his wife, Mary, and his daughter-in-law, Lady Shelley.

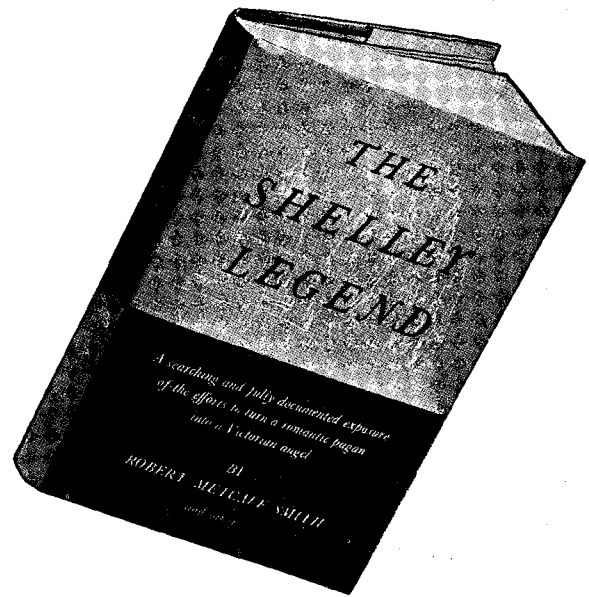
Their well-intentioned, but misguided, efforts to clean up Shelley for the Victorian show-window have made it almost impossible to "see Shelley plain," say Dr. Smith and his collaborators. These attempts, and other chicaneries, have invested the "pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift" with the sanctified robes of Victorian piety and sentimentalism—and have befogged the whole field of Shelley biography.

The purpose of this book is to remove, as far as possible, the "white-wash" from the recorded life of Shelley. It is directed against what has been done to Shelley in the name of mistaken family devotion, not against the poet himself—who would have been the first to disapprove of what has been done in his name.

This "piece of literary detective work," as Harry Hansen calls it in the *New York World Telegram*,



A page from one of the "Major" Byron forgeries of a Shelley letter



is the result of long research on the part of Dr. Smith and his collaborators. It is authoritative, comprehensive and thoroughly buttressed with documentary evidence.

One of the most interesting sections of the book deals with the forgeries of Shelley letters perpetrated by the notorious "Major" George Gordon Byron, self-styled son of Lord Byron, who was first heard of in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1843, once had a New York office at 40 Broadway, and through his forgeries was responsible for serious charges against Harriet Westmore, Shelley's first wife. The book contains numerous reproductions of the Byron-forgeries and a thorough scientific analysis of the various chirographies involved, by Louis Addison Waters, a handwriting expert.

Here is the story of the rapid growth of the Shelley Legend after Lady Shelley took charge of it in 1851, and of the means she employed thereafter to establish the Legend. A most important part of the book is the detailed exposure of the forgery and fraudulence that have continued to pervade Shelley biography and Shelleyana from the time of "Major" Byron to that of contemporary entrepreneurs in this lucrative field.

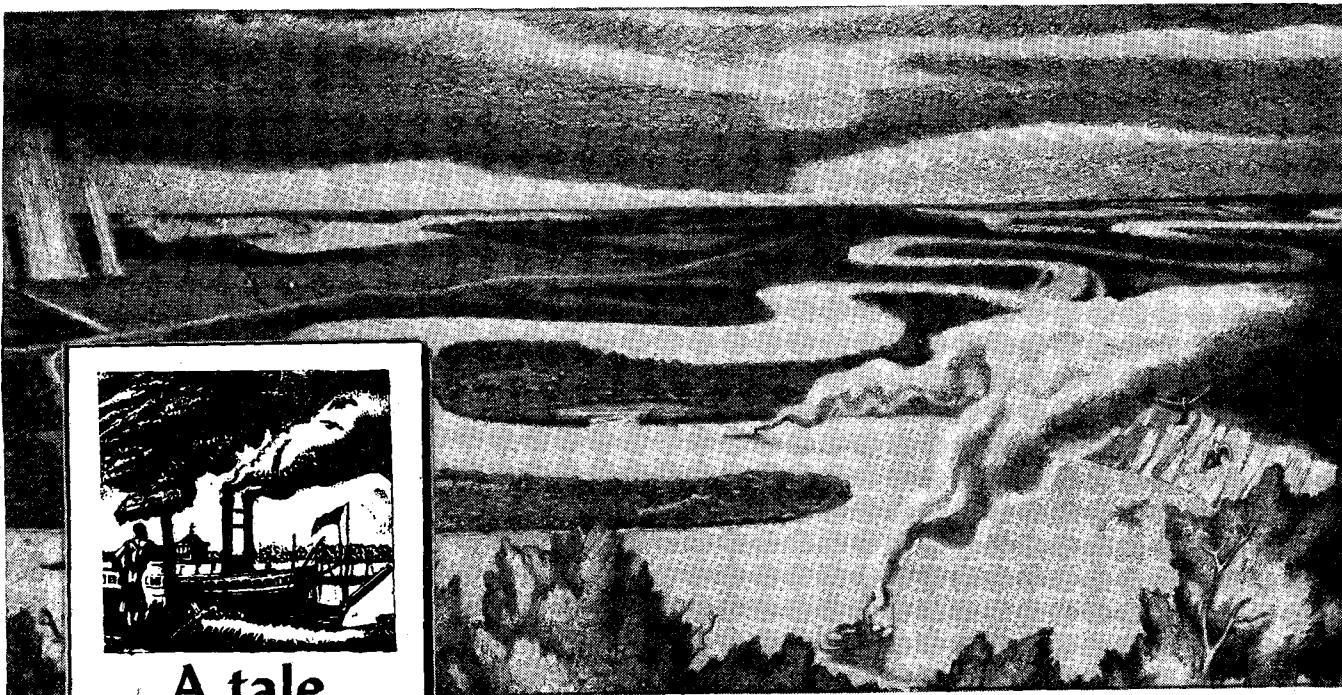
It is a fascinating story. Every reader who likes the best in biography will find "The Shelley Legend" full of interest, incident, startling revelations, tragedy, and sharply etched characterizations . . . not only of the English Romantics, but of the whole Victorian literary world. For students of Shelley and his contemporaries, and for rare-book dealers and collectors, it is indispensable.

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from the

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of
America*
SERIES

Edited by
HERVEY ALLEN
and
CARL CARMER

Illustration by John McCrady for Hodding Carter's LOWER MISSISSIPPI

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If on the morning of January 8, 1815, a certain absent-minded Major Mullins of the British Army had not forgotten the fascines and ladders so necessary for crossing ditches and scaling breastworks;

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And if one Dominique You, late artilleryman of Napoleon and Lafitte's lieutenant and ablest gunner, had not been able to square a few old accounts by outshooting Wellington's gunners. The British wheeled twenty-four cannons into position. Opposing them were fourteen American guns, manned by the Baratarian jailbirds and directed by You and Beluche. And here the emperor's artilleryman avenged himself. Under his expert laying, every British gun was silenced with a loss of only three American pieces. This triumph proved to be of incalculable value when the final engagement, known as the Battle of New Orleans, took place. But had any or all of these contingencies gone the other way . . .

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THE ATLANTIC *Bookshelf*



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

EVERYONE with a turn for writing keeps notebooks. I have kept — and lost — them ever since I was an undergraduate. One that I retrieved recently holds the reading notes and thumbnail observations which I wrote down in England twenty-three years ago. In leafing through it I was struck to find these three quotations which I had labeled “The Senses.” The first was from Kipling’s *Puck of Pook’s Hill*: —

The pigeons pecked at the mortar in the chimney-stacks; the bees that had lived under the tiles since it was built filled the hot August air with their booming; and the smell of the box tree by the dairy-window mixed with the smell of earth after rain, bread after baking, and a trickle of wood smoke. . . .

The second was from Hilaire Belloc: —

And on this account, Sussex, does a man love an old house, which was his father’s, and on this account does a man come to love with all his heart that part of earth which nourishes his boyhood.

The third is taken from the letter which Captain Scott wrote Sir James Barrie as he lay dying in the Antarctic, a letter which Barrie incorporated in his *St. Andrews* address on courage: —

We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. Hoping this letter may be found and sent to you, I write you a word of farewell. I want you to think well of me and my end. Good-bye. I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a simple pleasure which I had planned for the future in our long marches. . . . We are in a desperate state — feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . [Later — it is here that the words become difficult.] We are very near the end. . . . We

did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without.”

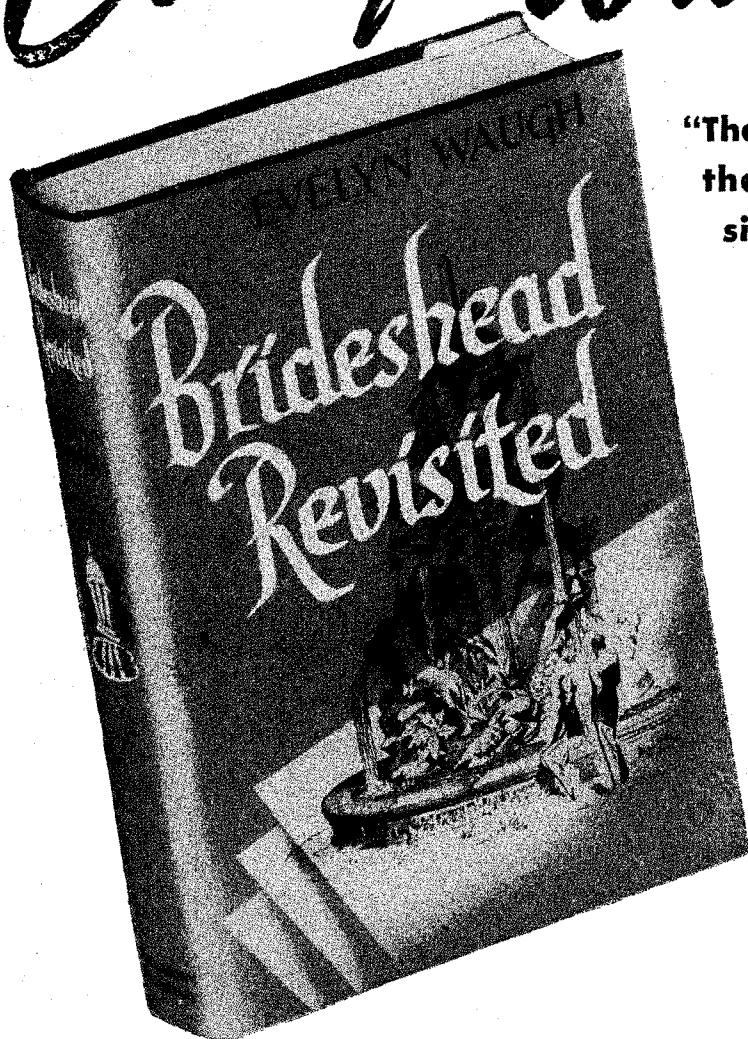
Evidently to me in my early twenties those three passages exemplified the British character. Kipling, one of the masters of sensuous detail, stood for the sense of nature, Belloc for the sense of attachment to home, and Captain Scott for that sense of adventure which has made the Englishman the bravest traveler in the world.

Prophet without honor

All honor to that prophet of the Foreign Office, **Harold Nicolson**. The son of a diplomat and himself a member of the Diplomatic Service who has served his country in Madrid, Constantinople, Persia, Berlin, and at the Versailles Conference, Mr. Nicolson had the temerity to publish in 1932 a novel, *Public Faces*, which called the turn of events more accurately than any other work of fiction in the Long Armistice. At a time when we in this country were worrying about the Depression and near-beer, Mr. Nicolson, looking ahead eight to ten years, foretold the rise of the Churchill Government and its fall from power because of adventurism in the Near East — and then, with Churchill replaced by a safe, left-wing Conservative Party in 1938, the fireworks in this novel begin.

In that year, according to *Public Faces*, Mr. James Livingstone, an irrepressible British geologist, discovered a unique deposit of ore in the island of Abu Saad in the Persian Gulf. From this deposit, with the encouragement of the Government, he composed an aluminum alloy — “harder, lighter and less corrosive than any of the steel alloys” — and Britain quietly took over the concession. From the Livingstone alloy came what Mr. Nicolson has described as “the rocket aeroplane” which flew from Croydon to New York in five hours, and from it came the secret discovery of “the atomic bomb” (remember this was all written fourteen years ago). The expert, who shyly, coughingly testified in the presence of the Cabinet, explained that “a single bomb no longer than this inkstand could by the discharge of its electrons destroy New York.” The Cabinet was aghast, and for a whole year

Evelyn Waugh



"The only first-rate comic genius that has appeared in English since Bernard Shaw."

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His first new novel in three years has wit, feeling, audacity, intellect, reckless improvisation and a deceptive blandness. It is an extraordinary love-story, as well as an illuminating presentation of the modern conflict between religion and divorce.

Brideshead Revisited

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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it sat tight on the lid of the Livingstone alloy (call it uranium, if you please). Then the Great Powers, suspicious and half terrified, began to close in, began to dispute the validity of that concession in Persia. And then the novel takes hold.

For its advance perception of our present crisis, for its wit and its lovely solution of the world menace, I urge the reading of that prophetic novel, *Public Faces*. Here in prescient English prose is the story of where we stand today, only in this case it is Great Britain which, because it has aroused the demons of domination, is the most universally hated and despised of nations. Here is the human equation of what might happen when matter was transmuted into energy. Here I do think is one of the most audacious novels of our time. Let it be reprinted.

The golden days

Leaving to one side Harold Nicolson, H. G. Wells, and Lord Trenchard, I cannot believe that there were many Britons who envisioned the rocket plane, much less the atomic bomb, as far back as 1932. For those who even had a glimmering, it must have taken an extra amount of fortitude to live, as we know today. But I wonder if we do know.

I have just returned from a 4000-mile circuit ride through the Middle West. At Pittsburgh, Kansas City, and Detroit I talked to "realists" who believe that life might be worth living the *second day* after an atomic bomb attack. To anyone who has seen the rubble of Europe, it is rather appalling to try to argue with this American obtuseness.

For six years the British have lived on the verge of being overwhelmed. To them invasions and bombs were not fiction, and the shocks they have suffered and survived will leave an ineradicable mark on their children, as it will on their poems, their plays, and their novels for years to come. The sense of loss will color their books. For they have lost heavily in happiness, they have lost their attachment to the old but not bomb-proof walls, they have lost that beauty and that sense of nature which were once thought to be protected by the seas.

For such as these, **Evelyn Waugh** is the Laureate. His prose has the taste of a persimmon — sweet, but with a pucker at the end. That pucker is not the taste of despair; rather, he writes of loss and deterioration casting the mind back to the golden days of Oxford and the twenties, weaving his narrative so credibly, so artfully, through the reckless sophistication of the Long Armistice that when you come to the end of his new novel, *Brideshead Revisited*, you are in fact at the beginning of the new England, the England baptized in fire.

Brideshead Revisited is the story of that set which was known as the Exquisites when I was in Cambridge. They were languid, full of mannerisms and strange tastes, rich, witty — and they prided themselves on their wine. They lived behind black curtains and occasionally they were doused in the fountain.

Having them in mind, but beginning his story in Oxford in Eights Week, Mr. Waugh introduces us to Lord Sebastian Flyte, the fair, decorative second son of an old Catholic family. Sebastian is one of the most attractive and noticeable of the new men at Christ Church — noticeable because he is always seen carrying or motoring with a large Teddy bear. His enjoyment of life, which is certainly sensitive, is marred by two things: his deep interior need to escape from reality, and his loathing of his family.

We come to know Sebastian through his best friend, the artistic Charles Ryder. With Charles we visit and visit again Brideshead, the rearranged castle with its pre-war beauty. We meet that Catholic zealot, Sebastian's mother; we meet Julia, the sister who is burning up the town, and the Marquis, the apotheosis of adult grandeur, living like Byron with his mistress in Venice. We feel the estrangement and in a curious way the dearness of these people to each other, before the crash.

And then, as his drinking takes hold, we see the hypochondria begin to destroy Sebastian; and watching the swift change from the charming boy to the sullen drinker, we begin to perceive the instability, not only of his family, but of that English society to which he was such an ornament.

No American could conceivably have written a story like this. It is English to the core, English in its lament, English in its sensuous, evocative beauty, as in the recapture of the innocent days at Brideshead, English in the bitter, fairy laughter of Anthony Blanche, English in the hard tenacity with which Charles the artist, "homeless, childless, middle-aged, loveless," as he describes himself, finally faces up.

Hollywood in England

The old cliché that the American novelist excels in material while the British novelist excels in style and touch is skillfully reaffirmed by **Christopher Isherwood's** short novel, *Prater Violet*. Mr. Isherwood's virtuosity disguises the fact that his narrative is pretty thin. It is, in fact, the story of a single character — an Austrian film director of great magnetism, Friedrich Bergmann, who is brought to England in 1933 for Imperial Bulldog, Ltd., to produce a romantic film about Vienna. Bergmann is teamed up with young Mr. Isherwood, the idea being that the English novelist will help the Viennese over the rough spots in the translation.

Bergmann is a darling. The world is his oyster, and he feeds on men and women as if they were so much horse-radish. His adventures in the film studio, as in the London streets and pubs, are a constant joy to him, as they are to the reader. His film of the little violet-seller and Prince Rudolf of Borodania is making progress in a streamlined Graustark idiom, and Bergmann, Isherwood, and their typist, Dorothy, are happily contained in a little world of their own — a world independent of London and Europe — when in comes the sobering news that Hitler has taken over Austria and that Bergmann's wife and daughter may



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RUSSIA AND THE WESTERN WORLD

By MAX M. LASERSON

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be imperiled. They won't let him desert the half-finished film, and so in spurts of melancholy and feverish energy Bergmann revises the tinsel and drives the show through.

The details of the studio and of the studio characters are handled with that talent and insight which one remembers of the notes F. Scott Fitzgerald left for his unfinished novels. The portrait of Bergmann is one to remember, and the warning implicit in this smoothly written but not very substantial book is how oblivious we all were to the real meaning of the rape of Vienna. Shall we be so again?

SHEER BRUFF

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

THAT intellectual area which we sometimes refer to as "The Publishing World" has been in a pretty pother lately over the case of *The Manatee*, by Nancy Bruff, and its publishers. *The Manatee* is a novel concerned with a sadistic whaling captain and his very strange family and neighbors. Its chief and most consistent quality is the lack of any sense whatever of reality. One reads the rodomontades of its straw men and women with the feeling that the author is running up and down behind them, whispering: "Now you say this! Put a little dirt in it! Now, Amos, blaspheme! Now, Jabez, it's your turn — kill that man! Go to it!"

When this novel was presented to the critics, the poor, ignorant fellows wrote what they thought of it, quite unaware that a great wave of advertising was already cresting above their heads, destined to sweep their opinions into flotsam and jetsam and to carry *The Manatee* into the holy haven of the Best-Sellers. William Du Bois, writing in the *New York Times* Book Review Section, summed up his opinion as follows: "All the faults of the born non-storyteller are here in heaping measure. . . . *The Manatee*, to put it mildly, would serve a class in novel-writing well, as a truly remarkable example of what not to do." Said the *New York Sun* ". . . no order, no command over her material, no style . . . Miss Bruff has run away from too many schools." "Her book has the subtlety and profundity of a Grade-C movie," says Sara Henderson Hay, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. "Her psychology is elementary, her characterization stock property, her dialogue incredibly artificial and the very best ham."

The publishers of *The Manatee*, E. P. Dutton and Company, think otherwise. They think otherwise with deep conviction. One has only to read the lyric rhapsodies on the book jacket and in the advertising pages to realize what a really great book they feel this to be. "Written in lusty, vigorous prose, yet with exceptional power and beauty, *The Manatee* is a classic tragedy of gods and devils played against a setting of sea, sky and fabulous island." (The "fabulous island" is Nantucket.)

We are told that Miss Bruff had written and failed to publish six previous novels. This becomes understandable as we scrutinize details of the seventh. Take Captain Jabez Folger of the whaler *Manatee*, a most peculiar man. Freud would have loved him; so would Havelock Ellis. In a two weeks' interval of dreamy quietness ashore, he married and honeymooned with his Quaker bride, Piety. Then he sailed away on a three-year unsuccessful voyage, during which he reverted to his normal abnormalities. When at last he returned to home and wife on Nantucket, "he strode . . . bearing the dark streamers his thoughts had woven during the long unlucky voyage. These were almost visible as if he had stumbled into an ancient, smoky spider's web and carried it away clinging to his head and brow." Thus we receive on page 7 due notice that Jabez, sooner or later, is going to be bad news.

At home his manner startles his wife. He warns Flowery Shrine, a half-caste Polynesian servant in his house, that he has tidings about her white father, Try Pots Pollard. "He daid?" asks Flowery Shrine — in a rather surprisingly Mississippian turn of phrase. Yes, Jabez explains, Try Pots attempted to escape. "He stood up in the boat as I shot him and clasped his hands as if he were praying to me. . . . Anyway he kept his hands together as he fell. Don't know how he did it." Jabez tries, at times, to think and talk like Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*. The sea, "the world of water — too austere for jolly sailors' talk. . . . While I — am somehow a part of it all. I lie upon the waves and stretch out in comfort, with my feet crossed on the horizon line. I swoop with the gull, dart and turn and turn with the fish. My soul thunders with each storm and hangs brooding in the heat. . . ."

Seafaring has not made the Captain more home-loving.

Piety's God, Jabez tells her, is "warm, he is sentimental. A tea cozy at a woman's tea!"

"And thy God?"

"My God lives in the darkest heart of the storm, the jaw of a shark, the rip of lightning and the hard eyes of a black woman who is being raped —"

"Jabez!"

"By me — by your fine husband, Quaker woman . . ." etc. This gives Jabez an idea. Which he acts on.

All the characters on Nantucket, the fabulous island, are "characters." Aunt Keziah, aged curiosity personified; Amos Lamb, an embittered, obscene senility whose adjective, adverb, and verb consisted of "Christ Damn!" — strangely permitted by the Quakers of Nantucket in 1830; Yvonne, the French wife of a whaler captain, who revolts against the long voyages in these telling words: —

"So! Zis stranger [husband], what does he do? Why he seets in ze meeting house, hees hands crossed on ze ivory head of a cane carved from hees victims' bones. Zis stranger, he rrrrrrolls his eyes to heaven and speaks of hees gentle Quaker love for all living

"Tough Realism" - about Europe

"Tough realism" is Lewis Gannett's word for John Scott's new book on Europe. This is something that the world doesn't have enough of, especially on Europe.

What really happened to political Europe during the war years, what are the new forces there which are now shaping the world's destiny, what kind of men are directing these forces — John Scott answers this sort of question with information and with a point of view you cannot find anywhere else. Because he is fundamentally optimistic he doesn't feel it necessary to protect his reader from the fullest knowledge of the most unwelcome implications of Europe's trend.

Europe, and particularly eastern Europe, has become the cross-road where Russia meets the west. It is this Europe which interests John Scott most and that he has fitted himself to understand. For twenty years he has been successively a Russian worker under the five-year plan building new industrial cities beyond the Urals, a Moscow correspondent, and during this war one of Time's European observers in Stockholm, and now their Berlin correspondent.

John Scott is a writer who treats his readers as equals. He offers no ready made formulas, but he forces his facts — numerous and unusual ones — to conclusions so just that they seem jointly made with the reader.

The title of John Scott's new book is

Europe in Revolution

At all bookstores. \$3.00

PUBLIC FACES

By Harold Nicolson

Reviewed in this issue because of its
extraordinarily prophetic qualities . .

PUBLIC FACES is a lively and impertinent satire on the ways of diplomacy which include power politics backed by atomic bombs and rocket planes. Published in 1933 by Houghton Mifflin Company, it describes a series of international crises taking place in 1939.

"A fascinating, disillusioning, provocative, frightening book — almost painfully clever." — *Christian Science Monitor*.

A few copies are still available.

At all bookstores. • \$2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS



theengs and hees horror of violence! Ha, hah, hah!" Students of dialect will find Yvonne's conversation interesting. She changes all her *th*'s into *z*'s but has no difficulty at all with *what* and *why*. She is not certain about the vowel *i* (*vide* "living theengs"), but, after all, she is French and, of course, an interesting nymphomaniac.

Jabez goes to sea again, this time for nine years. He kills his crew in a mutiny, after murdering one or two just for the fun of it, and then, adrift in an open boat, he and a survivor eat a comrade and then kill and eat the cabin boy, a juicier bit. Later his daughter, Saffron, overhears him telling the cabin boy's mother all about it — in the calmest way — and at dinner that day she "stole a look at her father. Jabez was in the act of cutting his meat, as he always did, with a deliberate, mathematical perfection. This done, he raised a portion of it to his open mouth; his lips drew back as his teeth closed upon it. Saffron's hand shot up to cover her eyes, a reflex action that was to stay with her all the rest of her life."

Well, after another voyage, Jabez returns again, this time with the murder of Portugee Johnny to his credit. And then, by jingo, at long last he confesses to an outsider that his life was twisted by the homicidal treachery of his best friend when he was fifteen years old. This confession clears everything. He is now headed for reconciliation, sweetness, and light, when he mislays a lighted cigar in the folds of his dressing gown and burns up.

As one looks back on Jabez and his charming youngsters, Saffron and Luke, one wonders if E. P. Dutton and Company really and truly accepted this book as the masterpiece they proclaimed it, or did they perhaps see in it the makings of an ersatz best-seller provided the trumpets blared, the drums rolled, the calliope bellowed steam. The answer has a bearing on every American publishing house and on the future of its advertising program.

Time tells us that the author's husband anted up \$25,000 for the author's publicity, with the understanding that the publishers would match him with a like amount to be spent for the advertising of the book. By good luck a publicity man was discovered in Hollywood, of all places, who was willing to help. A photographer made some charming prints of the well-endowed author, and the artist did his best to catch the spirit of the story with his drawing of the whaler's prow with its well-developed figurehead. (The *New York Times* balked at reproducing this in its advertising until 1 '64 of an inch was shaved from the figurehead's bosom — a touch of modesty you will observe in the advertising which the *Atlantic* accepted for the November issue before any one of us had read the book.)

The results thus far have been eminently satisfactory to author and publisher. The *New Yorker*, which doesn't often nod, referred to the book in one of its squibs as "a first novel by a writer of unmistakable talent." (Paging Mr. Edmund Wilson). The book is selling. Barnum was right.

There is one world which is utterly charmed by this performance. I refer, of course, to the Advertising World. *The Manatee's* record justifies all that they have said about themselves. It is now wholly proper for one of them to penetrate a sanctum and say: "Well, A. M., have you noticed the sales of *The Manatee*? And the movie rights? Boy, are they something! It just goes to prove what I said to you when we were discussing the appropriation for your *Cheese Cake in Patagonia* and I wanted to play it in a big way. With \$40,000, could I have made that book a best-seller! Boy, it had everything — murky passion, wild corrosive hates, uninhibited loves against a background of fabulous Patagonia! Everybody would have read *Cheese Cake in Patagonia*. Why, with the right psychology in your advertising and plenty of cash to spend in the right mediums, I tell you, you can sell *anything*!"

THE NEW VETERAN

\$2.00

By Charles G. Bolte

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

CHARLES BOLTE is the ardent spokesman for an ever expanding group of American veterans who have banded together to win a further meaning for their triumph of arms. In opposition to all veterans' organizations which seek special privileges for former servicemen as a class apart from the community, the American Veterans Committee, with Bolte as chairman, is working for peace, jobs, and freedom for all Americans. The serviceman must become a conscientious citizen, not a professional veteran, according to Bolte, because the welfare of veterans is inextricably bound up with the welfare of us all.

Drawing upon his own war experiences, which cost him a leg, and upon those of hundreds of veterans who write more thoughtful letters to the A.V.C. than to their own parents, Charles Bolte has made *The New Veteran* the voice of young, hopeful Americans returning from the wars. Through his frankness and insight, the serviceman has been rescued from the hands of advertising copy writers, sentimental columnists, and old-guard veterans' groups that pretend to speak for the new generation. He becomes a very human being, not half hero and half problem child.

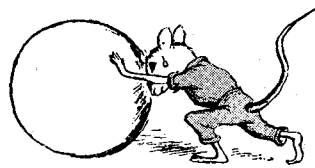
The veteran wants more out of the post-war world than "Mom and blueberry pie" and less than dictatorial power over American politics. His personal desires, as Bolte points out, are closely akin to those held in common by all Americans. But he is positive that neither money rewards nor special privileges will lure him into accepting a pre-war world of insecurity, racial discrimination, class warfare, and unequal rights to work and enjoy the fruits of his work.

Wounded and shipped home from the wars before many Americans had left for overseas, Bolte had a one-legged jump on most of the men who must face the future as former servicemen. His personal story is intertwined with the organization of the A.V.C. because his search for rehabilitation and a satisfactory way to gain recompense for his lost leg resulted in his becoming the vocal point of a loosely organized correspondence group of men still in the service. In their name he investigated the American Legion and similar organizations and found them inadequate to speak for the soldiers of this war. He piled up documentary evidence against other veterans' groups, set up by Ameri-

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can fascists, which seek to generate social and economic discontent.

Bolte came to the conclusion that the veterans of this war have to have their own organization. He and his comrades, now joined in a well-organized pressure group, are prepared to fight for the things which make up each man's America. They know what they want, and anyone reading *The New Veteran* can only hope, for everyone's sake, that they get it. In my opinion, — and I am speaking first as a citizen and second as a veteran, — the future of America depends largely upon how many former servicemen adhere to the principles set forth in this most important of all handbooks on rehabilitation.

EDGAR L. JONES

GLORY FOR ME

\$2.50

By MacKinlay Kantor

COWARD-McCANN

READJUSTMENT to civilian life has five million variations, even allowing for a few repetitions, and it would be hard to say that any one case is not typical. MacKinlay Kantor, an old hand at mixing a good story with liberal quantities of emotion, has written a novel (shall we just forget about its being in "verse"?) of the troubles three men come home to. Former Sergeant Al Stephenson, fortyish, a banker; former Lieutenant Fred Derry, Air Corps, fifteen years younger and from the other side of the tracks; and Homer Wermels, former sailor, still younger, catch a plane ride home together upon being discharged. In Boone City before the war they would never have known one another. This story follows their separate but increasingly interwoven lives in a Midwestern city of a hundred thousand people.

Teaching tight-faced, anxious veterans in college, as I do, and talking and writing to many friends in the services, I know something of what they're up against personally, financially, emotionally. Mr. Kantor has seen them on active duty, having been there himself as a war correspondent; this means that he knows the beginnings of the human problems all these men bring home. It must also mean that he knew somewhere the men, or men like them, that he chose for his three chief characters. One never doubts that.

Coincidence plays with a heavy hand over the keyboard of probability in this book, coming down with some really crashing chords at the end. But Mr. Kantor knows how to tell a good story, how to make the reader want it to come out right, how to let him think it's going to, then snatch the happy ending out of his mouth for a few more pages, then gently and sweetly feed it back scene by scene in the closing chapter.

Al Stephenson, the most mature and most plausible figure, finds it impossible to be the small-loans bank officer under the thumbs of older men, and blows his top. Extra-heavy chord of coincidence here: he blows at the very second Fred is about to hold up the bank, sees Fred, asks him to come out and have a good long talk. Fred has fallen in love with Al's daughter Peggy, too. Al forms a partnership in the nursery business with former Marine John Novak, to whom he had made a partly unsecured loan: the G.I. Bill wasn't enough in the eyes of the bank's Board. Novak, a minor character, is believable. That part of the workings of the story I liked, and thought it probable and typical.

Fred Derry had much to get rid of — a cheap girl he should not have married, a drugstore job he need not have

come back to, and a feeling of inferiority he had really outgrown; but he made it. And there is Homer Wermels, spastic, half-paralyzed by wounds, a simple, good boy when he left home, a drooling, staggering almost-idiot now. The girl next door makes the quietest and most admirable effort in this story, and I believe in it, in story and real life.

MacKinlay Kantor's overseas experience has given him rich human and technical experience. He has brought home from the wars a full notebook, and he has written out of it an absorbing and often moving story. It is not an epic. There is too much more to be said, and no one person knows it. As for novels in verse, not even E. A. Robinson thought of calling *Tristram* anything but a poem.

Recently, a well-adjusted, uncomplicated, bright-eyed, tweed-trousered young former sergeant back on his own college campus after three years, said, "I'm reveling in all this," and I told him he was the man who could and should. But there's no one like him in Kantor's novel, and there ought to be. Men just home from the services aren't all problems, to themselves or to society; a great many come home a little older, much wiser, and quite ready and able to live a civilian life.

JOHN HOLMES

THE BURNING GLASS

\$2.50

By Walter De la Mare

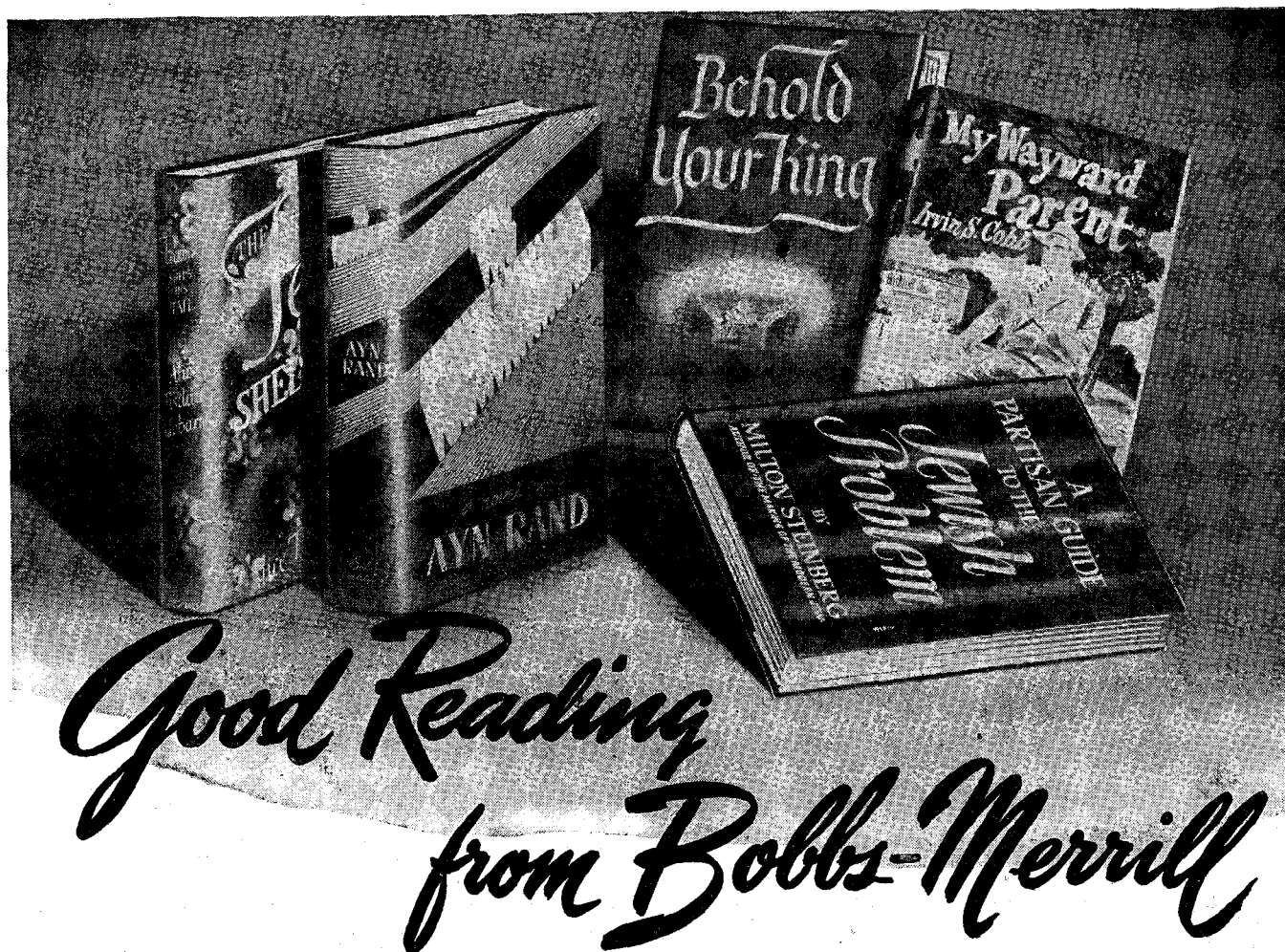
VIKING

MR. DE LA MARE's genius has its roots in the earliest English lyric. He commands the haunted music of the oldest folk-poetry, such as is well known to us in the ancient "Lyke-Wake Dirge" and the supernatural ballads. This magic, consummate in "The Listeners," gave to that poem a disproportionate place, as though Mr. De la Mare were a "one-poem man." Of course he is not, and this new collection abounds in incantations as evocative as ever: "The Solitary Bird," "An Island," "Lullay," "Laid Low," "The Rainbow," "Empty," "Joy" (which is attuned to Blake's *Songs of Innocence*), and "Solitude." In these poems and others there is some kinship to Coleridge and Poe, who also moved in that margin of twilight between meaning and suggestion.

There is, too, a group of poems, Elizabethan in tone, wherein both meaning and music, without losing the folk quality entirely, become clear voices in sunlight. Space forbids quotation, so I can but name a few of these exquisite songs, which are among the best lyrics of our time: "The Rapids," "Ariel," "The Summons," "February," "Thou Art My Long-Lost Peace." The only modern poet who can command the Elizabethan strain with equal felicity is the Irishman, James Stephens.

Another note, that of the epigram, is well represented in this volume. At their best, the four-line apothegms recall those of Walter Savage Landor. But they sometimes fail because of a mixture of motives, when Mr. De la Mare's associative style blurs the sharp statement demanded by this terser form. There are some longer poems in this vein which are highly successful and important: "Eureka," a nightmare of doom as grim as Hardy's forebodings, "The Outcasts," an allegorical comment on the frustration of the poet and the travesty of Fame, and "Philip," a fine piece of irony.

"The Traveller," a long poem intended philosophically, seems to me confused beyond analysis. The problem of the aloneness of the artist, or the artistic quality in the human spirit, cannot be explained, much less solved, by hazy



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imagery, inconsistent symbolism, and (amazingly enough) careless technique. Let us merely pass it over, with thanks, for a collection of well-nigh flawless lyrics which will enthrall lovers of poetry. Perhaps the highest praise of a fellow poet would be in the frequency with which he exclaimed: "I wish I could have written that!"

ROBERT HILLYER

FOR THEE THE BEST

\$2.50

By Mark Aldanov

SCRIBNER

THE dust jacket of this novel announces that Lord Byron "occupies the center of the stage," and it even carries a reproduction of Count d'Orsay's sketch to prove it, but the reader who looks for another contribution to the literature of Byronism here will find himself in strange company. Mr. Aldanov has written a study of post-Napoleonic Europe, where the hopes of liberalism and the ambitions of conservatism were dying out in a welter of suspicion, ineptitude, and disillusionment. It was a disorganized period, and *For Thee the Best* is a disorganized book.

The novel begins when Byron attends a meeting of the Venetian Carbonari and listens to a report on Turkish atrocities in Greece. It ends five years later at Missolonghi. During those five years, we know that Byron wrote a great deal, had trouble with his publisher, was hounded by the Italian police, founded an unsuccessful magazine and quarreled about it with Leigh Hunt. His daughter Allegra and his friend Shelley died.

Mr. Aldanov ignores these matters. Instead, he introduces the heads of half the governments of Europe, skipping all over the map to do it. The presentation of the weary, worried statesmen in London and Vienna, men personally well-meaning but frequently vicious in their policies, is uncommonly persuasive. The small-time professional spy who lumbers through the book, working for whatever foreign office will pay him best, is a fine illustration of the seamier side of world politics, and the most human character in the novel.

But these people have no relation to the story of Byron, and Byron's connection with the didos of high diplomacy remains vague. The Master-of-the-Moon, for such is the title of the incompetent sleuth, is evidently designed to serve as a link between the great world of kings and statesmen and the underground stirrings of republicanism which culminate in Byron's expedition to liberate Greece. The link is weak, however, and the book falls apart into disparate episodes.

If the picture of Byron were convincing, his character would probably hold the story together in spite of its sprawling construction. It does not do this, because Mr. Aldanov treats his Lordship with too much respect. He presents an intelligent, cynical gentleman, bored with his mistress and the literary life, who undertakes a military role without any real belief that good will ensue.

There is not a trace in this amiable creature of the irritability, the wit, the teasing humor, the uncertain arrogance, the exasperating inconsistency, to which a host of Byron's enemies, and most of his friends, have testified. Only at the end, when he is seen, through the eyes of the flustered little spy, less as an individual than as a symbol of all the courageous, inexperienced amateurs who make revolutions, does Byron become a living figure.

Although it is impossible to see any pattern in the incidents strung together by Mr. Aldanov, all of them are

written with great skill and several are brilliant fusions of history, imagination, and ironic wit. The Duke of Wellington's dinner party, for instance, where the host struggles simultaneously with the King's boredom and the increasingly obvious madness of his friend Castlereagh, is a small masterpiece.

Mr. Aldanov writes of these people as if he had met them once and judged them shrewdly, but not as if he understood them deeply or cared for them at all. He can make the tangle of misunderstanding and absurdity among the minor officers at Missolonghi ring true, or the relatively uncomplicated Wellington, but Lord Byron eludes him.

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

EVER AFTER

\$2.75

By Elswyth Thane

DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE

READING *Ever After* is like catching glimpses of two feature pictures from the crowded lobby of a movie house. Somewhere beyond the plush ropes and beyond the dim sea of hats and heads, a ponderous story is moving, remote and half seen. But that story does not touch the lobby audience, no matter how fiercely necks are craned or how calves are racked by standing on tiptoe. It may be that this effect will be less apparent to those who have read the preceding volumes of this Williamsburg saga. This reviewer, however, never got beyond the lobby.

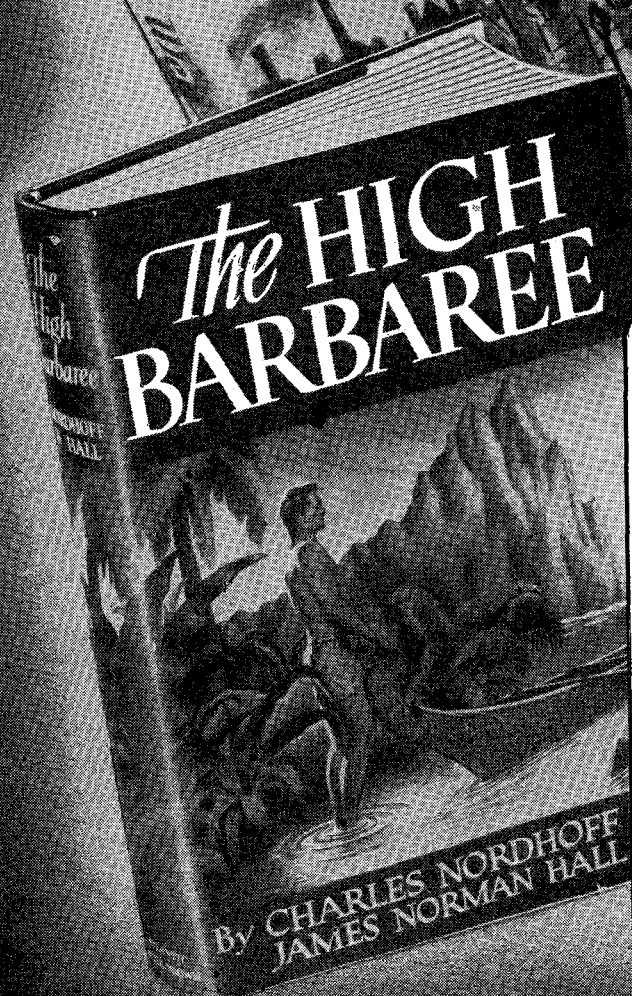
The story of the Virginia Spragues and their New York cousins, the Murrays, is sliced into three neat pie-wedges — Williamsburg, New York, and huntin' England. Of the filling of the wedges, only Williamsburg's seems homemade. The rest are out of cans and boxes. As the story trundles along, one hopes again and again for more glimpses of the surface-quiet yet vivid life of the old Southern town.

As to the two-feature plot, one is asked to accept a great deal. In the opening film of Bracken Murray, one is asked to believe that this near-thirty-yearling falls in love, literally at first sight, with a non-nubile English girl and decides to marry her when, as, and if she reaches the age of consent. In the last pages he does just this with the aid of a contrived murder of his first wife and the author's say-so.

In the second film, we are told that Cousin Fitzhugh Sprague, a musical epicene idler of Williamsburg, goes to New York to work on his uncle's paper; that, despite earlier traits, he is at home with tough reporters in the goon-haunted Tenderloin and Haymarket; that he rescues a tentwenty-thirt' Irish singer in a gang war and finally marries her, to three well-bred nods of New York and Williamsburg.

So the two main love stories run. There are hearts of gold on every hand. Even Bracken's first wife, the *Autrichienne*, furnishes little, if any, louse interest. And every flicker of love interest for Bracken, Fitz, or minor characters is telegraphed as baldly as a green halfback giving away a spinner. Other figures share the screen, often disproportionately, as in the case of Sister Virginia, who is presented at Court in a scene that is tremendously vivid, interesting, and utterly unimportant to the story.

The two cousins, Bracken and Fitz, cover the Spanish War for the family paper. The cousins are there, all right, but the reader gets little through them. The best part of this action — and it would stand out in any book — is the author's use of the anthropophagous land-crabs that rustle about the helpless wounded. The crabs are used with superb effect and restraint. Horror of the first order.



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Ponderous and vague as most of this is, Elswyth Thane has enough narrative skill and sheer, bursting vitality to carry the reader along. For the moment, you even accept the inextinguishably jolly and Ngaio Marsh-ish Scotland Yarders. You forget that words like "cushy" and "sweating it out" have an odd ring in the late nineties. And, in case it matters, you meet no Briton, barring bobbies and butlers, who isn't at least an Honorable. And this you accept too.

Many people will wish that more of the narrative concerned Williamsburg. The author has achieved a fine piece of work here in making the Tidewater people admirable, refreshingly real and human, in contrast, for example, to the gang of murderous illiterate goons of Margaret Mitchell's North Georgia "chivalry." In any event, whatever the shortcomings of this book, it filled this reviewer with a distinct desire to go back and read the earlier volumes of the saga.

BRUCE LANCASTER

~ ~ ~

THE BACH READER

\$6.00

Ed. by Hans T. David and Arthur Mendel NORTON

COMPOSERS' lives are exciting enough without any fictional frills. As with the third act of *Tristan*, their drama is inside. Externally, Bach's life could look dry-as-dust, but the farther into it you go, the more exciting it is: the organic development of his talent from cradle to grave, his indifference to what is now considered fame and fame's comparative indifference to him, the nearly hundred years between his death and his rediscovery by the Romantic composers (of all people!) — a century during which not only his grave went unmarked but his masterpieces lay on shelves in manuscript. (That of the *Matthew Passion Music* was saved from a wastepaper junk pile by the grace of God and a long-handled spoon.)

Bach prevails over the gates of death by the sheer weight of ability, industry, character, and devotion at once to his art and to what he conceived to be his duty. Our slang name for this is genius. But what is genius? The more one knows about Bach, the more one wants to know.

Between your Forkel, the first and in many ways still the most interesting of Bach's biographies (1802), and Charles Sanford Terry's (1928) should stand this *Bach Reader: A Life of Johann Sebastian Bach in Letters and Documents*. Its introductory essay is full of arresting observations; its closing section recites the story of Bach's rediscovery; old friend Forkel is reprinted in full as an intermediate section; and in between these is the complete documentation of Bach's life from baptism to burial, at Eisenach, Weimar, Leipzig, and way stations. Here, then, are the data from which a reader can construct his own biography of Bach and peer into the mysteries of that prodigious and unworldly career.

The growth of interest in music during the past quarter of a century in the United States is something which to be believed must have been seen. A freshet of books about music and composers, some good, others fluff, has poured after this inundation. The art of music has passed from Europe to America at the peak of its complexity, and our symphonic composers have been betrayed into making it more complex. Bach was not only a culmination: he was also a beginning. He unites complexity with simplicity, which is what must be done in America if we are to make another beginning. Along with Spitta, Schweitzer, and

Terry, this *Bach Reader* belongs in every music school and in every considerable library. As Frederick the Great said to his courtiers on a memorable occasion: "Old Bach is here."

LUCIEN PRICE

~ ~ ~

THE DOOR OPENS

\$2.00

By Ernst Lothar

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THIS little book is a father's loving account of two little girls whose childhood was spent in Vienna when the world itself seemed young and the Danube blue. Since it was first published, Vienna has been enslaved and freed, and Ernst Lothar's elder daughter, Agathe, has died. But the only sorrow in this book is the sweet one of growing up, for it is the story of how the door to the world first opened to Agathe and to her younger sister, Hanni.

One finds here the things all men share in memory regardless of time and place: the schoolroom tension before the first examination, the blackboard waiting with its figures to be added, multiplied. Agathe was "minus-good" in arithmetic, but excellent in singing and a subject called *Lebenskunde* (knowledge of life) — an excellence which meant she was ready for the third grade. And there are the birthday spoiled by Hanni's temperature (is there ever a holiday without a sick child?), the purity of First Communion, the excitement of carrying the bride's train at the first wedding, and the magic of their first theater, the Vienna Opera, red plush and gilt gateway to fairyland.

In acquiring *Lebenskunde*, little Agathe and Hanni encounter sorrow and death. All their lives Fräulein had watched over them. It was she who had worried when they were sick, remembered where last summer's clothes were put and when Grandpa's birthday came. Now the moment had come when the children no longer needed her, a moment all too familiar to Fräulein, who gave her life to other people's children, but one which taught the little girls that saddest of words, "good-bye." And when old Marie dropped dead in the kitchen she had served so long, the little girls knew the sorrow of no words at all.

Ernst Lothar calls his book "a little memorandum of first steps on the road." They are happy and familiar steps, recorded with love, and there is no reader who will not find here a treasured piece of childhood and of the children of his heart.

DOROTHY HILLYER

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WE ALWAYS COME BACK

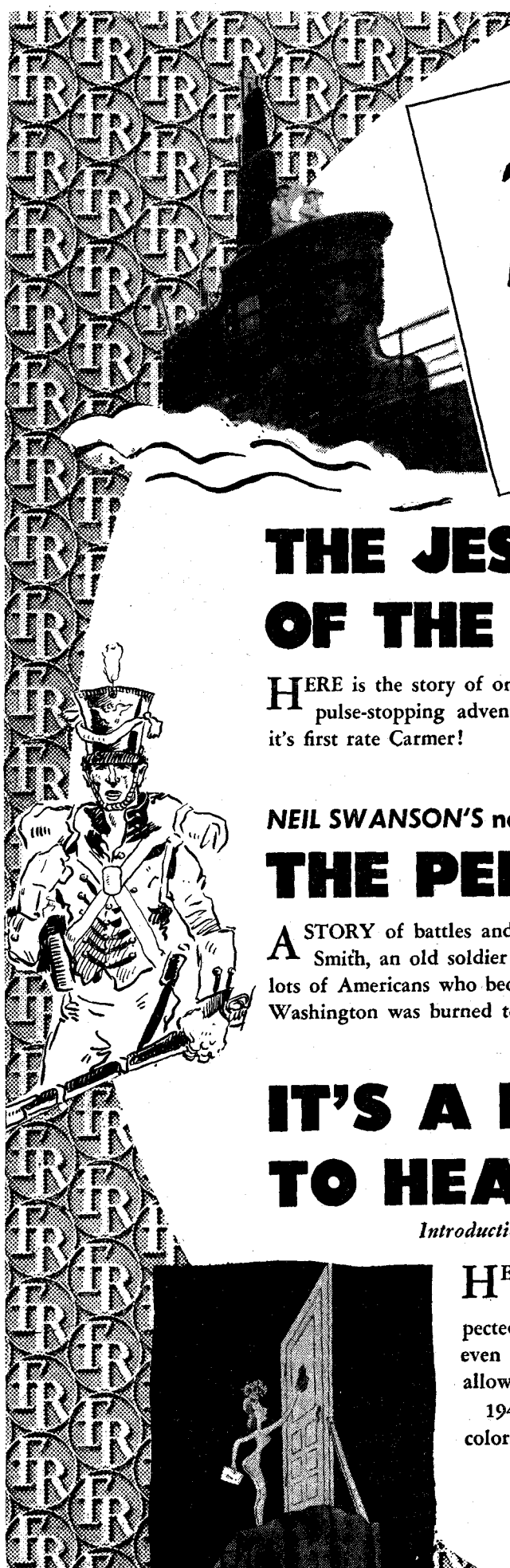
\$2.50

By James Allen

PEYTON PAUL

SEX and flak are combined in equal proportions to make *We Always Come Back* a sordid tale of American misadventures in the air and on the ground. First published in London last summer, the book is a Hemingwayesque recital of a gallant Liberator's last raid over Germany and of the lowly pleasures previously enjoyed by its crew in England. The narrative is sparked by terse, racy dialogue, piles up dangers and deaths in nerve-jangling sequence, and contains some of the most graphic descriptions ever written of a doomed bomber being coaxed home on two engines and no elevator cables.

The author, a young American navigator who was based in England from 1942 to 1945, tells his story in the first



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By **ABNER
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Introduction by Philip Wylie

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**FARRAR &
RINEHART**

person, speaking as the navigator of the doomed plane. Utilizing the flash-back technique to intersperse current action with a dismal series of old memories, Mr. Allen reduces his experiences overseas to a pointless account of crap games, drunken parties in officers' clubs, easy pickups among Britain's love-starved female population, and all the crudities pertaining to wartime living.

Amid flak bursts and fighter attacks, the navigator thinks of Phyllis, who lured him to a hotel room in Geoffrey Square; of gentle Gwenn, who hated to sleep alone during her husband's absence; of Audrey, who believed that the beds in deserted air-raid shelters should be utilized regularly; of Barbara, who provided her lovers with breakfast in bed; and occasionally he even thinks of Chris, his former sweetheart and now only his wife in far-off America. Although it is obvious that the plane will soon crash into the English Channel, the navigator also takes time out to regale himself with anecdotes pertaining to the love life of his fellow crewmen.

We Always Come Back is a first novel in a double sense. Not only is it Mr. Allen's first fictional endeavor: it is also the first book put out by two veterans who decided in England to make publishing their post-war business. With so much of importance to write about, one can only wonder why Mr. Allen confined himself to the lowest levels of Anglo-American relationships. If his wholesale debasement of American servicemen and Englishwomen serves any purpose, that purpose is nowhere apparent in his book.

He draws no conclusions, makes no significant remarks, and seems to be unaware of anything except the sensual side of war. Among his more naïve American readers, the book may serve as a revelation of why many Americans wore out their welcome in England. To his English readers, faced with the accusation that in all cases of infidelity the British girl was the aggressor, the title alone must seem to be more of a threat than a promise.

EDGAR L. JONES

THE SHIELD OF THE VALIANT \$3.00

By August Derleth SCRIBNER

In Derleth's Wisconsin chronicle, the familiar pattern of the individual in conflict with society is shown through a series of rebellions on various levels of behavior. There is the lifetime effort of the spinster schoolteacher and librarian to introduce standards of culture among the townspeople of Sac Prairie and protect freedom of thought in its schools. The literary career of her protégé, Steve Grendon, is similarly dedicated to the service of the town. As citizen and writer, he supports the free expression of spirit against the encroachments of the mass-mind.

The central roles of defiance are enacted in the love and marriage of the son of the local banker with a girl of inelegant origins. The girl's ingenuous pleasure in life excites the boy's first puzzled interest and the slanderous attention of the town. The force that urges on their love and that drives him from the security of his father's bank is also a measure of their growing maturity.

The pages of the book are crowded with innumerable lives and themes. The sturdy, fatuous citizen is represented by the banker, impregnable in his prejudices and opposing his formidable prestige and authority to any enlightened human impulse. The lesser figures include the scandal-monger, the drunkard, the nymphomaniac, the libertine, aging or adolescent, the paranoiac, and the jazz musician.

There is a curious imbalance in Mr. Derleth's writing, as if the task of social dissection had stunned his aesthetic sensibilities. The unity of the novel is seriously impaired by the superfluity of minor character and incident. The meditations of one individual are repeated in the soliloquy of another, and the meaning of village life is endlessly discussed. Not until the close of the book does the narrative rise to any dramatic height, and then all is abruptly terminated by the introduction of still another theme — the impact of Pearl Harbor on the town.

DAVID RUDOLPH

LAUGHING STOCK \$1.00

Edited by Bennett Cerf GROSSET & DUNLAP

THERE are some wires crossed here. The book jacket asserts this collection to be "Over 600 of the latest jokes and anecdotes." In his foreword, Editor Cerf speculates, somewhat nervously, that "good jokes, like good wines, mellow with age." To this, one might add that Mr. Cerf is treating himself to an excellent word, a word of considerable leverage, in generalizing about "good" jokes. Again, the storage conditions and corks must be reckoned on, and even the stoutest Burgundy reaches a peak in maturity from which the lapse into old age is quick and sour. But, without further joyless beating about the bush, let the reader haste to some mellow specimens. (He need not even stop to inquire whether Mr. Cerf means *On a Slow Train Through Arkansas* when he refers to *Traveling Through Arkansas*.) Taking care to loosen our belts and unbutton our vests, we join Mr. Cerf in guffawing at some of the "good" ones: —

"Papa," said the doting mother, "Robert's teacher says he ought to have an encyclopedia."

"Encyclopedia, my eye," grumbled the father. "Let him walk to school like I did."

The train was nearing its destination one time when a porter appeared and said, "May I brush you off, madam?"

"You may not," replied Avid icily. "I will descend in the usual manner."

"Do you know how to make anti-freeze, Mister?"

"Sure. Hide her pajamas."

"Mama," said little Linda, "do all fairy tales begin with 'once upon a time'?"

"No, darling," said Mama grimly. "Sometimes they begin, 'My love, I will be detained at the office pretty late tonight.'"

". . . He ain't drunk at all," disputed a fellow townsman. "I jest seen his fingers move."

"My wooden leg is giving me a lot of pain," sighed the patient.

"How can a wooden leg give you pain?" the doctor asked.

The patient explained, "My wife hit me over the head with it."

Two boy scouts were camping in the woods and were hiding under the blankets to ward off hordes of mosquitoes. One of the kids saw a couple of lightning bugs and said to his companion, "We might as well give up, Tony. Those mosquitoes are out searching for us with lanterns."

After the laughter has subsided, I daresay we may as well rebutton our vests and go quietly to our homes.

CHARLES W. MORTON

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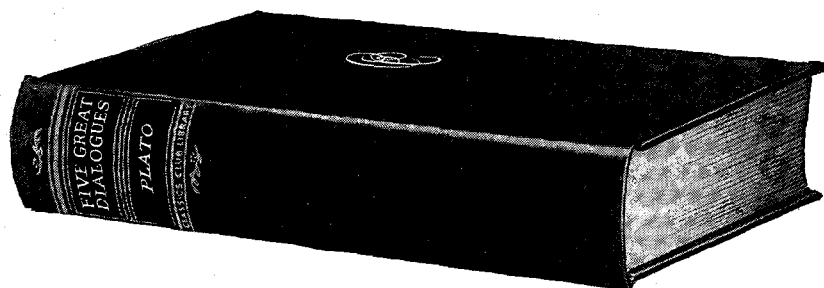
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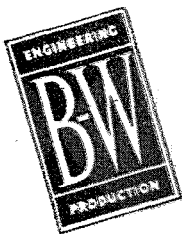
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